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February 13, 1937

# Collier's

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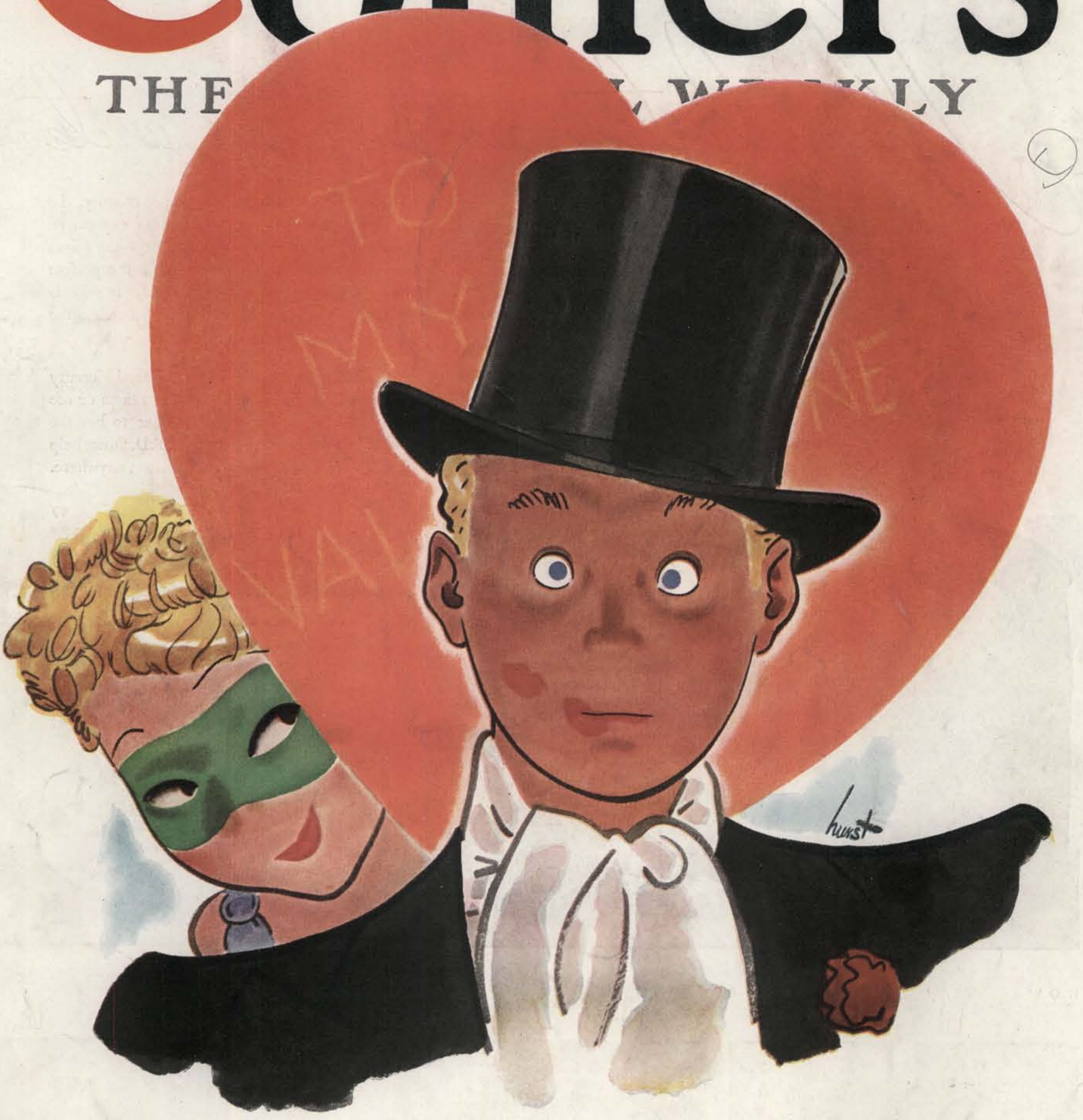

## FISTS ACROSS THE SEA

A SHORT STORY BY

**Frederick Hazlitt Brennan**

## SCRIPT GIRL

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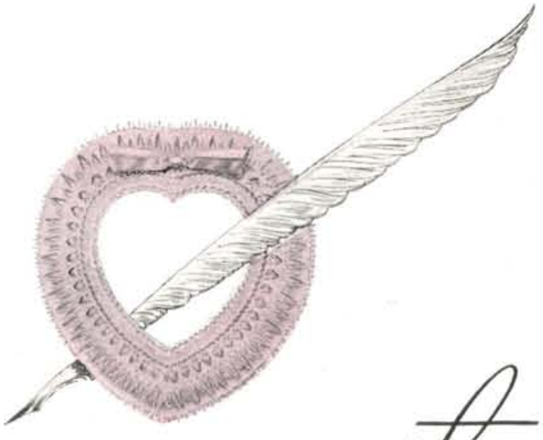
FEB 13 1937

**FLOWERS BY WIRE**

# The valentine no pen can write



The loveliest way to tell the sweetest story. To sweetheart, wife or mother, flowers express so beautifully the words you want to say—the words she longs to hear. Flowers express the perfect thought for Valentine's Day. And distance is no barrier when you send your Valentine the Mercury Way.

An F.T.D. florist, displaying the Winged Mercury Emblem, is waiting to serve you. Phone or see him. He will make flowers whisper to her the words you want to say. Let the F.T.D. florist help you *"Say It With Flowers"*. . . any time, anywhere.

## "Say it with Flowers"

**FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION**
INTERNATIONAL
484 E. GRAND BLVD., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**Look for the Emblem . . . and BE SURE!**
Ten thousand florists display this famed emblem. They *guarantee* satisfactory delivery of fresh flowers, styled to meet the occasion . . . anywhere, any time.

HOW TO ORDER FLOWERS BY WIRE

. . . . 1—All you need to do is telephone any local F. T. D. florist, or

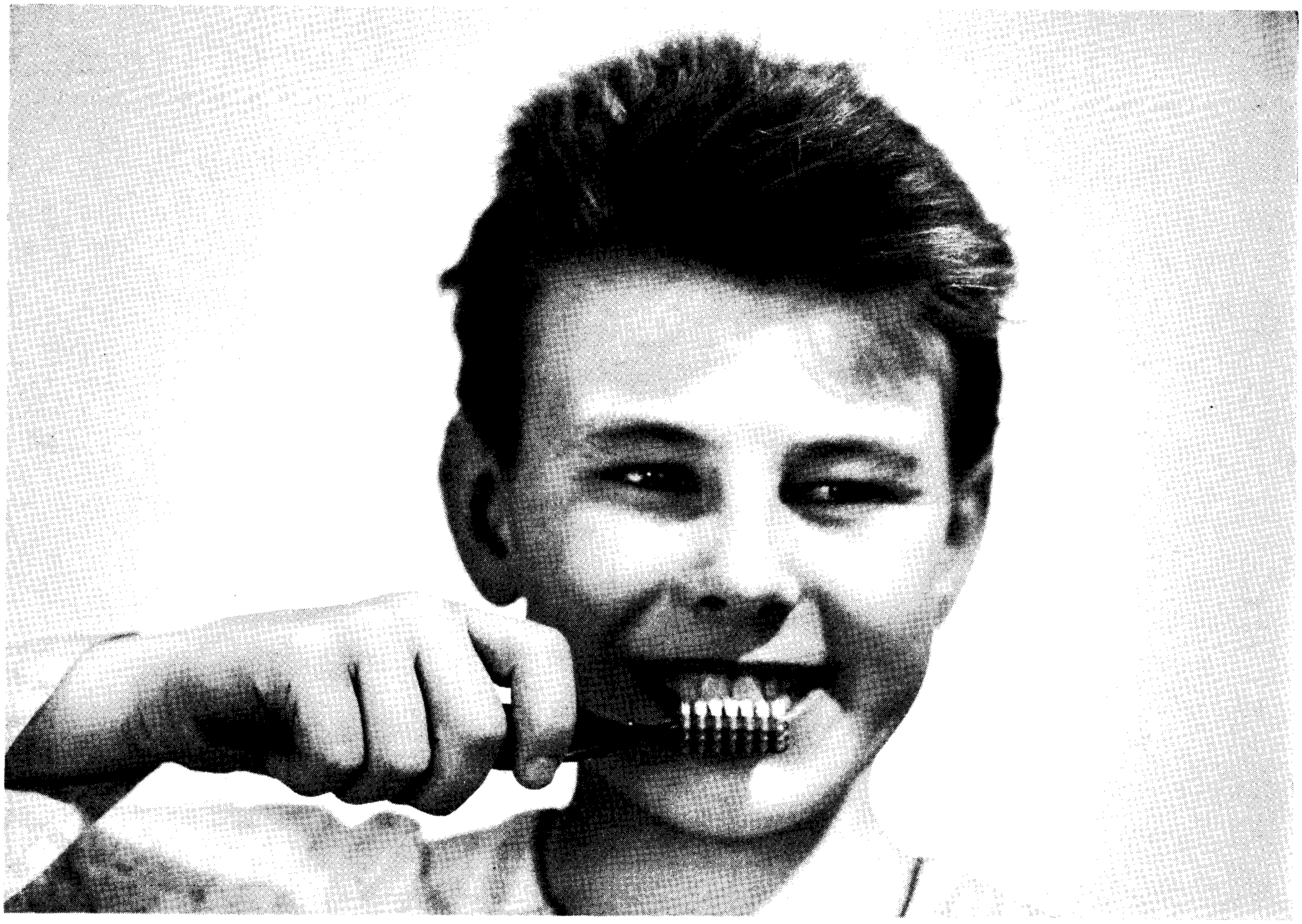
. . . 2—Go to a florist's shop displaying the Winged Mercury Emblem

. . 3—Place your order and delivery instructions with the F. T. D. florist member

. . 4—Association teamwork, bonded to give you satisfaction, does the rest

. . . 5—Your order speeds to an equally prominent F. T. D. florist member and

. . . 6—Fresh, fragrant flowers are promptly delivered as directed by you.



# He wants to stroke a Navy Crew –so he's starting early to combat "Pink Tooth Brush"

## Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

PROMPT attendance at school and faithful application to his homework is excellent training for a young man of 10 summers. But he has been taught another splendid habit...an important health routine...by his teacher in school—*regular massage of the gums to help keep teeth sparkling white and gums firmer and healthier.*

Thousands of thoughtful parents, too, are teaching their children this sensible way of guarding against the threat of modern menus. For today's soft, creamy foods rob our gums of work they need to help keep them healthy —coddle them to weakness and sensitiveness. And frequently they flash that *warning tinge of "pink."*

At the first sign of "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble, *but let him decide.* The chances are he'll just blame it on lazy gums—gums robbed of stimulation. Then he may say, "Give them work, tone them up"—and, as many dentists recommend, the helpful assistance of Ipana and massage.

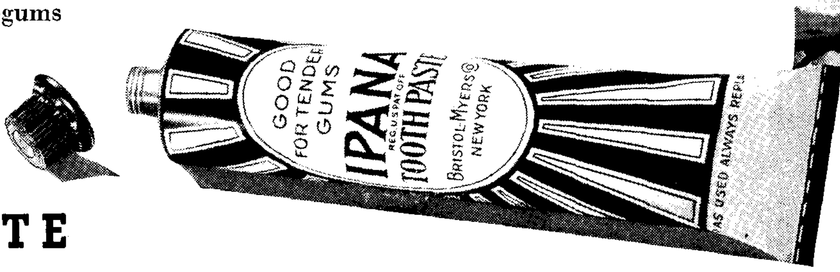
For Ipana not only cleans the teeth but helps to stimulate the gums. When you brush your teeth, rub a little *extra* Ipana on your gums. Massage them well and gradually you can feel them reawaken. Circulation strengthens flabby tissues. Gums become firmer. They show a healthy response that tells in their *looks*—in their *feel.*

Change to the Ipana and massage oral health routine, today. Let this modern dentifrice help keep your teeth looking their best—help your gums become more resistant. Keep your smile gay, sparkling, safer—a flash of *brilliant, whiter teeth!*

• With classroom instructions in gum massage, thousands of modern teachers are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.

**IPANA**

**TOOTH PASTE**



**Collier's**
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*Associate Editors*

# Next Week

THERE was something strange about the Cramer household. Joe Nolan noticed it the first time he called there. The way the Cramers treated him was enough to arouse suspicion if there had been anything to be suspicious about. But Joe had no money and no rich connections; what could anyone hope to get out of him? Joe had not noticed that he looked like Mr. Cramer.

In an exciting short story Thomas Walsh tells you about "The Perfect Prospect."

"THERE are only three nations in the world which at the present time are capable of forming a line of battle at sea." This is the judgment of Winston Churchill, formerly First Lord of the British Admiralty. The three nations are very widely separated and this is one reason for Japan's pre-eminent position in the Orient. From years of intimate experience with all phases of the problem, Mr. Churchill presents a brilliant picture of the situation.

THE problem of Renshaw Sherman, lawyer, yachtsman and guardian to Mary Travis, was how to marry his ward. Nothing else would save the situation, nothing else would keep Sherman out of jail. What about Mary? Well, Mary wasn't going to have any say in the matter. There was to be a cruise to the West Indies and after that everything would be fine. It was a good plan. It would have worked if Mary hadn't done "A Thing No Girl Would Do." The story is by Lucian Cary.

FROM the very start doctors have been fascinated by the X-ray. At first they used it just to look at bones, but little by little they've found out how to take pictures of lungs and brains and gall bladders. And the pictures show what, if anything, is wrong. This whole mysterious business is lucidly explained by Hannah Lees.

MATTHEW PRIOR, ship's officer, was not a man who believed in leaving anything to chance. People said he was "Marked for Glory" and Matthew thought so himself. He had written a schedule of his career and he stuck to it precisely. Antonia Bradley fitted into that schedule at a definite point. It's dangerous to fit a girl into a schedule—as Matthew found out one wild night in Singapore. The story is by Jacland Marmur.

ROARK BRADFORD, Herbert Ravenal Sass, Ernest Haycox, Kyle Crichton, Octavus Roy Cohen, Corey Ford, Freling Foster and others contribute stories and articles. All for you.

# This Week

●

**February 13, 1937**

*Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst*

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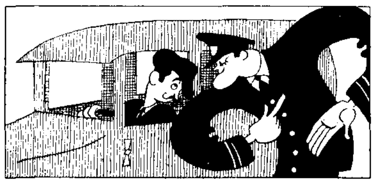
●

# Any Week

THE possibility that you failed to read Quentin Reynolds' article comparing football as played in Canada and the States isn't entertained by us. We don't fool around with incredibilities. But to Mr. J. James of Weston, Ontario, the comparison is reminiscent of a question asked of a Canadian soldier. The asker wanted to know during the war which he would prefer if seeking a battalion to guard his flank—Americans or Canadians. And the reply: "Gee, which makes the better necking, a blonde or a brunette?"



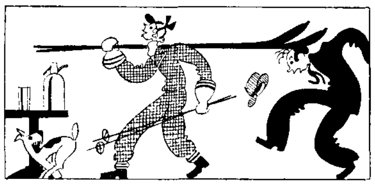
NEITHER does Mr. Samuel S. Tourgenot of Montreal harbor any but the kindliest feelings for the United States. He was driving through Boston and, becoming a bit confused in the traffic, almost ran into an elderly gentleman crossing the street. A cop addressed Mr. Tourgenot. "Since you are a stranger in our city," said the cop, "it's my pleasure to welcome you. But if you got to run into somebody, run into me."

WE HAVE evidence, too, that there are people in England who don't think we're hopelessly goofy. Miss Irene Gerracht of Minneapolis, Minnesota, has just returned from London, where among other lively adventures she had lunch with two members of Parliament. The talk turned to the somewhat dismal situation that is robbing Europe of joy. It eventually turned to the lack of control which seems to be the League of Nations' first characteristic. "Now," said one of Miss Gerracht's hosts, "if America would only be damned fool enough to join, things might be different."

AND Mr. Amos G. Killian of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, assures us that "there has been no end of interest in American politics here ever since Mr. Roosevelt's visit to South America. The other day," says Mr. Killian, "a schoolteacher asked her pupils to name the most important thing el Presidente Americano had done. A bright child of eight or nine leaped to his feet and replied: 'Please, he shot Huey Long.' And everybody applauded vigorously."

NATURALLY you're devoting all your time to a solution of the problem presented by the horse that breaks the rancher's window. But we were talking to a gentleman in Winsted, Connecticut, about it and he just sniffed. "That's absolutely nothing," he said. "I know a family which, reduced from considerable affluence to next to nothing, had to move from a mansion into a two-room cabin. They sold everything except the wife's grand piano—a wedding present from her mother. So they wriggled the grand piano into the largest of the cabin's two rooms, leaving space for nothing else in that room. But Yankee ingenuity triumphed. They merely moved the keyboard side up to the window and played the instrument from outside. This was all right in the summer but winter presented difficulties. And they can't turn the piano around. The room's too small."

IF YOU want to, you can join the All-America Time League, Inc. It is a Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, idea, says Mrs. Frank O. Tinker of that city. "I don't know who started it and don't care," says Mrs. Tinker, "but the theory is simple. The slogan is One Time for One People. The purpose—to thumb the nose at the sun and make time the same the nation over. When it's eight o'clock in New York it will be eight o'clock in San Francisco, and so on. There's supposed to be some reason for all this activity. But you can worry that out yourself."



WE WERE getting along all right with Mr. Joe Pritchett of Hanover, New Hampshire, until we said something about skiing being a very healthy exercise. The whole subject gives Mr. Pritchett a nasty pain in the neck. "Especially the women," says Mr. Pritchett. "Most of the skiing gals I've seen have to have the doctor after a week end of it. And he ain't called in for sprains and bruises or frostbites either. They spend an hour in their rooms getting dressed up in two hundred dollars' worth of ski clothes, to say nothing of powdering, rouging and pinking their nails. Then they come down with their skis on their shoulders, breaking the electric lights and knocking your hat off and then sit down in the café until bedtime, drinking hot rum or something. Come on up and I'll show you a bunch of skiers who love the sport so much that they complain to the management every time somebody opens a window."

BUT we don't like drafts either.

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"The next time we go shopping in the rain, let's stay at home and do it by telephone."... "That's a good idea. I'm all for it."

# HOW MUCH DOES THE TELEPHONE SAVE ~~COST~~?

It is easy to figure how much the telephone costs. It is not easy to reckon how much it saves.

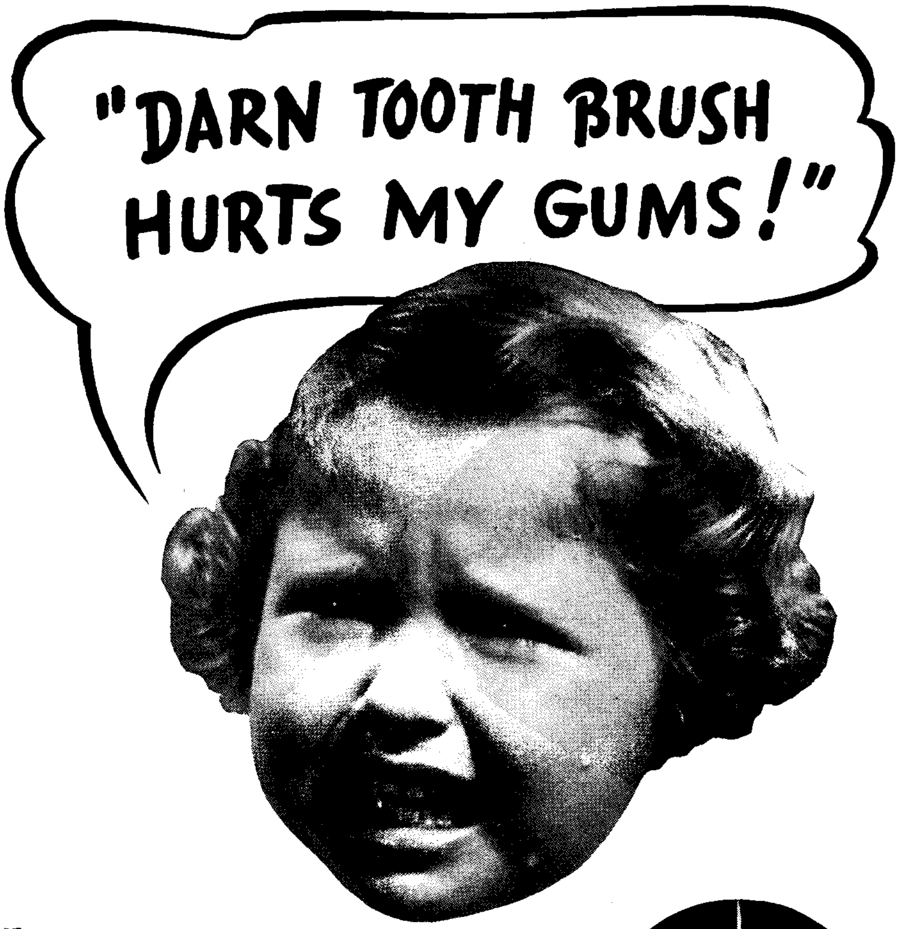
A single telephone call may save a life—brighten a friendship or a day—sell a bill of goods or land a job. One telephone call may be worth more than the cost of the service for months and years to come.

The telephone saves you priceless hours of time each week—spares you trips through snow and storm these uncertain winter days.

Without moving from the warmth and comfort of your own fireside, you are in touch with stores and friends and office—by telephone. The cost is but a few cents a day. In return, the telephone offers you increasing measure of security, convenience, happiness and achievement.

Every time you call a number, you use some part of a nation-wide telephone system that cost more than four billion dollars to build and employs about 300,000 people. The facilities of this entire organization are yours to command—anywhere, any time, and at small cost.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**


"DARN TOOTH BRUSH HURTS MY GUMS!"

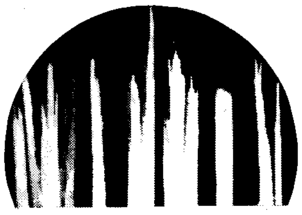
If brushing makes your gums tender and painful, try a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. No other has Round-End bristle. Every other make on the market, regardless of price, has sharp, jagged bristle-ends.

Note the scientific photographs made through a microscope. They show and *prove* the amazing difference between Pro-phy-lac-tic Round-End bristles and the bristles in another well-known tooth brush purchased in a New York drug store.

Dentists say Round-End bristle is "a noteworthy improvement". . ."much easier on tender and bleeding gums."

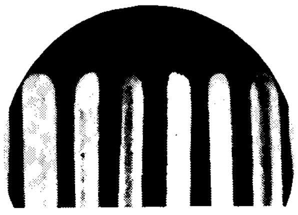
If you now use a small brush, ask for the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Adult SMALL-Type.* If you prefer a slightly larger size, get the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Regular Adult.* Both have Round-End bristle. Either is 50¢. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*



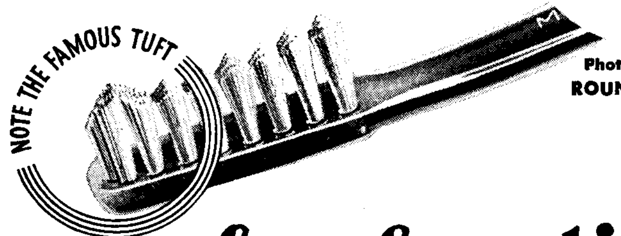
MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

Photo-Micrograph of ORDINARY BRISTLE



MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

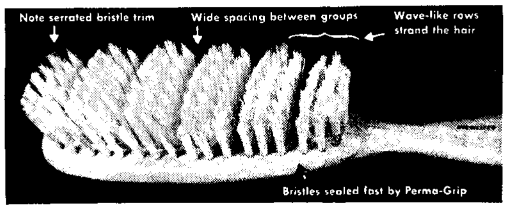
Photo-Micrograph of ROUND-END BRISTLE



**Pro-phy-lac-tic** TOOTH BRUSH

**No other has ROUND-END Bristle**

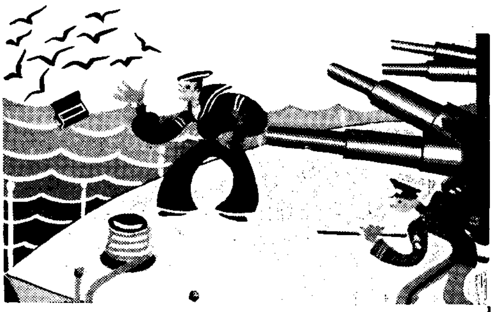
**America's Best Selling Hair Brush!**


Note serrated bristle trim
Wide spacing between groups
Wave-like rows strand the hair
Bristles sealed fast by Perma-Grip

Stranzit is the new hair brush all women want, because its unique design (U. S. Patent) actually helps waves instead of spoiling them. Most movie studios and stars use it. In a variety of woods and bristle, from $1.50 up. Illustrated is the Stranzit Patrician, in satinwood with *natural* bristle, which means that the bristle is unbleached and full of life. **$3.50**

**Pro-phy-lac-tic STRANZIT**

# Keep Up with the WORLD



## By Freling Foster

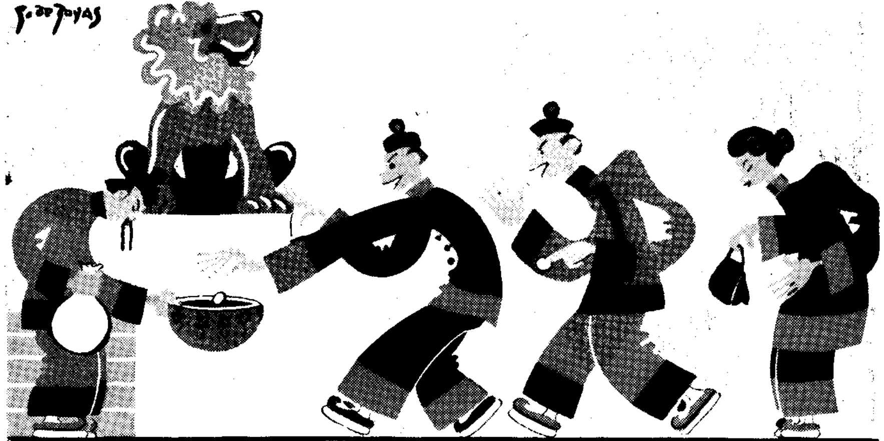
***Probably*** the most unusual container used in this country for shipping a product from factory to retailer is the calf bladder, about the size of a football. In many sections of the South, Negroes will not purchase snuff if it comes wrapped in any other way.

***Poisonous*** snakes are not always rendered harmless by the removal of their fangs. Behind the functional set, in most species, there is a succession of smaller reserve fangs which immediately become functional, one after the other, as their predecessors are lost either through mishap or normal shedding.

***The*** crews on the ships of the United States Navy are forbidden to throw anything overboard that will float, as such debris might be used as a trail by enemies in time of war and by spies wishing to watch maneuvers in time of peace.—*By R. R. Blackwell, U. S. S. Lexington.*

***Lava*** has flowed down the side of a volcano at the rate of fifty miles an hour, clouds have attained a velocity of more than one hundred miles an hour, and forest fires have traveled faster than a man can walk.

***Of*** the 2,600-odd kings and emperors who have reigned since the beginning of history, only 77 have abdicated, 13 having been forced to renounce their thrones in the past 25 years.



***Ten*** years ago, in Shanghai, a large bank erected a building and flanked the entrance with a pair of bronze lions. One day a gentleman named Wang set up a stand and, telling the passers-by that the lions had the power to confer wealth, allowed anyone, for a coin, to stroke their paws. Today the millions who have rubbed the paws smooth and shiny still await their wealth. But not wise old Wang. —*By John Merkel, Wausau, Wisconsin.*

***A bill*** which was passed in the Illinois legislature in 1923 changed the official language of that state from English to "American."—*By F. G. Gooding, Jr., Athens, Georgia.*

***In*** China, where frugality is both a necessity and an art, numerous farmers and coolies save money by wearing trousers without seats. They see no point in buying a whole pair when a dependable shirttail affords both ample protection and propriety.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers**

***Once*** there lived an Austrian empress who drank mare's milk to enhance her ability as an equestrienne, an American clergyman who wore a heavy veil during the greater part of his life to atone for the accidental killing of a friend, and an English millionaire who put a horse in solitary confinement for life, in a pitch-dark stall, to punish the animal for losing a race.—*By Carl F. Prosch, Honesdale, Pennsylvania.*

***Several*** American broadcasting stations now carry insurance policies which protect against copyright infringements, citations on programs, violations of radio laws and all other claims, excepting those for slander and libel. The policy, costing $500 a year, covers payments up to eighty per cent of the judgment, with a limit of $50,000.—*By James O. Woods, Millis, Massachusetts.*

***"Suit Clubs"*** still prosper despite their illegality in several states. A member pays $2 a week on the assurance that, if his number fails to win a $50 suit of clothes in one of the weekly drawings, he will get a suit anyway after 25 payments. Profits lie in the forfeited investments of those who drop out and, evidently, in the omission of many drawings, as an investigation of one club showed its membership had paid in $30,000 and won only five suits.

**WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRY THIS** tooth paste that has won its way into the favor of so many men?

Nothing fancy about it; no pretty colors; no effeminate odors; no ability to cure imaginary diseases; no ingredient to make your teeth flash like Jim Brady's shirt studs.

Just a manly, full-of-action sort of tooth paste created on the theory that its main job is to clean teeth superlatively well and leave the mouth feeling fresh and stimulated. That it is also noticeably economical, is perhaps a point you would like to remember—more than a quarter of a pound of tooth paste in the 40¢ size.

If you will try a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste you will immediately see why so many prefer it to highly flavored, soapy types.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

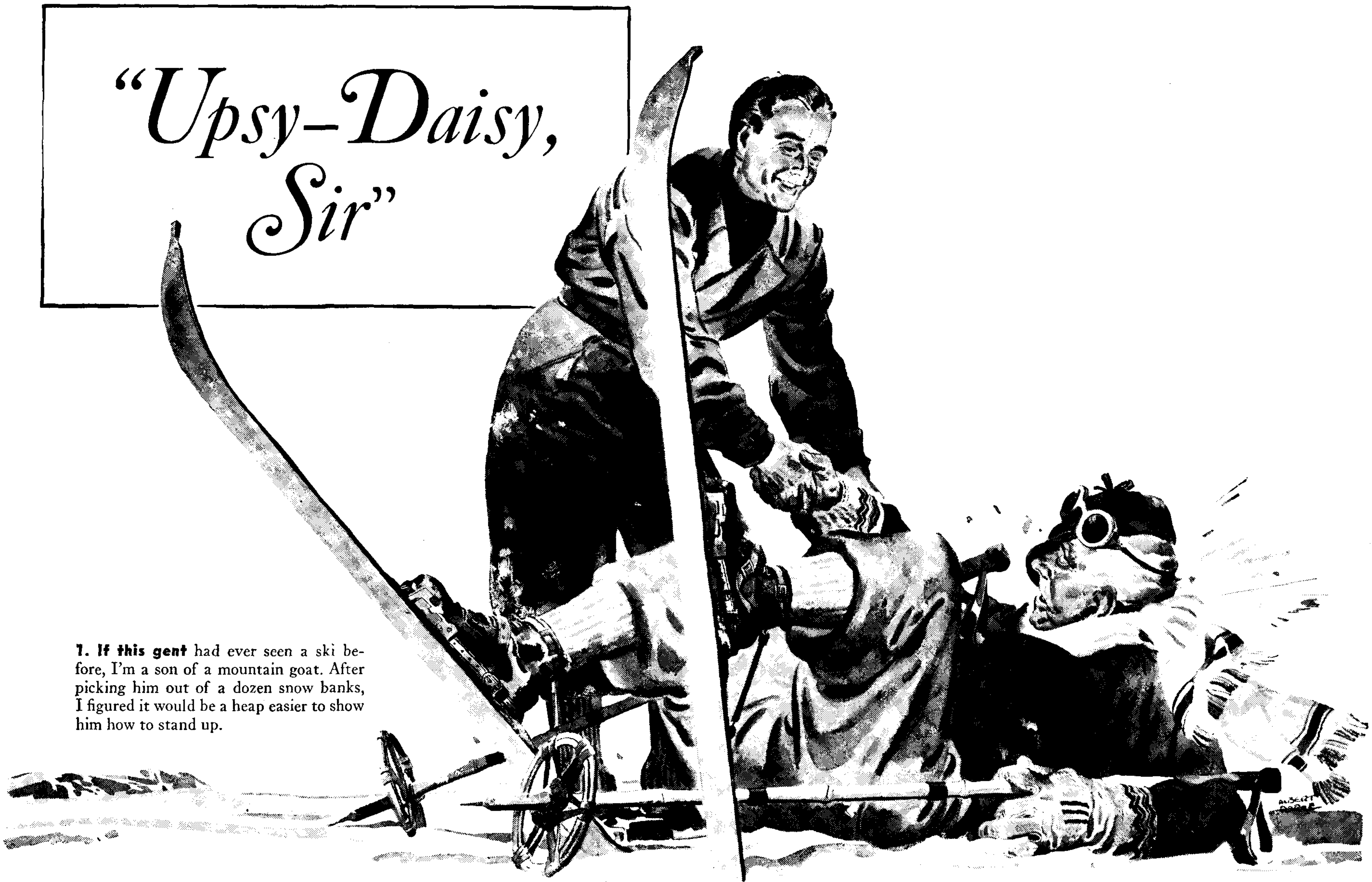
SHOW ME ANY TOOTH PASTE THAT **DOES** AS MUCH OR **GIVES** AS MUCH FOR THE MONEY

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.
U.S. Pat. Off.
Double Size
Tested and Approved
4602
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

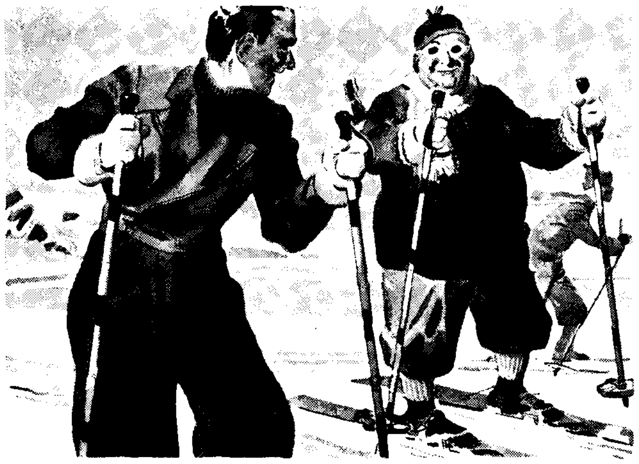
More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube - 40¢

Regular size tube - 25¢

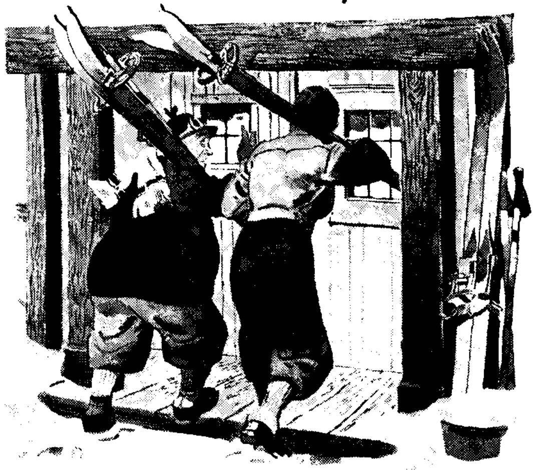
# "Upsy-Daisy, Sir"



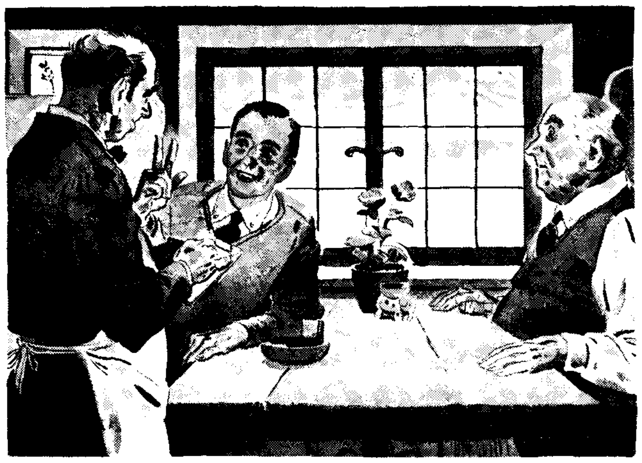
**1. If this gent** had ever seen a ski before, I'm a son of a mountain goat. After picking him out of a dozen snow banks, I figured it would be a heap easier to show him how to stand up.



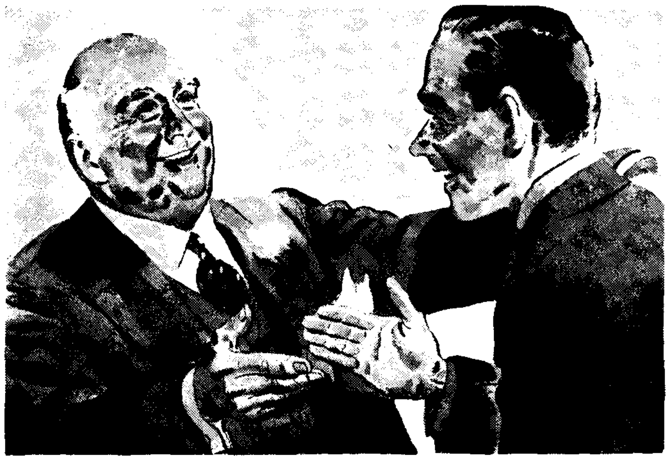
**2. All I did** was teach him to keep his balance. But he was tickled as a kid about it. Got real friendly, too. By the time we arrived back at the lodge he'd told me he was H. L. Hayden, head of the Medway Steel Corporation.



**3. "Now for** some coffee," I said, as we were going in for dinner. A sad look came into his eyes. "Nothing I'd like better," he moaned, "but I can't have it. The caffein keeps me awake."



**4. "Then here's** where I teach you another lesson," I said. "I'm ordering Sanka Coffee for you. It's 97% caffein-free. Never known to steal sleep." Boy, he went for that like a wolf. Called it the best coffee he'd ever tasted.



**5. He came down** to breakfast next morning, bristling with energy. "Son," he said, "meet your new boss. Any one who can teach me to stand up on skis and show me a grand coffee that lets me sleep belongs on my payroll."

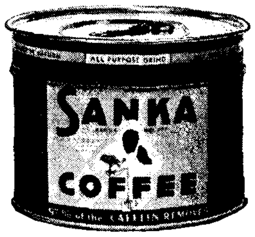
**"NO WONDER I FELL FOR SANKA COFFEE!"**

If you have been denying yourself coffee, simply because you are one of those affected by caffein... switch to Sanka Coffee tonight.

You'll search the whole world without finding a more delicious and satisfying coffee. And... Sanka Coffee can *never* keep you awake, because it's 97% caffein-free.

Make Sanka Coffee strong, the way all good coffee should be. Use a heaping tablespoonful for each cup. If you "perk" it, be sure to give it a few extra minutes "on the fire."

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee. It is a product of General Foods.



**HEAR HELEN HAYES, America's most captivating dramatic actress, in "Bambi." N. B. C. Blue Network, every Monday night. See your paper for time and station.**

## SANKA COFFEE

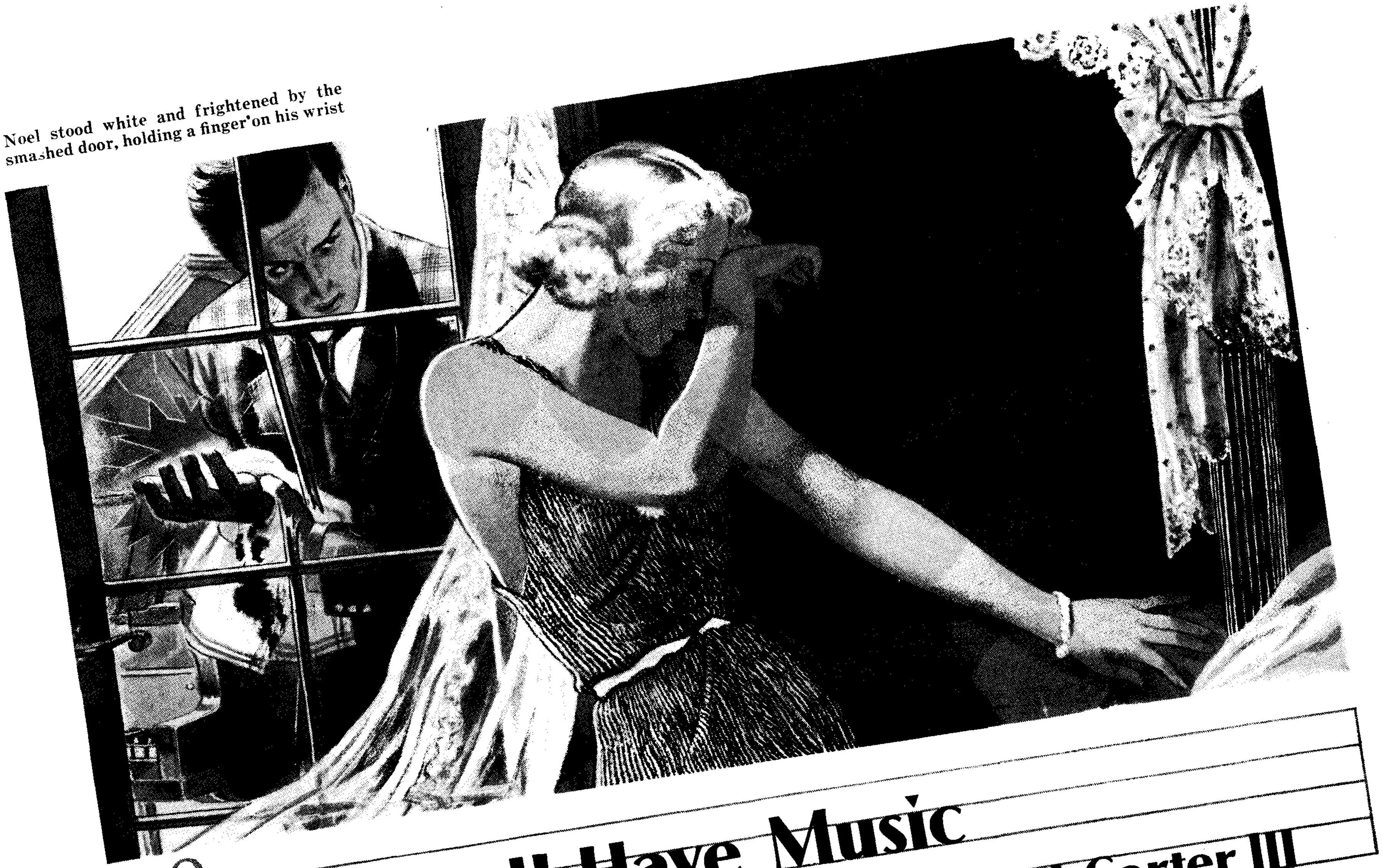
*REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE—DRINK IT AND SLEEP*

Collier's

The National Weekly for February 13, 1937

KANSAS

Noel stood white and frightened by the smashed door, holding a finger on his wrist



# She Shall Have Music

## By Samuel Carter III

*Noel Anders was always at a piano—with Linda beside him. People said he wrote his greatest hits for her. But what the world didn't know—what Linda discovered for herself: it isn't the song that counts, but the singer*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

IN THE spring, I remember, we would sit on the terrace back of Founders and listen to Noel play. There would sometimes be as many as twenty or thirty of us after study hall let out, and there would be a blue mist on the river and sometimes a moon. Noel would be playing Mammy, and Wabash Blues, and Way Down Yonder in New Orleans, and we would listen with nostalgic, adolescent sadness till the dormitory lights blinked off in warning.

Even then, as youngsters, we recognized a quality about Noel's playing that was different. It was something that took the night, the lighted windows of the school, the river mist, and made them part of its experience. Something which made you feel, at sixteen, that you'd lived a long while—that the world was beautiful, but that you'd savored all the tragedy and glamor and delight it had to offer.

For most of the school, I think, Noel had no personality outside his music. I was about the only friend he had. We'd meet in his room after lights, and play phonograph records with a pin, or talk, or sneak out on the roof for cigarettes. I helped him through biology and science; and we talked a lot of Princeton, and agreed to room together when we got there.

It wasn't long before Noel's playing was a legend on the Princeton campus. Almost any night in Holder Court you'd hear it. There would be a small awed group of freshmen on the walk before the open window; and inside Noel's room, in clouds of cigarette smoke, deferential groups of upperclassmen sitting on the chairs and tables. Preceptorials in any room of Holder were a flop; and heads that should have been supported above open books were leaning out of open windows, listening to Rose Marie, to Limehouse Blues, to Margie.

No one ever said: "He's good." They simply lifted fingers in command of silence, and you listened while the music crept along your spine. When he had stopped they'd say: "He's going to do things—that guy Anders."

And it wasn't long before he'd done things. Junior year, half the tunes from the Triangle Show—you remember Samarkand?—were Noel's; and senior year he wrote the score from overture to curtain. They were tunes that went beyond the campus, to recording rooms, and night clubs of Broadway—that traveled on Atlantic liners and were sung by homesick debutantes in Nice. A Broadway columnist took notice of him, and he started getting fan mail from Miss Spence's, Farmington, and Wykham Rise.

That was the spring that I had Linda Farrel down to house parties—Linda, whose tireless feet had danced their way through an infinity of college proms, whose small, lithe body was possessed by rhythm. We had moved from club to club down Prospect Street, while Linda moved from one dark arm onto another—leaving on each a cloud of powder and a haunting memory of grace. And we had ended up at daybreak on the porch of Quad, to watch the sun come up from Palmer Stadium.

AT LEAST I think the sun comes up from Palmer Stadium. I wasn't looking at it. I was watching Linda. The way her throat moved when she talked; the way white satin clasped her breasts.

I was thinking: Eight years is a long time to be in love. We ought to quit dawdling.

I said: "Linda," and she turned her head, her face expectant as a flower to the morning, waiting. I said, "Linda, listen—"

And before the rest was spoken, chords broke out across the morning like deep bells, and chimed to one another. Bright runs fell cascading from high places, into dark nostalgic sadness, shifted moods, grew plaintive, questioning, adoring. We could make believe, they said, that I love you. We could make believe that you love me. . . .

Like ghosts brought back from nowhere couples moved in through the mist, converging on the clubhouse in wan, hesitating awe. Linda was leaning forward on her elbows, lips half parted, listening not now for what I had to say, but to the music.

"Who's that?" Linda said.

"Noel Anders."

"Oh," said Linda.

I was suddenly aware then of the group that was gathered in the room behind us, about Noel: upperclassmen and their girls, whose whole identity was lost in listening. I thought of Linda, and I thought that she would go and join them if I let her. Almost desperately I didn't want her to.

"Look," I said, "let's go canoeing on the lake till breakfast."

But it wasn't any use that week end. Sunday afternoon, at Fred Blake's, Noel was there, and a piano, and they came together with the second round of drinks. Voices stopped. Feet kept instinctive time. White arms and slender not-yet-sun-tanned shoulders caught the rhythm, passed it on to broader shoulders in tweed coats. Outside the window, in the spotted sunlight, underclassmen gathered, listening.

And Linda wasn't with me. She was up at the piano, waiting for a chance to say: "Make Believe."

There were other songs demanded, but Noel looked at Linda, and his fingers started on the song she'd asked for. He was smiling at her while he played—noticing the rhythm that her feet established, and the echo of that rhythm through her body. Till she couldn't keep still. Till she danced about the room like a translation into movement of his music, with a light, unconscious, and disturbing grace.

"Look," I said, half an hour later, "better get your things. It's train time."

"Oh," said Linda, self-conscious.

I DIDN'T see Linda after that till June. Her letters still came loyally, and mine replied, and we agreed to meet in France that summer. It was the year of the Great Migration when larger ships were putting in a Student Third Class, and the franc was low. When sooner or later half the people whom you knew at college passed you in the Place Vendôme with English walking sticks and girls from Wellesley.

Noel's was one of a score of college orchestras that worked their way across on smaller steamers, later playing in casinos on the French coast or at cabarets in Paris. I was with them on the way across. But Paris was a one-week stop for me, and there was one main purpose to that stop.

Linda was staying at the Wagram. When I got there she was waiting for me in the hotel lobby, looking fresh and tailored. Something turned inside me like a slipped cog, and I said:

"Well, you look natural as life."

"Steve darling," Linda said, and left a little smear of lipstick on my cheek.

Somewhere on the left bank we had dinner, eating not much and talking fast because there seemed a lot to say. I remember thinking it was good that we had been apart a while—it made you surer of each other. And I thought of saying this to Linda, when she said:

"I hear Noel Anders is in town."

She said it carelessly and it was like a door closed gently in my face. I said:

"He's playing at the Grand Ecart." And then, because she waited, and because it seemed demanded by her waiting, "We might run up there and say hello."

"All right," said Linda, and she squeezed my hand.

As we came into the Grand Ecart, I wondered, with a twist of hope and fear, if Noel would remember Linda. He saw us when the lights came up, smiled slightly, turned to the piano. From his fingers ran the melody of "Make Believe." As Linda stopped the glass that she was raising to her lips, I felt there was a destiny about Noel's playing. It had dogged me everywhere I went.

In the intermissions Noel would come down to our table. "For a drink," he told us, never going near his glass. And he would look at Linda with an overwhelming affirmation.

"You look grand," he kept saying. "Doesn't she, Steve?"

"Yes," I said.

"Like music. Everything about her—from her figure to the way she moves."

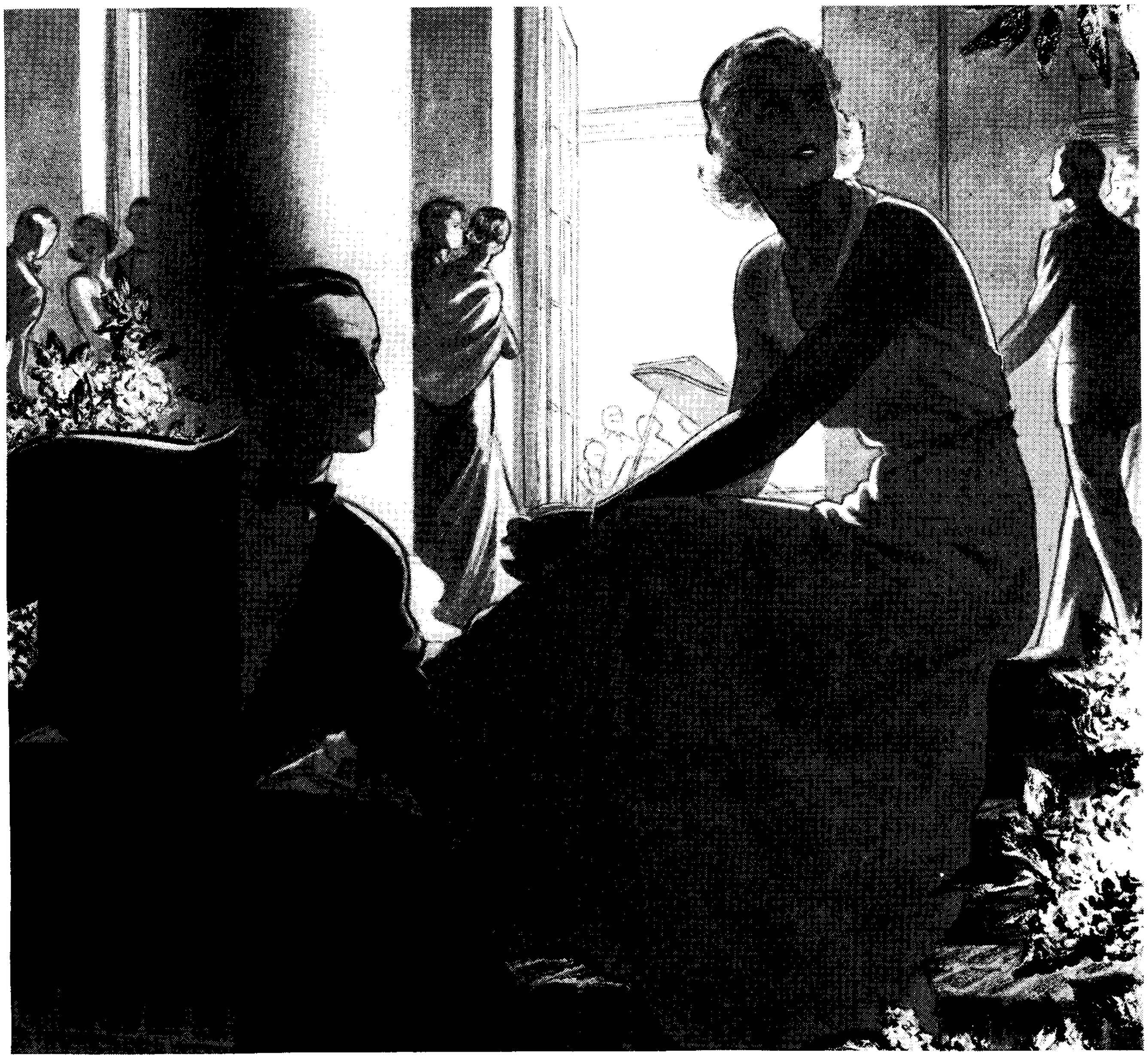
We talked together between numbers. Then just Noel and Linda talked; and I became someone whom they both knew from way back and didn't have to act in front of. And at half past one I said, "The sandman's coming—I was up at five this morning." Noel said: "I'll take care of Linda, if she wants to stay." And Linda said, "Steve, do you mind?"

I WALKED home down the rue Pigalle. Somewhere I had a drink, and later watched the barges slip past one another on the river. I had stayed in bed till ten that morning and I wasn't sleepy.

After that it was hard to get hold of Linda. Between unplanned solitary trips to Fontainebleau and Versailles and the galleries, I tried to call her and got no answer. Once she agreed to go to Auteuil to the races, and another time we met for cocktails at the Ritz. But for the rest, her time was taken; once or twice she mentioned seeing Noel.

But it was more than once or twice, I knew; and on my last night, when I wanted to say goodby, I knew where I could find her. At the Grand Ecart I slipped into a table in the corner. Linda was sitting off to one side by herself, her eyes on Noel. When he had finished playing he would come over to her, and they would talk, fondling their glasses, in a quiet and inconsequential and conclusive way.

I went over finally to say goodby, and Linda's face lit up in quick response.



I was thinking: Eight years is a long time to be in love. It's time to quit dawdling

"Steve," she scolded. "You've been neglecting me."

Politely we both acted as if that were so, and I said I was sorry, and Linda said: "Have lunch with me tomorrow, Steve."

"I'm leaving for Lucerne tomorrow."

"Please—have lunch with me before you go. Please, Steve."

"I think she means it," Noel said fondly. "I believe she really wants to eat with you, you bum."

We had lunch at a small place on the Champs Elysées, where the trees spilled sunlight on the table and on Linda's hair, and wind toyed with napkins. Gravely, with a joy that ran like untapped springs beneath her words, she told me what I knew she had to tell.

"Because we wanted you to be the first to know."

"That's great," I said. "I'm awfully glad. When's the big event to be?"

"When Noel finishes his contract. He wanted to break it and go back with me. I wouldn't let him."

The sun was bright in Linda's eyes.

"I love him so, Steve. Ever since that week end—ever since I heard him play." She laughed. "Since then he's talked to me in music. Told me things that no one else could say in words."

That night we three had dinner at the Grand Ecart. Noel ordered champagne, and we drank a toast to everything, from Linda to the mural artist who had done the pictures on the wall. At nine my train left from the Gare de Lyon, rocking through the Côte d'Or and the Jura Mountains, into Switzerland. And three days after, I got Linda's wire. They were married, sailing on the Mauretania that afternoon.

It was two months later that I circled back to Paris, but the incident was still a joke among the tourists who were left. A man named Buret, owner of the Grand Ecart, had made a pass at Linda; Noel had broken several chairs across his head, and simultaneously lost his contract. When I heard of it, my mind flashed back to Princeton when Noel's temper almost killed a man with flying glass. And I felt suddenly alarmed for Linda. Noel's temperament was not an easy one to live with.

BUT in late September, when I saw them next, that doubt was buried. They were living in a small apartment on Eleventh Street—a grand piano taking up the better part of one room. As a special friend you had to have a special ring to get in—one long buzz and two short ones—and as you came up you would hear Noel playing, and the tap of Linda's dancing on the floor.

They were crazy with happiness, those two: in a way that made all other people—everything outside themselves—superfluous. I used to go up there some evenings, tired from work, and sit with Linda on the sofa drinking bootleg Scotch. Noel would be sitting at the keyboard, picking out arrangements for a song that he was orchestrating.

"Noel's going to be famous some day," Linda told me solemnly, once when we three were together.

"Sure he is," I said.

"You think so?" Noel said happily. He was like a small boy told of some impending favor.

"Listen, Steve," he said elatedly. "A song I wrote for Linda."

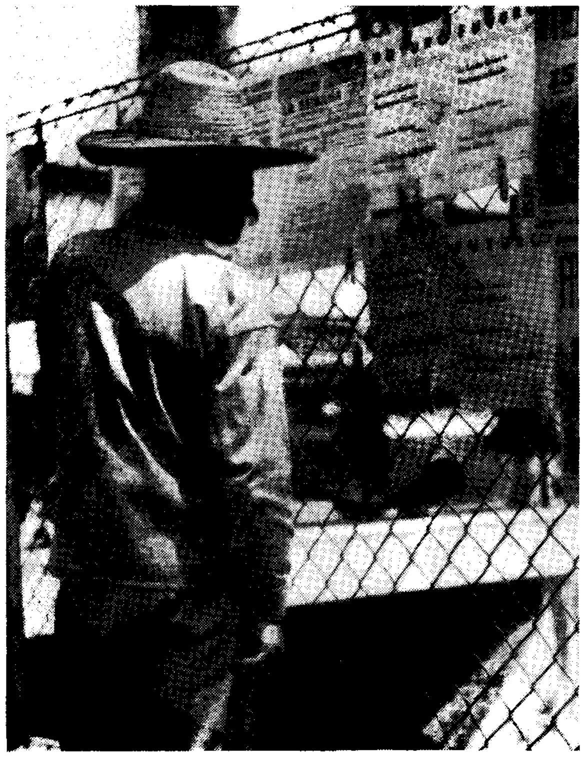
He played it while we listened.

"This is how her eyebrows move," he said, his fingers moving through the verse in liquid runs. "This is how her voice sounds when she reads to me." And from the verse he moved into what would have been a chorus.

"This is what I think of Linda," Noel said.

"It's great," I said when he stopped. "A publisher would snap it up."

(*Continued on page* 29)



PARTIDO
COMUNISTA
DE
MEXICO
SEC. DE LA INTERNACIONAL COMUNISTA

CAMPESINOS-OBREROS
AMBULANTE

**Collectivization goes ahead in Mexico supported by well-organized propaganda. Upper left: A peon studying a display of Red posters. Above: An anti-Fascist parade of the Communist party of Mexico and (directly above) an automobile library distributing free Red propaganda in Mexico City**

# Your Money In Red Mexico

## By Owen P. White

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY KIP ROSS

*The American dollar developed Mexico. Mexico is about to repay the compliment by seizing the American dollar and all its works. Standing in the way is the fact that the sources of wealth are valueless if you haven't the skill to work them. Here's the story of a nation eager to cut its own throat*

NOT long ago, as I was passing through one of the ornate state capitol buildings in Mexico, I noticed a gilt chair whose upholstery was ominously stained and through whose back there were a couple of ominous-looking holes. I naturally asked what had happened. The Mexican gentleman with me replied, "Nothing. Nothing, that is, except that expediency having rendered the removal of Señor So-and-so a political necessity he has been removed."

Such casual methods must make Mexico's men of affairs feel jumpy. If they are capitalistically inclined they must now feel especially so, which perhaps accounts for the fact that last August when his resignation as president of the National Revolutionary party was handed in Señor Portes Gil, himself, was already at Acapulco all prepared, if his health demanded it, immediately to take to the high seas.

Fortunately nothing violent happened to Señor Portes Gil, although much that is violent, even volcanic, and that is of considerable importance to us in this country, did happen as the immediate result of his resignation. Within a week all the other members of Mexico's National Committee resigned also, leaving it up to President Lazaro Cardenas to select in their places a group of politicians to his liking. He did so, with the result that on September 6th the National Revolutionary party, which, according to a myth, represents the will of the people but, *according to law*, dictates the policy of the Administration, came out with a flat statement in which it delivered over to organized collectivist groups of *obreros* and *campesinos* (workers and peasants) not only complete control of the government but also potential physical ownership of all the land and all the wealth in the country.

Had this expropriation idea been advanced as recently as forty years ago no one would have cared much because, although there were then just as many square miles of grazing territory, just as many acres of farm land and just as many mineral resources in the country as there are today, there was no real wealth because there was no substantial development. Then things changed. I watched them change. I saw Americans, taking with them whole herds of registered bulls, go into Chihuahua and Sonora and on their hitherto useless areas establish huge ranches from which, in time, hundreds of thousands of cattle, with the breed being improved constantly, were shipped to all parts of the world.

These were the beginnings of the flush times for northern Mexico, whose own people had never had the knowledge or the energy to build up for themselves a big business in livestock.

Then came the men with the smelters. I can remember their arrival also. I can recall the time when they crossed the Rio Grande, erected a small smelter at Juarez (later this one was abandoned) and then went on down to Chihuahua and Torreon and blew in their little, old single-furnace plants at those places, and went out to look for business. Nothing that has ever happened in Mexico, except the building of the railroads, which were also largely American-owned, meant more to the general welfare of the country than that did. A mine without a smelter is of no value whatever; with one, handily located, it may turn out to be worth millions. In Mexico, first around Chihuahua and Torreon, and then all over the republic as American capital and enterprise opened more and more smelters, many, many Mexican-owned mines did turn out to be worth many millions of dollars. The result along two fronts was very spectacular.

On the one hand, with the Americans, who had flocked in and were the chief creators of wealth for Mexico, as the buyers thereof, the country suddenly jumped to the front as about the world's best market for mining, smelting, railroad and small factory equipment. While on the other, with the newly enriched, much-bewildered and often illiterate Mexicans as the spenders, it blossomed forth as the best place then on earth to sell fine horses, expensive carriages, silver-mounted harness, diamond necklaces, heavy

*(Continued on page 59)*

# Orient Packet

*The Bartletts were giants in the Clipper ship days. Times are not what they were then—but the Bartletts haven't changed a particle*

## By Sidney Herschel Small

ERICA SHAW, notebook poised on a slim knee, was so lovely that she actually calmed old George Castle, and he paused with his dictation. He watched her quick fingers as they returned to translate a few cabalistic pothooks into words; Yangpiao yen; Kwangchowan. When she looked up, with sympathetic brown eyes, all of his fears were intensified. His hands began to tremble.

He found himself saying, “You know I'm dictating this rubbish just to be doing something?” When Erica nodded, he went on, “I'm damnably worried. It's a good thing you don't understand why.”

Erica said nothing.

“You do know,” muttered Castle. He felt very old. “How much?”

“The company has sent a messenger to Macao with specifications for the porcelain factory to be built near Canton. With all the machinery designs which can't possibly be cabled to the States.”

Bartlett and Company's Hong Kong manager leaned back in his chair. That was it. The mechanical details couldn't be cabled. But the bid had to be submitted within seven days. The seven-day clause was a survival of an old custom inaugurated when cable service was new. This, before, had been fair to all of the nations competing for the China trade. Now, however, when specifications and designs could be sent by air mail to England, Europe, or to near-by Japan, American organizations, forced to bid without designs, were almost always the high bidders.

“The door coolie,” said Erica, “was the perfect person to send. Who'd think an old Chinese would have the packet with all the designs and specifications strapped under his jacket? He'll deliver them to the new transpacific plane.”

Castle stared at the ring on her left hand. “I suppose Bliss told you,” he said at last. He had even tried to keep his plans from Bliss Meade, his assistant; Bliss knew, and, naturally, had told the girl he was to marry. Castle pulled himself together. Meade was loyal to the company. So was Miss Shaw. He became momentarily cheerful. “Flying across the Pacific! I never thought I'd live to see it. It puts us back into competition again. It . . . where were we, Miss Shaw?”

THE telephone buzzed as Erica looked down at her notes. Castle's face, as he answered and listened, became expressionless, impassive. And gray.

Erica, waiting, glanced from the window. Hong Kong harbor was revealed only in patches from which the heavy mist had lifted. Macao, across the wide muddy mouth of the Canton River, could only be guessed at. But it wasn't far.

Each visible bit of water portrayed a different scene. Sampans huddled together against a stone quay. Junks, the same as those which had carried upriver, a hundred years before, cargoes from Yankee packets. To Canton. Freighters lay beyond, from the few nations fighting for the China trade: England, Germany, Japan, the United States. Far out were the light cruisers of the British fleet.

Soft rain clung to Hong Kong's Hill, concealing the banyans, the bungalows, from Erica's sight. Soon she, too, would live on the Hill. Mrs. Bliss Meade. She was lucky. Pretty secretaries might tiffin and tea and be kissed, but men married the girl from home. More, Bliss was going places in Bartlett and Company. Everyone said so. He'd have a post as manager, perhaps here, since Mr. Castle was losing his grip.

You could tell that by the expression on his face as he replaced the telephone, by the way he said, “Our messenger . . . poor Lu'i . . .”

Then Bliss Meade was opening the door, standing aside to allow another man to pass through.

“Good morning,” this man said. Erica observed that he had a magnificently blackened eye. “A swell morning. Here I am.”

George Castle croaked, “Go away, John Richard. I've trouble enough.”

THE newcomer sat on Castle's desk. “How d'you like the shiner, sir? All I did was walk along the street, outside, and a big guy bumps me, so I bump him, so he pokes me in the eye.” He looked approvingly at Erica. “Go down and stand where he can see you when he wakes up. He'll think he's in Valhalla.”

This, Erica knew, must be the son of the company's head. Bliss had told her about him. The last of a family gone to seed. Whisky Johnny, people called him. Interested only in alcohol, as witness his nickname, and in models of the early Yankee packets and clippers. A playboy who cared nothing for the company.

“Please go away,” Castle repeated.

“I've just come,” John Richard said. He examined Erica so thoughtfully that Meade coughed. Erica knew that she must be flushing, and it angered her that she could think of anything except what must have happened to the door coolie and the papers the old Chinese had carried. Then young Mr. Bartlett was speaking again. “I believe I'll learn the business,” he grinned. “I'll need a secretary, Mr. Castle. Better warn her about the family failing. The one about strange women.”

Castle could stand no more. He sputtered, “While you're playing the fool, John Richard, we're losing the most important contract ever offered—”

“Lead me to it,” John Richard suggested. “I'll have it arranged by noon, and then I'll take my new secretary to lunch.”

Erica said, “I'm not your secretary, Mr. Bartlett, and I'm not going to be. Can't you understand that this is serious?”

“I wouldn't be surprised if it were,” said John Richard.

Castle talked past him, to the others. “The worst has happened. Major Nicholls' police have found the coolie. Dead. The specifications gone. We still have duplicate sheets . . . but . . . but . . .”

“I'll take them to Macao, sir,” Bliss Meade said. “I'd like to. To try. It is only a few hours, even by junk. May I?”

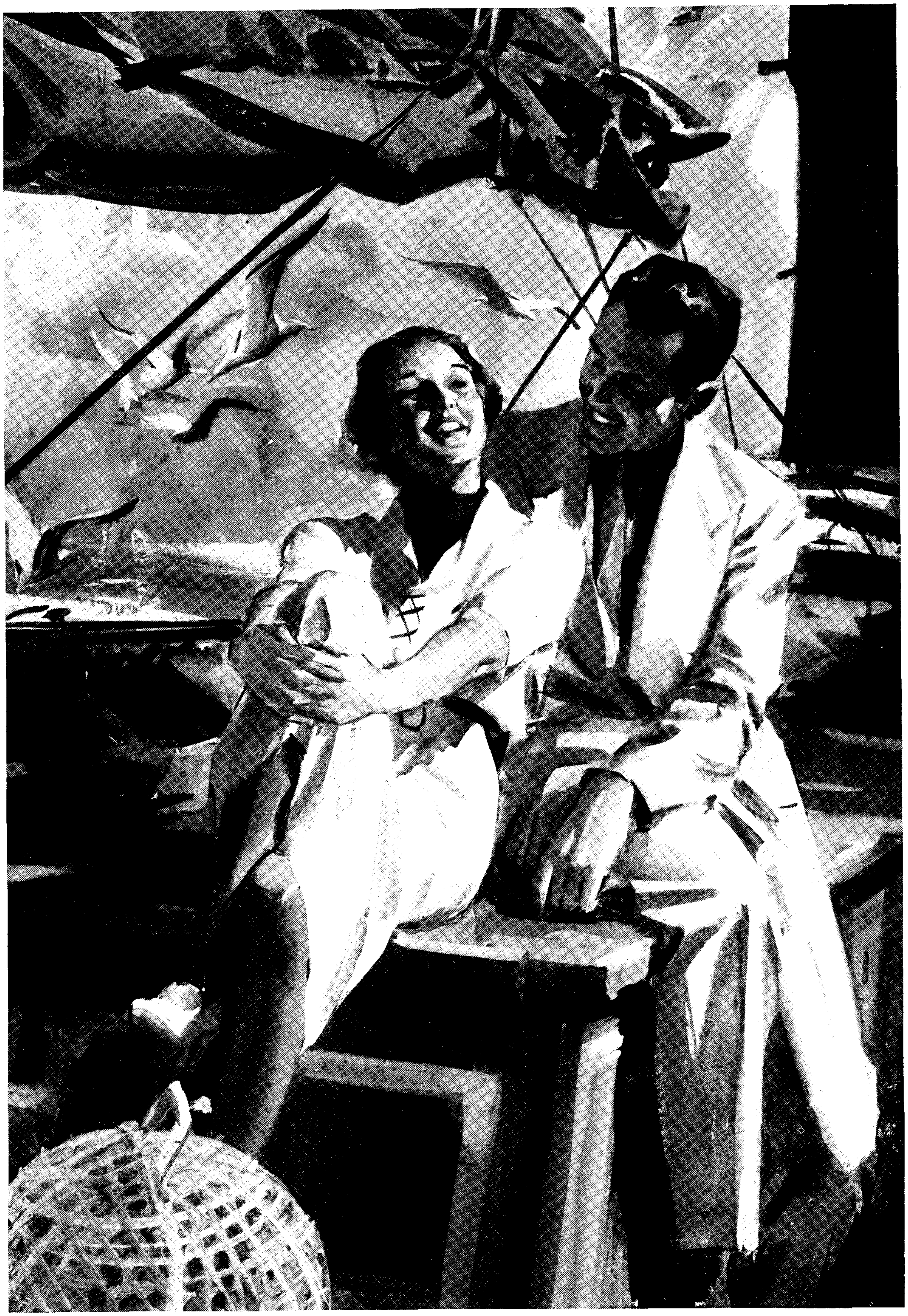
ERICA smiled up at him. This was the Bliss she wanted.

“It seemed logical, sending Lu'i,” Castle muttered. “Remember him, John Richard? He carried you about. Who learned that he was our messenger? Who?”

“Lu'i always had pink candy for me,” said John Richard. “Messenger for what? It doesn't make sense.”

Castle explained the seven-day clause. “Once,” he ended, “the clause was fair to all nations. Recently, we've been in the cold, and it was a neat way to eliminate us from contracts. Like this one, which is for an enormous porcelain plant. I'd hoped to get the specifications to Macao, and use the air service. The planes should be the States' business salvation. But now Lu'i has been murdered . . .”

Bartlett listened courteously. He didn't like the murder, but was unexcited about the rest. “Why not mail it to Macao?”



Erica leaned toward him, saying, "Please buy me a gown, darling. Can't I have a gold gown?" "Kiss me," grinned John Richard, "and you can also have a hat"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

"No mail boat. You should know the sort of thing Americans have fought in the past. Since your great-grandfather's day, it's been every hand against America."

"Buy a boat."

Bliss Meade said, "The authorities would delay her clearance until after the plane flies. It is like the time the East India Company—"

"I've heard that one before," John Richard said. He dismissed Meade with one word. Pusher. He looked at Castle, so suddenly old, and then at Erica. He brightened instantly. "I'm learning the business, am I?" he said. "Here goes. We'll cross to Macao, lady, nibble melon seeds, drink picon, gamble, and take over the papers. Who'd suppose I'm doing anything except having a good time?" He whistled a snatch of the sea song: Whisky in an Old Tin Can. "Put on your hat, darling," John Richard said blithely, "and we'll go places."

This, Erica thought, was a Bartlett. What did he know of the Orient, of competition, of the way the Japanese were closing the "Open Door?" What did he know of oil and rails and cotton? Why, he didn't even know that American planes, landing in what remained of China, would have caused a storm of protest from Japan; he didn't realize that while Macao had a fine harbor, it had been selected as the mainland port because friendly Portugal, not a competitor, wouldn't hamper the planes with rules and regulations which might strangle the transpacific service . . . why, he didn't know anything.

Just the same, what Bartlett had suggested was a good plan. No one would believe that the son of the company's head would be entrusted with a dangerous task. Certainly not when, in addition, he was known as Whisky Johnny.

But Bliss Meade was frowning. "You'd be a marked man," he said.

"An eagle on my right arm and Venus on my left," agreed John Richard. "Hearts on my manly chest. Somebody find a tub that'll take us to Macao. Somebody get me a few thousand, gold. Get a bag, woman. I'll go up to the club and talk about giving Macao a chance at me, and I'll add that I'm taking a charming companion . . . have you ever been compromised before, or is this the first time?"

Erica tried to look severe. "I want to help," she said.

"It's dangerous, John Richard," Castle stuttered. "You mustn't. Think what your father will say if anything goes wrong."

"You are apt to be knifed," Meade mentioned, "as Lu'i was."

"Was he?" Bartlett asked. "I don't recall hearing how he died."

Meade turned to Castle: "I imagine it happened that way. This is the Orient."

"THE police found him in a narrow street by the water," the manager said. "He must have been followed. His money wasn't taken. Just the packet of papers. He . . . Nicholls said he was hacked in a dozen places. The police brought him in, and the major recognized him." Castle shivered. "He was a sieve," he said.

"You can see," said Meade, "that it is out of the question for you to go, Mr. Bartlett." As final argument he concluded, "And doubly so, for Miss Shaw. She is to be my wife."

"Sounds like an honor," John Richard said briefly. "Coming, Miss Shaw?"

Erica was doubtful. "If Mr. Castle thinks my going would make it appear like a . . . a pleasure trip . . . I wouldn't care what people said."

"Erica!" said Bliss Meade. "Why, you can't—"

"I won't care either," consoled John Richard. "It's apt to be worse for me. My father'll say, 'Marry the girl; that's how I caught your mother.' You can see what a chance I'm taking." He laughed suddenly, throwing back his head. "Erica! With a name like that, you're practically in the family. Richard and Rick and Rich and Richie, and now Ricky. Ricky-ticky. I hope you don't put on face creams at night."

George Castle had been fumbling with his pen. He said, "You, the girl and Bliss might all go to Macao. You have the plans. They'll try to stop Bliss. Eh?"

"Have we got to have him tagging along?" John Richard pulled out a coin. "Bet you a dollar, Meade, that we lose you ten minutes after we're in Macao. No? Well, bet you nobody sticks a knife into anybody. No again?" He pitched the coin into the air and caught it. He winked at Erica. "Give you odds that Ricky's last name is going to be Bartlett. Ten to one."

Erica felt that he was laughing at them all. It was impossible to tell when he was in earnest. She saw Bliss frown.

(Continued on page 46)

# Expert Witness

## By Robert Ormond Case

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

THERE was a stir in the courtroom when Doc Watts was called to the stand. Everybody knew him, and liked the fat old rascal. Before he'd quit active practice he'd doctored practically everybody along the Truckee. Of late years he'd been doing a little fishing and plenty of sidewalk sitting in the sunlight.

Some of the jurors grinned at him as he settled himself in the chair, puffing. Even the judge peered blandly at him over his glasses.

Still, beneath it all, there was something grim and tense. Doc Watts was the defense's sole witness. Everybody knew that upon what he said now, if he had anything of value to offer, rested Jack Renny's sole chance of escaping the gallows. Jack Renny knew it, too, sitting there beside his lawyer. He looked hard at Doc now, studying his round, good-natured face; and you could almost hear him thinking: "He doesn't know a thing about it. He wasn't even there. But he's my last hope."

Thus far it was an open-and-shut case. All the prosecution had claimed had been proved. Renny himself had admitted the facts: that the two prospectors, Brock and Hogan, whose claims were on either side of his up at the head of Dry Gulch, had been slaughtered practically on his cabin doorstep, with his, Renny's, rifle. Renny had admitted that he'd had plenty of trouble with Brock and Hogan. One had stolen a pick and another some dynamite caps. He could tell by their tracks. He'd gone down to the sheriff's office to complain about it. But the sheriff couldn't be bothered. Renny would have to look out for himself.

Following this unfortunate conversation—admitted by the sheriff—Renny had headed back to his claim. On the way, he'd come upon Doc Watts, fishing in the creek at the mouth of Dry Gulch. He'd stopped to talk to Doc for a minute or two, then had gone on.

IT WAS at this point that Renny's story differed from the prosecution's theory. The prosecutor contended that Renny, after leaving Doc Watts, had gone up to his cabin, brooding over his wrongs. Brock and Hogan had appeared, coming from opposite directions. Their tracks proved this. Renny had loaded his rifle and waited. When his enemies had arrived at the cabin he had stepped to the door and mowed them down.

Renny's story was that, after leaving Doc Watts and rounding the bend in the Gulch, he had come into view of the cabin just in time to see the shooting. Hogan was standing at the step with Renny's rifle across his arm. Brock was at one side, facing him. They were arguing loudly, abusing each other. Just as Renny saw them, Hogan raised the rifle and fired, the bullet striking Brock in the stomach. Brock, of bull-like physique, had been staggered by the mortal wound, but not dropped. Even as Hogan was pumping another shell into the firing chamber he had grappled with him. He had wrenched the rifle away and shot Hogan through the heart. Then Brock, in his turn, had collapsed.

All of which, obviously, left Renny out on a limb. What bearing could Doc Watts' testimony have on the case when he was out of sight down on the creek?

This soon developed, under direct examination. The defense attorney came up to the time element casually.

"Now, Doc, when Renny stopped to talk to you, what did you talk about?"

"Fishin'."

"Did you hear the rifle shots?"

"Yeah, I heard 'em."

"From where you talked to Renny, how far is it to Renny's cabin?"

"Better than a half mile."

"How long after Renny left before you heard the shots?"

"'Bout two minutes."

"Hmm," said the defense attorney. "Two minutes. In your opinion, could Renny have covered that half mile—uphill, over boulders—in two minutes?"

The prosecutor, being smart as a whip, objected. But everybody heard Doc's answer, anyway. "'Course he couldn't. 'Less he was a mountain goat."

THE answer was ordered stricken from the record. But Doc had given the jury something to think about. The prosecutor sensed it, and when his turn came, he got up with an irritable smile on his thin lips.

"About this two minutes, Doctor," he said, putting his hand in his pocket. "You testified that two minutes elapsed after Renny left you, before you heard the shots. Is that correct?"

"'Bout two minutes. No more."

The prosecutor drew a watch out of his pocket. "This is a stop watch, Doctor. You won't object, of course, if we test your ability at guessing a time interval? Of two minutes, say?"

Everybody expected the defense attorney to object, but he didn't. Doc didn't, either.

"Nope," he said. "I kind of hate to have a man's life depend on it. But I think I can hit her within a couple seconds. Is that close enough?"

"It surely is. You understand, Doctor, that few living men can guess even a minute interval without error."

"Don't try to scare me," said Doc. "Just for that, I'm going to ask the judge to name somebody to stand beside you, to back you up on what the watch says. You ain't taking my word for anything."

The spectators chuckled. The prosecutor was plenty mad. He insisted that the court name not one referee but two. The court named the clerk and the sheriff.

"Ready?" said the prosecutor.

"Say when," said Doc, settling himself comfortably, his hands folded.

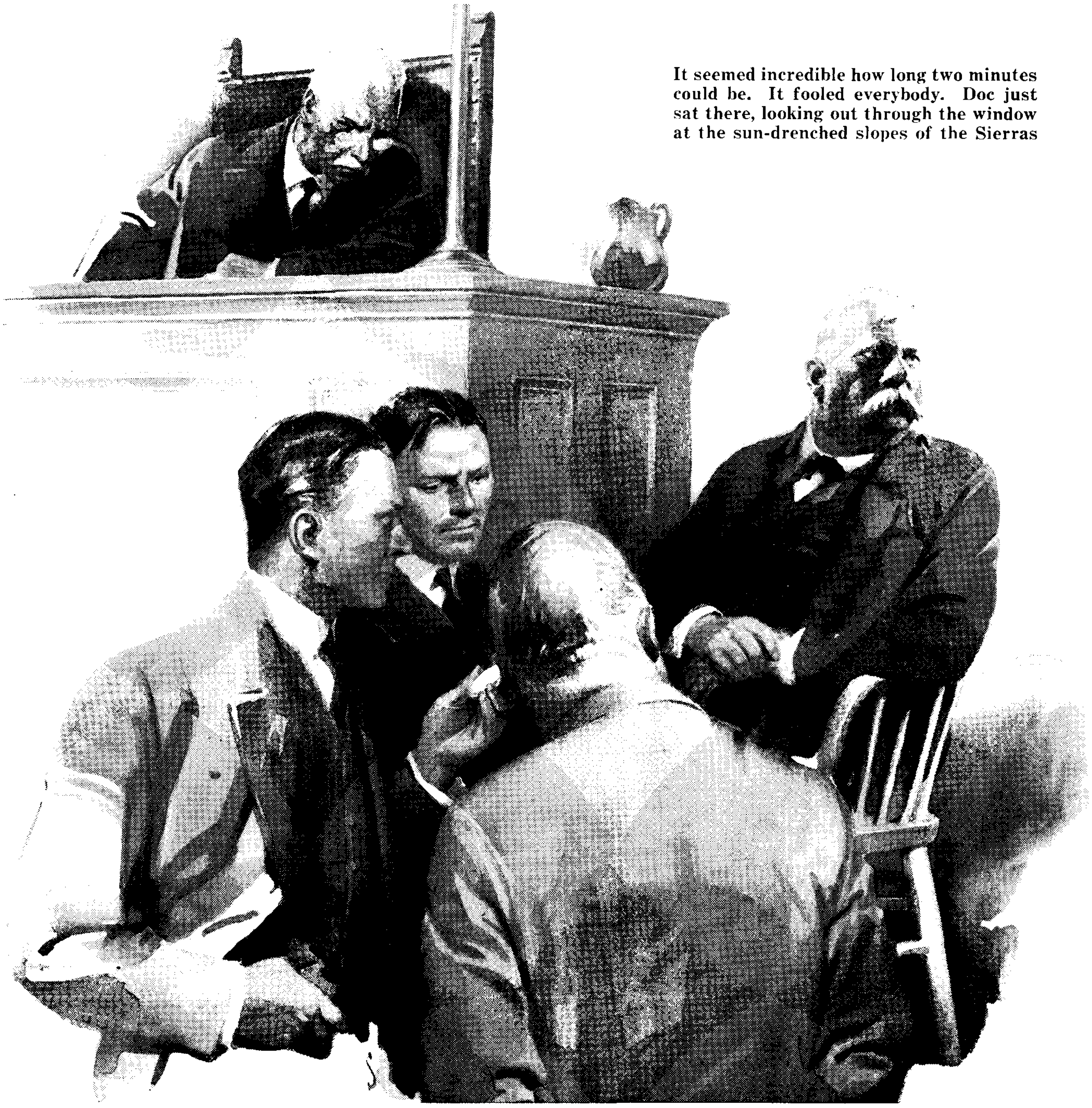
"Now!"

It seemed incredible how long two minutes could be. It fooled everybody. Doc just sat there, looking out through the window at the sun-drenched slopes of the Sierras.

After what seemed to be at least five minutes, Doc said: "Time's up!"

The spectators who'd been looking at their watches relaxed with a sigh like wind through timber. It wasn't necessary for the referee to announce their findings, but the defense attorney insisted on it, as a part of the record. When they did so, Jack Renny was as good as acquitted. Measured on a split-second watch, Doc had missed it by nine tenths of a second. Which meant, giving Jack Renny the benefit of the doubt, that he couldn't possibly have yet reached his cabin when the shots were fired.

"NOPE," said Doc Watts, afterward, leaning back in his chair in the sunlight. "It wasn't that two-minute business that convinced me Renny was innocent, so much as the fact that I know folks when I see them.... How'd I guess that two minutes so close on the stand?" He beamed. "The guessing didn't worry me. It was counting up so far. I had my thumb on my pulse. It goes right along, when I ain't excited, at seventy-two."



It seemed incredible how long two minutes could be. It fooled everybody. Doc just sat there, looking out through the window at the sun-drenched slopes of the Sierras

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

*The director's right-hand man, the mother confessor of the company, the indispensable, all-observing, ever-cheerful little sister of the movies—that's a Hollywood script girl's job*

# Script Girl

## By Isobel Stuart

**Cameraman Karl Struss and Script Girl Isobel Stuart enjoying one of those infrequent rest periods when the company is on the set**

ONCE upon a time, many, many years ago, when I was much younger and not nearly so smart, I wanted to be a script girl in a big motion-picture studio. I didn't know just what a script girl did, but in the publicity pictures she was always featured in deep consultation with the director or star and her job looked interesting and important.

Now I have been a script girl for more years than I like to remember. I know exactly what a script girl does but much of the glamor has gone. The work is interesting and in itself important but script girls themselves are not important and are rated at the studio about on a par with the Oriental janitors, although sometimes a janitor who has cleaned the same office for several years is esteemed and respected by those for whom he works. No script girl is ever respected and only rarely esteemed. About all she can ever hope for is that when spoken to she will be addressed by name rather than by the odious appellation of "Hey, Script!"

At the beginning of my career as a script girl I regarded my position with pride and when anyone not connected with the studio asked me what my duties were I would launch into an enthusiastic recital. Several years have passed since the enthusiasm for narration left me and more and more I dread admitting my occupation because invariably the following conversation takes place.

Interested Stranger: "And you, little woman, what do you do for a living?"

Little Woman: "Me? Oh—I work at the studio."

Interested Stranger: "Indeed! Are you a character actress?"

Little Woman: "I am a script clerk."

Interested Stranger: "How interesting! Now, tell me, dear, just exactly what does a script girl do?"

Then, unless there is an earthquake, epidemic or other act of God, I must go into detail and explain my job.

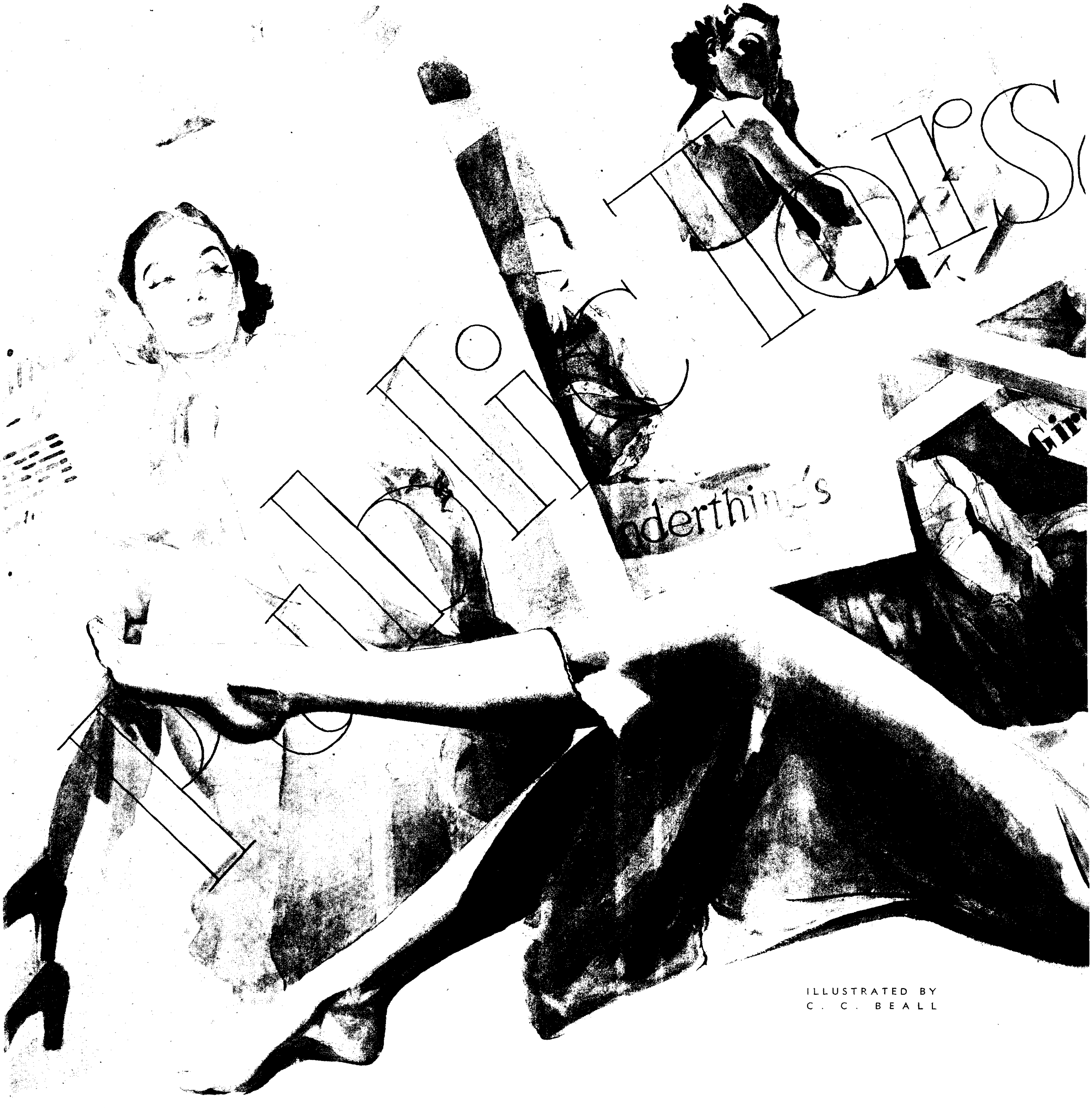
As I said before, I am much smarter than I used to be and it has recently occurred to me, since everyone I meet outside the studio seems to be interested in "just exactly what a script girl does," that perhaps it is an expedient idea to write down my duties. So here goes!

A script girl's first task after being assigned to a picture is to read and prepare her script, as she must be thoroughly familiar with the story before the picture starts. This preparation takes about three readings.

As soon as the final script is out I take my copy and hunt a quiet corner. There I read the script through once just to see what it is all about. This takes a terrific toll of my vitality, so I go across the street and have a cup of coffee, then, feeling stronger, I return to my quiet corner and read the script again, this time studying the characters and plot. The third time I read the script I write marginal notes to myself in red pencil. These are merely reminders of little details which might be overlooked during the rush of production.

For instance: The story opens with a murder (we will do a good, rousing melodrama) and the only clue to the murder is a man's white glove found near the corpse. Five thousand feet, or three weeks later, we do a flashback to the villain just before he commits the murder. By this time we have been engrossed in other parts of the story and may have forgotten about the glove, so I make a

*(Continued on page 67)*



ILLUSTRATED BY
C. C. BEALL

# I Love You Again

## By Octavus Roy Cohen

*The Story Thus Far:*

WHILE returning to New York after a Caribbean cruise, Larry Wilson saves the life of a fellow passenger, Jason Rountree, who, unable to swim, falls overboard. Knocked unconscious in the course of the rescue, Wilson recovers—with no remembrance whatsoever of the episode, with no remembrance of his life *for the past eight years!*

He is amazed to learn that it is 1936, not 1928, and that while his real name is George Carey, he is known on the ship as Larry Wilson! In his stateroom are some letters. They bear the postmark of a Southern town: Habersham. He reads them: they are from a girl named "Kay," who promises to meet him in New York. *His wife!*

Jason Rountree (whom he takes into his confidence) tells him: Say nothing, sit tight, and await developments.

When the ship finally docks, a beautiful girl rushes forward and greets Carey delightedly. Kay—his wife!

The following day Carey, Kay and Jason Rountree head south. Carey has learned some alarming facts: One Ted Courtney had been murdered in Habersham on the afternoon that he, "Larry Wilson," had left for New York. There is only one suspect: a man to whom Kay refers as "Duncan." Duncan stoutly asserts that, at the time of the murder, he and "Larry Wilson" were together. The district attorney is eagerly awaiting Wilson's return, so that he can testify!

Alone with Rountree, Carey outlines the situation—after exacting a promise from Kay that, upon their arrival, she will tell everyone that he is too ill to see anyone. "Sit tight and be careful," Rountree advises him. "*How do you know you didn't kill Courtney yourself?*"

The model for all of the advertisements was a girl—a girl with a figure that you hope to dream about

### III

THE railroad approach to Habersham from the north is not beautiful. You pass first a succession of industrial suburbs and mining camps, reddish brown in color from the dust of an earth which is rich in iron; you will see gaunt tipples jutting from stark hillsides and discern grimy coal miners carrying tin lunch buckets and wearing the little cap lamp which is the insignia of their profession. You will see two or three residential suburbs where the houses are tiny and white and the gardens trim but not impressive. And then you will roll under the train shed of the Terminal Station.

Larry Wilson had been gazing through the window intently, hoping that some bit of this—some scene, some vista—might strike a responsive chord in his consciousness. But he was not destined to be successful. The place was strange and grimly forbidding; it seemed impossible that he had lived here for eight years; that he had labored with apparent diligence and success to the point where he had attained a definite position—and a most attractive wife. The sight of Habersham frightened him. He heard Kay's voice:

"Glad to be home?"

"Very."

She gestured toward the decay. "Why don't you start something with the Chamber of Commerce?"

"About what?"

"Making the approach beautiful."

"It never is—around railroad yards." He paused for a moment and then spoke without daring to meet her eyes: "I have asked Jason to stay with us."

"I was afraid of that . . ."

"What do you mean: Afraid?"

"Don't you think he'd have been just as happy at a hotel?"

"I don't really. He's awfully interesting."

"I like him, too, Larry." He saw her shrug and caught the tense line of her lips. "It seems a little strange, that's all." Her hand touched his. "But you're the boss, dear. You always have been."

"You surprise me." He tried to make his voice sound gay. "I had always fancied that I did what you wanted."

"Men always think that. Particularly young husbands."

Redcaps carried their luggage. At the exit gate an elongated colored man wearing a chauffeur's cap shuffled forward, his ebony countenance split by a delighted grin. "Mawnin', Mistuh Wilson—mawnin', suh. How you feelin', suh?"

Larry was on guard. He said, "I still have a headache."

"Yassuh. You sho' looks kind of headachish. Leave me he'p you. . . ."

"I can navigate pretty well."

"Yassuh, indeedy. You always was the navigatin'-est gemmun. . . ."

KAY said, "Cashus, this is Mr. Rountree. He's going to visit us for a while."

"Mawnin', Mistuh Rountree." Cashus cast inquiring eyes upon the rotund little man. Jason needed no further hint.

"He saved me from drowning, Cashus."

"Yassuh, Mr. Rountree. I thought you looked kind of saved."

Kay laughed. "He means it as a compliment, Mr. Rountree." She moved through the waiting room. "Car outside?"

"Yassum. Parked right snug at the entrance. I told the law whose car it was, an' he left me wait there."

Jason said, "You evidently rate pretty well, Larry."

They seated themselves in the big gray sedan. They moved down a broad, tree-lined and specifically unpretty street and swung into the civic center. Jason said, "Some town, Larry. Like New York, only not quite."

Larry knew that was his cue to expound municipal facts and figures, but unfortunately he didn't know them. He did not know that Habersham was a focal point for eight railroads, not counting the Habersham Mineral; that it had a municipal golf course and three country clubs, and that its residential section was considered unusually beautiful.

But that last point he discovered very soon thereafter when the car swung from a long main street and wound along the base of a high hill, with never a hundred yards of straightaway. The street signs said "Mountain Avenue" and Larry began to understand why he might have selected this as a place of residence.

"Habersham is a beautiful city," stated Larry, delighted to find some statement that he could make with confidence.

"I'm for it," declared Jason. "Or anyhow, I would be if I didn't have a toothache."

"Still bothering you?"

"And how!"

Kay was solicitous. She said, "Larry, we'll have to send him down to Charley."

"Yes," answered Larry, wondering who Charley might be, "we certainly will."

ANOTHER car honked violently and Cashus pulled over to the curb. The second car pulled up alongside, and a young man with nut-brown hair and dark eyes said, "Hi, Larry—how's the boy?"

"Fine."

"Have a good cruise?"

"Grand."

"Been hearing stories about you. Hope that bump you got knocked a little sense into your skull."

"There's always hope."

"How's for a foursome tomorrow afternoon?"

"Afraid not. I still feel goofy."

"That's natural. Call me when you clear up, will you?"

"Okay."

The other car whirled off at top speed. Kay said—"Jimmy's nice. He was really worried about you."

"I'll bet he was," answered Larry.

"It isn't like New York," commented Jason Rountree. "Seems as though everybody knows everybody else."

A dozen blocks later, the sedan stopped again. Kay said, with a hint of surprise, "Well . . . aren't you going to get out?"

"Sure . . ." Larry caught himself sharply and took refuge in banter again. "I was waiting for you to invite me to stay a while."

"You're invited," she said, and opened the door, and Larry heard Jason Rountree say, "That's a beautiful home."

He looked up at the house, and endorsed Jason's verdict. It was, indeed, some house. Rural English in architectural style, it stood atop an elevated corner lot, and rose from a frame of shrubbery and flowers. It was a huge, sprawling affair, rich with windows, and splendidly beautiful in its impression of strength and permanence and hominess.

They entered directly into a living room: a huge room with a fireplace at one end.

LARRY felt depressed and frightened. This was his place. He was supposed to act as though it were his. But he was experiencing the awkward formality which inevitably assails one on entering a strange and lovely home. He was glad when two Negro women, one of them clad in the costume of a maid, appeared from the rear of the house. They both smiled affectionately at him and one of them said, "Hope you is feelin' good, Mistuh Wilson—an' you, too, Mis' Wilson." They stood about, waiting for approval of their handiwork.

Kay enthused. "You've got the house looking beautiful. And where did you get the flowers?"

"Ernestine puck 'em her own se'f, Mis' Wilson."

Cashus shoved through a swinging door which evidently led from the kitchen. He was staggering under a load of luggage.

"Where at you want these put, Mis' Wilson?"

"Put Mr. Wilson's in his room, Cashus. And Mr. Rountree's things will go into the rear guest room."

Larry drew a deep breath of relief. "Mr. Wilson's room," she had said.

And then he realized that he didn't know where his room was. He saw Cashus jamming upstairs with the luggage, and it occurred to him that if he followed the colored man he might discover where he was supposed to go. He said, "I think I'll go up for a minute."

"Me, too," said Jason hastily.

*(Continued on page 55)*

Red Dutton examining an injured teammate. Note the slogan behind him: "Keep Punching. But Hard"

# Keep Punching

## By Quentin Reynolds

*Red Dutton is boss of a hard-boiled wrecking crew called, in more polite hockey circles, the New York Americans. He specializes in rough-and-ready hockey and the fans love it*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IFOR
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

YOU had to be six feet tall to find a berth in the Princess Pats back in 1914. Oh, later when those six-foot lads had been cut down by German shrapnel the Princess Pats were glad to take them shorter, but in that first year of the war you had to be tall and broad to join the most famous regiment in Canada. You had to have glacier-blue eyes and ice water in your veins and you had to have the faculty of laughing at bullets and singing instead of growling if you had missed a meal or two or were forced to sleep in mud.

Mervin Dutton was like that. He measured up to the Princess Pat standard from the top of his red head to the soles of his feet, even though he was just sixteen. Between these two extremities there was a lithe, supple body trained to quickness from years of skating, and there was a heart that knew combat but didn't know fear.

So Red Dutton fought his laughing way through the first part of the war and then one day at Vimy Ridge the sky fell on him. A shell with his name on it screamed toward the Canadian lines and when it exploded Red Dutton stopped laughing. They picked what was left of him up and they took him to a front-line hospital. The doctors looked at him and they shook their heads and they said, "Well, we'll try, anyhow."

"I remember this kid. He's a hockey player in Calgary," one of them said, reaching for the can of ether.

"You mean he was a hockey player," the surgeon grunted, pulling on his rubber gloves and taking a look at the shattered hip.

The broken figure on the table stirred and a wraith of a smile spread across the battered face. "Keep punching. Keep punching." The words came thickly from bleeding lips.

"What's he trying to say?" the surgeon asked.

"That's what the hockey players say out Calgary way." The other started to pour out the ether. "They play rough hockey out that way, Doctor. They never know when they're licked. They keep on punching and . . ."

"Give me that scalpel," the surgeon snapped.

Weeks of living followed in that shadowy half-world between life and whatever it is that man calls death and then one day Red Dutton sat up in bed, shook the cobwebs out of his head and said, "Why, I'm going to be all right."

Well, he wasn't all right just then. He had to spend twenty months in the hospital before he was discharged. He was discharged as cured, too. Of course, there was a stiffness here and a twinge there and when he took a deep breath a sharp needle caught him in the side—but all that, the doctors said, would go in time. They were skillful doctors. They were right.

They turned him loose to convalesce as you send a seedy race horse to pasture. And he convalesced quite rapidly, for the lads who have breathed the air of western Canada since birth have strong recuperative powers. He was ready for action again, but just when he reached for his gun a group of gentlemen sitting in a railroad car signed something or other with fountain [illegible] the war was over.

Red returned to [illegible] played a little amateur hockey for the Calgary [illegible] 1919. He did all right too; that stiffness was leaving [illegible] that needle had stopped its jabbing. In those days they paid amateur hockey players good money. It was only later that organized hockey told the amateur teams they'd have to stop paying salaries or be declared professional. Anyhow, Red saved seven hundred dollars, and, oddly enough, his brother Jack also had seven hundred dollars. They pooled their

(Continued on page 53)

# Fists Across the Sea

*Another tie to bind England and America in eternal harmony, with Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan in the roles of doves of peace*

## By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

THE United States destroyer Trimble lay at anchor off Hog Island, which guards the harbor of Nassau in the Bahamas.

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan stood at attention in the cabin of Lieutenant-Commander Herrick, the Trimble's skipper.

"Um—ah—" said Captain Herrick, "Ensign Calloway tells me that you men think you deserve shore liberty in this port. There are two British cruisers here."

"Yes, sir! You can trust I and Tim this time, sir. We won't start no trouble with the limeys, sir."

"Yerse! *Ner!* We won't lay a hand on 'em unless they—"

"Pipe down, Tim. We won't fight under *no* provocation, sir! It'd be bad for international peace so on and so forth—"

Lieutenant-Commander Herrick nodded emphatically.

"We're paying a courtesy visit to Nassau," he said, "and that means a *friendly* visit. You and Dunnevan are the chief trouble—the leaders of our enlisted personnel. I expect you to set a good example!"

Seaman Linn smiled angelically. Fireman Dunnevan shuffled his feet.

"We'll be forces for peace, sir. We got an extry reason. Mr. Calloway made us promise."

"Yerse! Mr. Ensign Calloway is a good guy and he's bad in love with a limey young lady that lives here—"

"Pipe *down*, Tim!"

With difficulty, Lieutenant-Commander Herrick concealed a sardonic grin. Whether it was the mention of Ensign Calloway's love affair or the idea of Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan as keepers of the peace, the skipper did not see fit to explain.

"All right. But remember—Chief Mulcahy wants you and Dunnevan back here by two o'clock. You're to row with the whaleboat crew—"

"Thank you, sir! We'll be here!"

"Yerse. An' we'll beat that limey boat, too!"

Fireman Dunnevan started to add something extremely derogatory of British whaleboat racing prowess, but Seaman Linn administered a sharp kick to the shin, saluted the captain and hustled Fireman Dunnevan out of the cabin.

"No brains, Tim. Ju-*das* Priest—"

"What'd I say wrong, Benny?"

"Everything! But c'mon—"

They raced topside to the port gangway, where the Trimble's motor sailer was waiting, already loaded with the Nassau liberty party. A cheer went up from several admiring shipmates of Linn and Dunnevan who had wagered sundry sums that they would somehow manage to make liberty.

Seaman Linn shoved two boots out of a choice seat and gestured for silence.

"Listen, you guys," he said, "the Old Man ast I and Tim personally to tell you to lay off scrapping with the limeys, on account—"

"Now, ain't that sweet!"

"What if they don't lay off us?"

Seaman Linn quieted this muttering with two forcefully outspread hands and one obscene expletive.

"The first Trimble sailor that gets in a fight with a limey today will report to Tim Dunnevan. An' if the limey ain't licked him, Tim'll do it!"

"Yerse!"

THE motor sailer shoved off. At the boat landing, Tim and Benny and shipmates were greeted by a startling, dumfounding scene.

A contingent of enlisted men from the British cruisers was drawn up in formation on the concrete stage. They wore their best dress uniforms and on the face of each man was a beaming smile.

Straight up to Chief Mulcahy stepped a British chief petty officer. He extended his hand.

"Welcome to Nassau, Yanks!" he said, with impressive heartiness. "We 'ope you'll permit us to do the proper. Show you the town an' all that!"

While Chief Mulcahy stammered polite appreciation and the Trimble's sailormen gaped, the British C. P. O. nodded to his welcoming contingent. By pairs, the British broke ranks and introduced themselves.

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan were approached by Stoker Twoostenhulme (pronounced T'ws'tm) and by Able Seaman Bridger (pronounced Bridger). Stoker Twoostenhulme was almost as big as Fireman Dunnevan and he had a gorgeous red beard. The mustachioed Mr. Bridger was medium-sized, and, like Seaman Linn, something of a talker.

"Don't waste yer bobs on them blighters," he said, after introductions, and while dusky owners of glass-bottomed boats clamored for attention. "We've got pocketfuls of the ready an' we're set for a jolly old binge!"

"'Is Myjesty's compliments," added Stoker Twoostenhulme.

Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn exchanged dismayed glances. This quick shift in the play had left Fireman Dunnevan blinking and breathing noisily. Seaman Linn rallied:

"Thanks, fellows," he said, "but I and Tim ain't never been in one of them glass-bottomed boats an' we thought we'd give 'em a whirl."

Able Seaman Bridger smiled tolerantly.

"Busman's 'oliday, Yanks? There'll be time for that later. First off, though, we'd prefer to show you the city's advahntages. Eh?"

"Suits us. Sure!" agreed Seaman Linn with becoming haste.

Tim and Benny were promptly escorted to a small park behind the boat landing where a long line of ancient surreys in charge of Negro coachmen waited. Apparently all the surreys in Nassau had been engaged by the British sailors. Parties of four—two British and two Americans—were boarding the carriages.

"BUT, Benny, the skipper warned us we wasn't to have nothing—"

"Pipe down, Tim!" Then, smiling unctuously as he squeezed himself between Fireman Dunnevan and Stoker Twoostenhulme on the back seat, "This is a swell idea, Bridger!"

Mr. Bridger nodded complacently.

"Educational," he stated. "Before us we 'ave Bay Street, the principal thoroughfare. Post hoffice an' the queen's statue to the left. To the right, we pahss by the important establishments, including Dirty Dick's, which is famous in the States."

"Never heard of it—ner!" said Fireman Dunnevan.

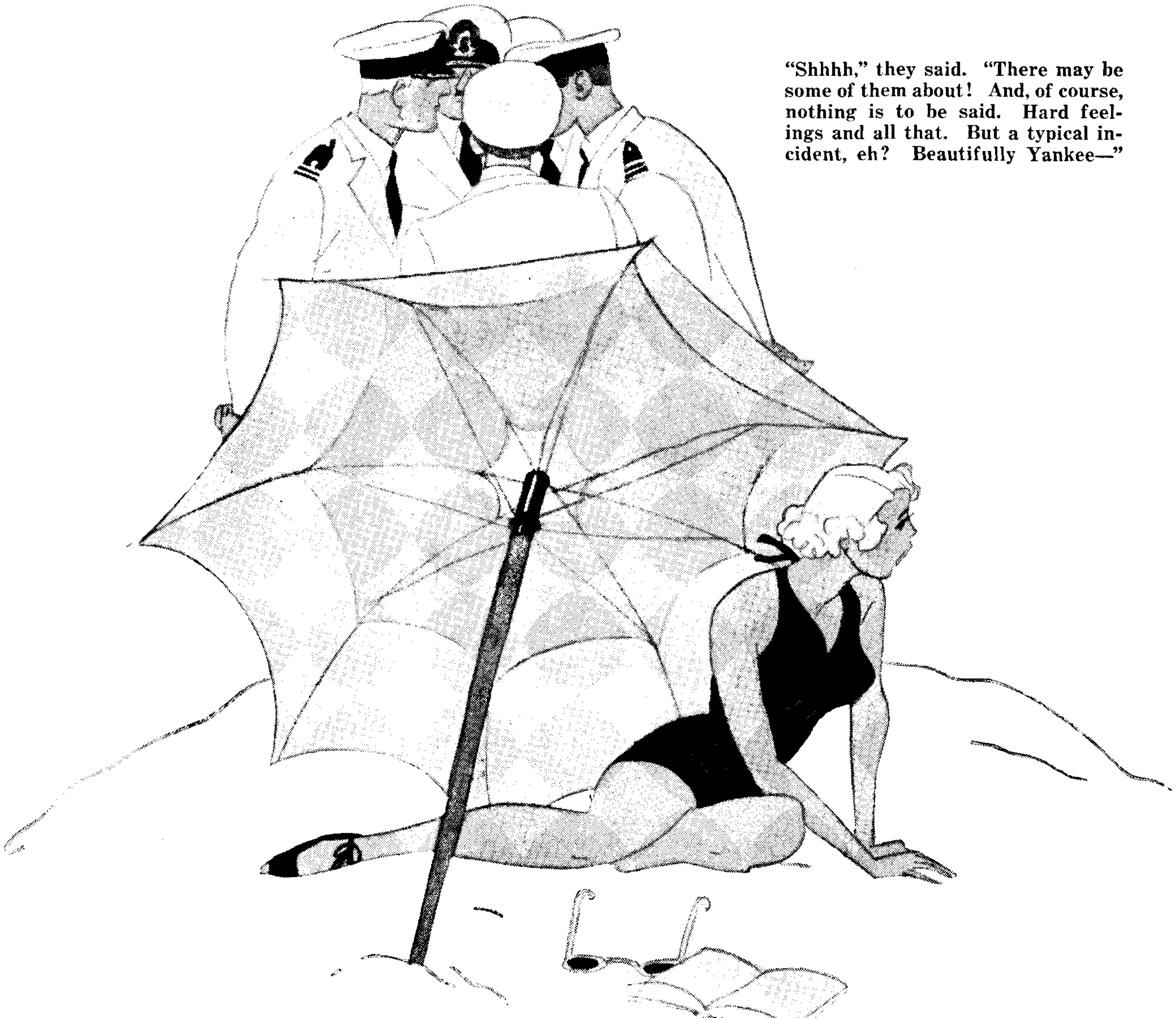
"Sure you did, Tim—"

"Famous in the States," Able Seaman Bridger repeated calmly, "and as we bear straight a'ead we come to the Colonial Hotel, finest 'ostelry west of the Savoy in London."

Stoker Twoostenhulme nodded, stroking his fine red beard. Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn twisted uncomfortably.

"Presently we shall observe Fort Fincastle and the water tower and the new cathedral. Educational—" said Mr. Bridger.

Fireman Dunnevan felt he could stand no more.



"Shhhh," they said. "There may be some of them about! And, of course, nothing is to be said. Hard feelings and all that. But a typical incident, eh? Beautifully Yankee—"

"How's for some beer, you guys?" he blurted. "I and Benny'll treat—"

Stoker Twoostenhulme spoke:

"Beer is belly-warsh. I takes me grog—"

"Yerse?"

"Tim, fer the luvva—"

Luckily, there was a diversion. Three pickaninnies trotted out into the dusty street and, following the surrey, sang:

> *"Mammy don't want no sin,*
> *No gin, no coconut oil!*
> *All she wants—"*

Tim and Benny approved of this song. They tossed a prodigal number of nickels and dimes to the pickaninnies, who were quickly joined by other small black troubadours.

ENSIGN CALLOWAY sat on the terrace of the Royal Victoria Hotel, basking in the smiles of Miss Stephanie Brailsford. He was now a three-year ensign and, by permission of BuNav, could marry as soon as the girl of his heart said a final and unequivocal yes.

"I love Nassau," remarked Ensign Calloway. "The tourists haven't spoiled it yet like they have lots of places."

Miss Brailsford beamed.

"Thank you, precious, for not saying it reminds you of California."

"No. This is the real thing. You can almost feel the jungle sneaking up behind you. The British know how to leave well enough alone."

"I like you for liking us British."

"Oh, you're not British—you're a Canadian, honey lamb."

Miss Brailsford frowned—a rare expression for her. She was a tolerant and cheerful girl; and she should have been. Her complexion was incredibly perfect; she had fine blue eyes and a marvelous figure. She had met her ensign at a dance at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica. Her father was then a government official at Vancouver. Since the family's transfer to Nassau, Miss Brailsford had been assailed by a few misgivings.

"I'm British, Tommy!"

"Oh, all right. I love Canadians, Britishers, Australians, Africanders—the whole darned empire. You won't get any fight out of me today or ever!"

"Darling!"

"Say yes!"

Just then, the surrey carrying Stoker Twoostenhulme, Able Seaman Bridger and guests turned into a patch of street visible through the palms. Ensign Calloway started.

"Golly—aren't those British and American sailors? Why, yes—it's Dunnevan and Linn!"

Miss Brailsford nodded happily.

"They do seem to be hitting it off."

Ensign Calloway half arose. No sounds of argument or fisticuffs were coming from the surrey, but still . . .

"Linn and Dunnevan promised me not to—"

His lady stiffened. Why, indeed, should her Tommy show alarm? To have the British cruiser men entertain the American bluejackets was her very own idea. She had got up a subscription at the Bahamas Country Club to supply His Majesty's sailors with entertainment money. Anglo-American friendship—

"Th-that's swell, honey," said Ensign Calloway, "but I really don't think they should have included Linn and Dunnevan. They're great brawlers. The others are all right, but—"

"TOMMY! Why should our sailors fight each other?"

"Oh, it's nothing personal. Our lads scrap among themselves, with the Marines—don't get the idea—"

Miss Brailsford chilled.

"I *do* get that idea. This—this is a very fair test—of—of everything, Tommy."

"You mean—of *us?*"

"Yes. Of us."

"Nonsense!" Ensign Calloway sat down and forced himself to relax. "They'll get along. Of course, they will."

"I do hope so, Tommy."

Panic grew in the heart of Ensign Calloway. He realized that the girl he loved was reading a deep significance into the difference of their national allegiances—a difference which he himself had scarcely bothered to think about.

"Why, we're practically all one country, nowadays, honey—"

Miss Brailsford gasped.

"Oh, I *do* hope so!" she said.

The glass-bottomed boat carrying Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan had made the circuit of the marine gardens. Its darky skipper was now heading back toward the Nassau wharves.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"We shouldn't ought to've ditched Bridger an' Twistem, Benny," Fireman Dunnevan said.

"Hunh! We hadta. You was gonna pick a fight with Twistem—"

Fireman Dunnevan shook his head.

"Ner. I was orful sore when they made us drink that rum stuff, but I wasn't gonna bust him. Jest shove him, kinda." And Fireman Dunnevan was overcome with remorse. "It wasn't polite to ditch them fellers, Benny. They was tryin' to be good guys, only they didn't know how to."

Seaman Linn sniffed; he was busy inspecting a box full of fish. Suddenly he said "Ouch!" and dropped a fish to the bottom of the boat, sucking at two fingers.

"Hey, what kinda fish is he?"

The skipper glanced at the fish—a gray, slimy monster resembling a puffball fungus studded with sharp spines.

"'At's a ole stingball fish," he said. "Don't play with him—he'll swell up youah hands."

"Ju-das Priest, Tim—"

Seaman Linn kicked the fish away from Fireman Dunnevan's reaching paw. He held out his fingers, which were swelling rapidly.

"No brains—you gotta *row* this aft!"

Fireman Dunnevan's Great Dane eyes brightened with a sudden idea. He chuckled prodigiously.

"Le's buy him, Benny!"

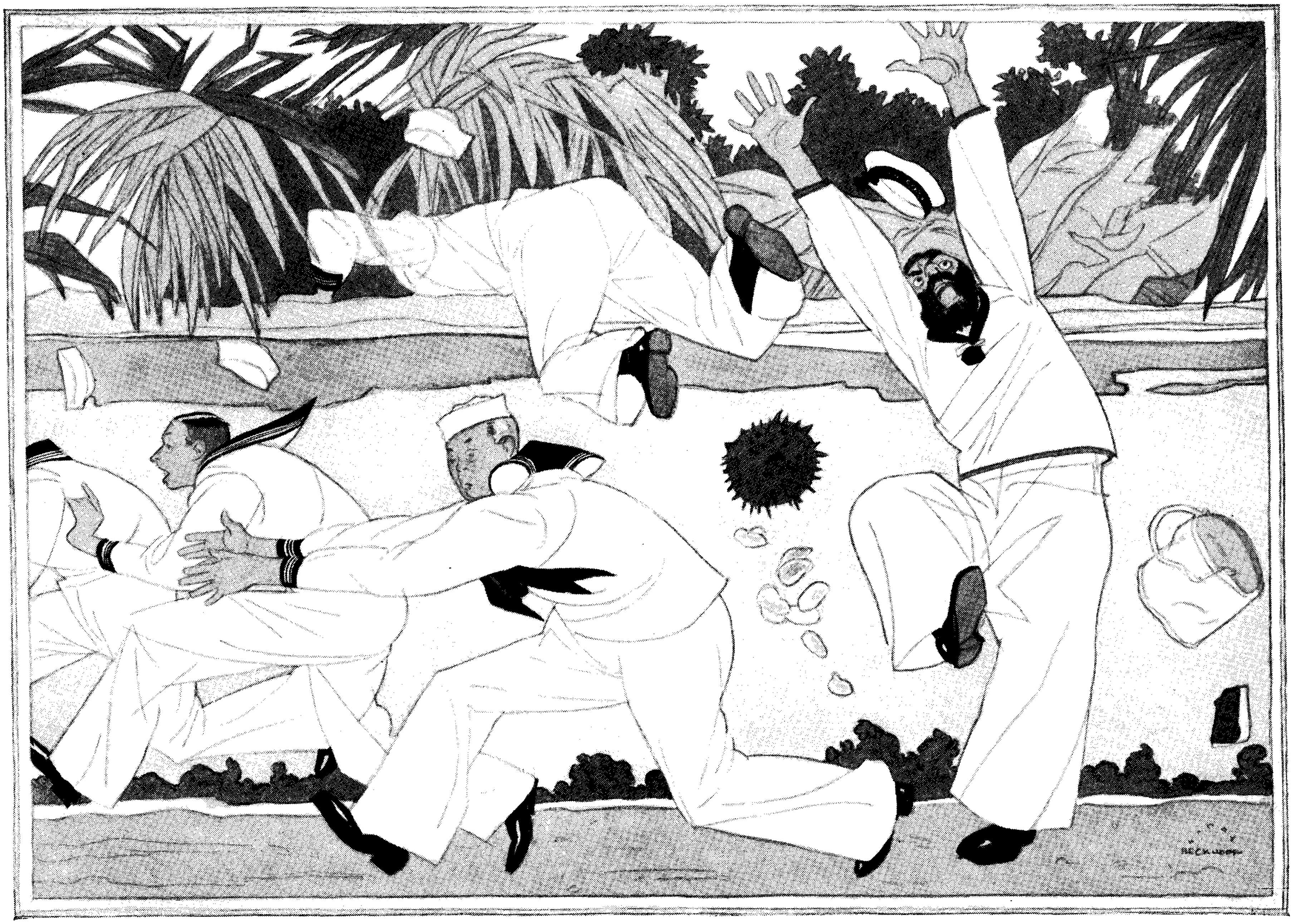
"What for?"

"To play Golden Grab with! He'd be swell to play Golden Grab with."

Seaman Linn grinned.

"Sometimes, Tim, you almost got a

*(Continued on page 32)*



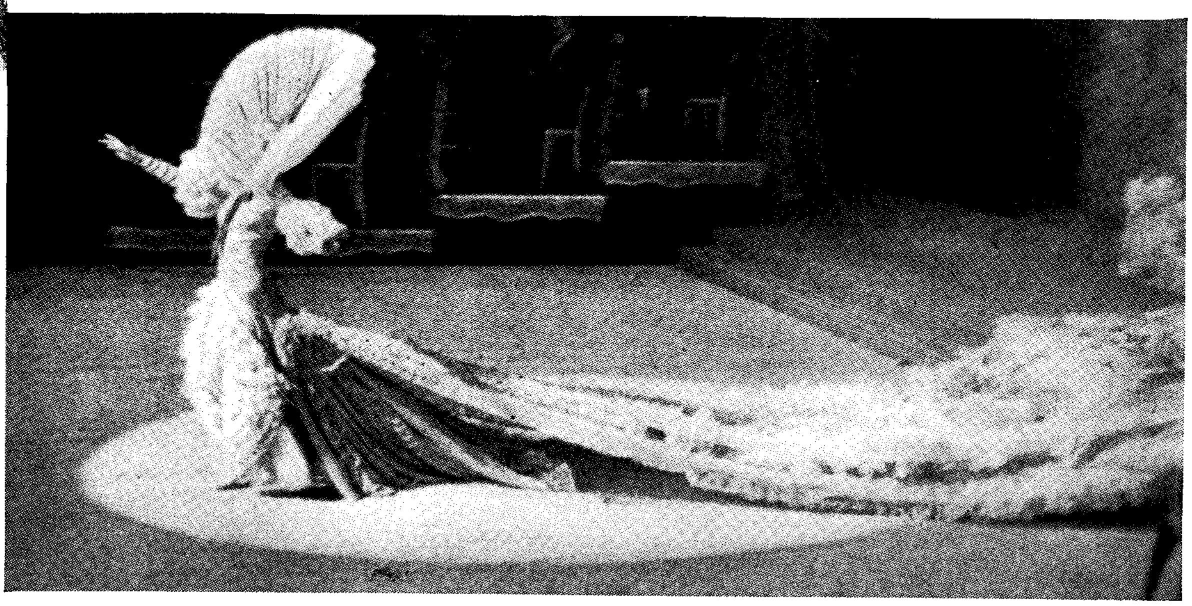
**"Owww—hoo—owwww—" yelled Stoker Twoostenhulme. "The limey got it! Scram!" shouted Seaman Linn. "He'll want to fight"**

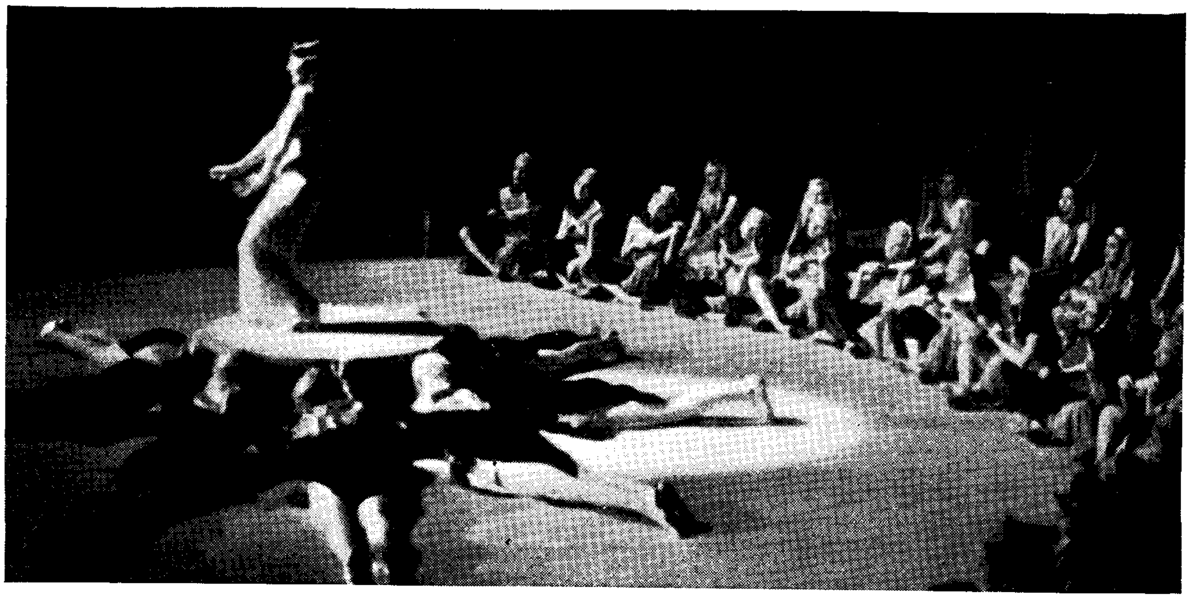
# Guzzle and Gaze

## By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

*Given a tremendous white elephant, show how to produce a handsome profit. This problem has been neatly solved by the owners of the French Casino. The food and drinks are good, but some customers think a share of the Casino's success is due to the chorus*





THIS friend of mine is Ward Little and he comes from Bluefield, West Virginia, and he seems to know more about Broadway than I do. When I met him at his hotel, I suggested the various things a visitor to the city might like to see, but he said no he didn't care about the Empire State, he didn't care about Rockefeller Center and he didn't care about Grant's Tomb, but he and Mrs. Little were going to see the French Casino.

It seems that the coal business has been good lately and lots of people from Bluefield have been coming to New York and what they returned home full of were stories about the French Casino.

"A meal and a show—all for one price," explained Ward.

We went up at a quarter of seven, which is a little early, the place only opening at six thirty, but the lobby was full and we started getting that rush from the captains which is part of the Casino atmosphere. Anybody avoiding a headwaiter there would be an open-field runner like Tuffy Leemans. We admitted guiltily that we had no reservations but it seemed to make no difference and by that time the coatroom girls were stripping us of our outer wrappings and the captain was leading us through that forest of tables to a spot on the fourth tier of the auditorium. Ward knew all about it.

"It's the old Earl Carroll theater," he explained. "They ripped out the seats and put in tables."

A larger circular platform stuck out in front of the regular stage. On each side of the stage was an orchestra and the patrons were dancing. The lower floor was jammed with tables and they ran up the sides of the auditorium and ended with a lot more of them in what had been the second balcony of the theater. The first balcony has been turned into a cocktail bar, where a four-piece Negro orchestra was playing.

The show started at eight o'clock and ran for two hours, with an intermission halfway through for dancing. It is what is known as a spectacle, and runs heavily on the side of nudity, but done with taste and a lack of naughty words. With the exception of a couple of songs, which nobody listens to, it is a non-talk show. What knocked Mr. and Mrs. Little dead were the production numbers. The French Casino goes in heavy for them. . . . Those stately walks by beautiful gals with headdresses and G strings. They resemble the spectacular numbers of the late Florenz Ziegfeld and of the more recent George White and Earl Carroll.

The Littles were having some trouble in eating and looking at the same time. The battle reached its climax in the mirror number when Mr. Little had his choice of carving his steak or of watching sixty chorines go through gyrations which made it look as if they were walking up the back wall of the stage.

"Uh-gg," said Mr. Little, simultaneously pointing with his fork and trying to swallow.

The show went on, patrons kept coming, the waiters kept serving. On the stage appeared a cancan number, in the midst of which a chorus girl walked sedately toward the audience clothed in nothing but a cigarette girl's tray. This was broken up by a pantomimic act by two tramps, much in the tradition of Joe Jackson and Marcel; very funny. The featured star was Cinda Glenn, who had been born in Chicago and was a star on the French stage, and had now returned in a comedy contortionist act which was wowing the guests from Bluefield and elsewhere.

When the show ended in a grand roar of music and a grand mélange of female forms, the crowd went back to dancing on the stage, drinking in the cocktail lounge and finishing their meals. At the midnight show the added attraction was Rudy Vallee's band for dancing. By the middle of the first show the Casino was jammed, the total patrons being served on that historic night being 3,684 and the receipts in the neighborhood of $16,000, which makes the French

*(Continued on page 54)*

When he was fifteen years old, Ernst Udet was awarded the official flyer's certificate of the youthful Aero Cub of Munich. At forty-one, now chief of the Technical Department of the German Air Ministry, he enjoys helping the glider enthusiasts of the present generation

# Ace with Nine Lives

### By T. R. Ybarra

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY SCHALLER-PIX

***He flew with von Richthofen's Flying Circus; he fought against Guynemer; he risked his life stunting in flimsy planes and he is still alive. No one knows why. His name is Ernst Udet***

"NEVER fly with that little man!" is advice you can hear all over Germany. The little man in question is Ernst Udet, as daring a stunt flyer as ever lived. Since the end of the World War, from which he emerged with a record among Germans second only to that of von Richthofen, Germany's ace of aces, he has been doing the most sensational flying tricks—and he has had such an incredible lot of hairbreadth escapes from death that only the most reckless of his fellow Germans will go up in the air with him, because it is common belief that Udet's phenomenal good luck cannot possibly survive much longer the outrageous tests to which he constantly puts it.

Last summer his luck almost deserted him.

At Warnemuende, on the North German coast, while Colonel Charles Lindbergh was there on a visit, Udet, who is now chief of the Technical Department of the German Air Ministry, was demonstrating a new plane when it suddenly went to pieces high up in the air. With extraordinary promptness and coolness, he kicked himself clear, leaped from the wreckage in a parachute, got it to open when he was dangerously close to the ground, landed with a bump, and—while onlookers shuddered and covered their eyes—scrambled to his feet, smiling.

He had some nasty cuts. And a wrenched leg. But what of it? Lindbergh rushed up to congratulate him on his escape. The two shook hands. Within a week Udet was back at his desk. Bah! All in the day's work!

I called on Udet a short time ago at the huge brand-new stone building which houses the offices of those who direct, under Hermann Goering, Nazi Germany's new fighting forces in the air. After walking along what seemed whole miles of cold, bare corridors, and passing scores of rooms out of any one of which I half expected to see the face of Goering peer and scowl, I finally located Room Three-Thousand-Four-Hundred-and-Something. A big, businesslike female secretary ushered me to a big shiny desk.

### Udet's Most Dangerous Minute

There sat Udet—short, stubby, square-shouldered, clear-eyed. He was wearing the uniform of a colonel of the German aviation service. To his coat was pinned the Iron Cross. From a ribbon around his neck hung the cross of the *Pour le mérite* Order, the highest military honor which any German can hope to win.

Having known him for some years only as a cheerful Berlin rounder, I was greatly impressed by all this pomp. But Udet did not seem to have been changed a bit by it.

He regarded me with a slightly apprehensive look. "*Must* you write an article about me?" he asked.

"Yes, I must."

That seemed to sadden him. Fearing the consequences of letting melancholy grip him too hard, I hurriedly asked:

"What was the most dangerous minute in your whole life?"

You would suppose that a man who has had scores of the narrowest kind of escapes from violent death would need a minute or more to choose the right answer to such a question! But Udet didn't.

"The most dangerous minute through which I ever lived," he answered instantly, "came not very long ago."

"Where?"

"At Warnemuende."

"When Lindbergh was there and you were doing stunts for him?"

He nodded.

For a few seconds he looked off into space, as if reliving that breathless minute when he snatched for his parachute and went down and down, faster and faster, toward what looked like certain and terrible death.

In another moment he had shaken off the memory. Again he was regarding me with that clear eye and quizzical smile of his.

Udet has been crazy about flying since early boyhood. In 1909 he was one of the founders of an organization ambitiously called the "Aero Club of Munich," in which the oldest member was thirteen and the youngest ten. Those were days when the thrilling pioneering flights of Wilbur and Orville Wright were still sensational exploits fresh in the

*(Continued on page 52)*

# What has a WOMAN to do with TRUCKS!

THE ASSOCIATED GENERAL CONTRACTORS OF AMERICA
AGC

"As a woman in the trucking contracting business," says Mrs. Payne, "I find that I always get a square deal. We put our business on a business basis and keep it there." Mrs. Payne says her Internationals have always been dependable money makers for her, operating at lower cost than any other trucks she ever owned.

C.M.PAYNE
19
INTERNATIONAL

Besides trucks for heaviest duty, like those in the Payne fleet, shown in the illustration below, International offers all sizes, ranging from light-delivery models to powerful six-wheelers. The famous International half-ton 6-cylinder chassis is priced at only $415 f.o.b. factory.

*Great enterprises require great equipment*... and wherever big construction jobs are under way, Internationals are in the thick of the work, rendering titanic service, with proved economy. Here is one of the Payne International Model A-8's in action on the bank of the Columbia River. Stamina built into every part of the chassis and engine qualifies the truck to do such work at maximum efficiency, at minimum cost. Extra stamina is built into *every* International model in the proper proportions for its job.

AT Grand Coulee on the Columbia River, the greatest dam construction job ever undertaken, Mrs. C. M. Payne, of Spokane, head of the C. M. Payne Contract Trucking Company, has plenty to do with trucks—*her own* trucks.

Mrs. Payne's trucks worked also at Bonneville Dam, another great Columbia River project. And Payne trucks are engaged on highway jobs in the great Northwest at the present time.

To say that Mrs. Payne is pleased with her International Trucks is putting it mildly.

Mrs. Payne says:

"Our Internationals at Grand Coulee work three shifts around the clock daily, seven hours to each shift. They have worked practically every day since we put them on the job. And they have operated at less cost from day to day over this period of time than any other trucks we ever owned. Furthermore, International Harvester knows the contractor's problems, and International service is so nearly perfect that it is in a class by itself."

International's supremacy in heavy-duty work is paralleled in every hauling field. International owners everywhere understand Mrs. Payne's enthusiasm for trucks that do their jobs *better, at a lower cost.* And International Harvester will be glad to find the right solution to your hauling problem whether you handle a half-ton of merchandise for a city store or ten tons of mud from a river bed.

Ask any International dealer or Company-owned branch about it.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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SINCE 1857
Seagram's
90 PROOF
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Rare Old Canadian Whisky
DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
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BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA

## "YOU CAN RELAX WITH "V.O." "

## MR. THOMAS·MORRISON·CARNEGIE·JR.

*Mr. Thomas Morrison Carnegie, Jr., is a scion of the famous steel family. He is widely known as an amateur sportsman and distinguished host.*

"I find that a mild drink of 'V.O.' and soda or a 'V.O.' cocktail pleasantly relieves the strain felt at the end of a keen round of competitive golf."

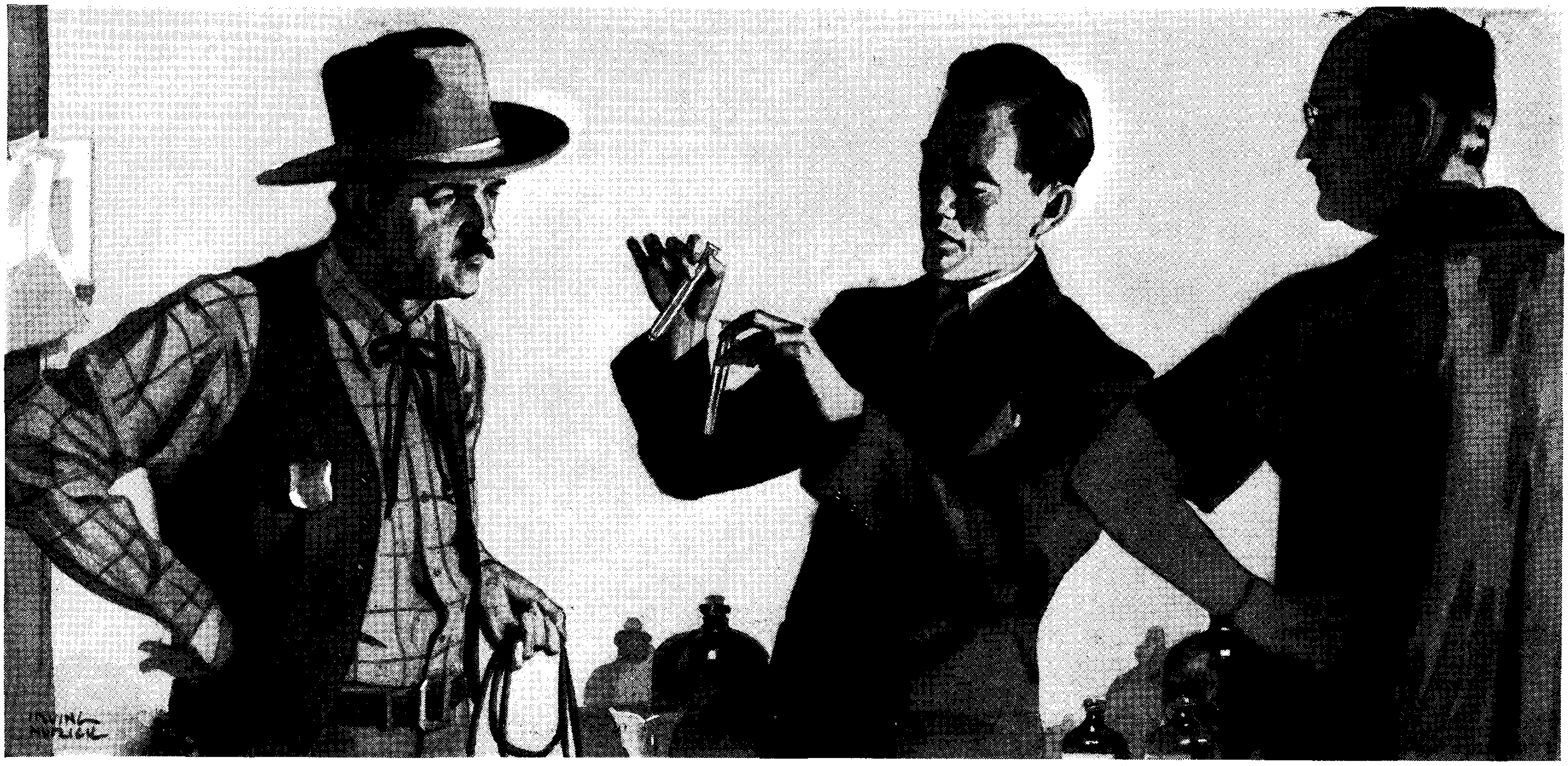
(Signed) Thomas Morrison Carnegie Jr.

Seagram's "V.O." is a fine imported whiskey both rich-tasting and mild. It is 90 proof rare old Canadian whiskey aged 6 full years in charred oak casks.

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., OFFICES: N. Y.

*A Fine Imported Whiskey*

THE MASTERPIECE OF SEAGRAM SKILL



Presently James Lee said, "Watch this, if you don't mind, Mr. Harris"

# Hangman's Knot

*Another adventure of James Lee, wherein he demonstrates how a lamp cord can kill a man*

## By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

THE roundup of the Tyler-Delmar narcotic crew had meant three months' hard work for James Lee. Now, on Thursday evening, with the principals in custody and with evidence enough to cinch the case against them, James Lee finished his report of the capture. This accomplished, he contemplated the rare pleasure of a leisurely dinner and a restful evening alone in his San Francisco apartment.

He drank a glass of sherry and walked into his dining room. Ten seconds after he was seated at table a buzzing telephone signal broke the silence of the quiet room.

His servant brought the instrument to the table. "This is James Lee speaking."

"Moy Sam in deep obeisance has the honor to address you."

"A felicitous moment. I am at your service."

There followed a two-minute conversation in fluent Cantonese.

James Lee hung up for ten seconds and then put a call through for one of his assistants. When this man was on the line, "I am going to Sundale at once," he said. "I may be down there for a day or two. You will take charge in my absence. If the chief calls me put the message through to Moy Sam's house in Sundale. If I'm not there you can find me through the sheriff's office at Mineville."

To his servant, "I shall not have the pleasure of eating the excellent dinner which you have prepared for me," James Lee said. "I am driving to Sundale at once to visit my countryman Moy Sam. I shall be away for a day or two."

James Lee got up from his dining table. Five minutes later he was in his car headed south for Sundale.

Moy Sam's house was an aggregation of ramshackle buildings that had accumulated through a space of fifty years. He received James Lee in a narrow apartment which he used as his office. After appropriate greetings had been exchanged according to the Ritual of Right Conduct, "I have summoned you because our countryman Sung Ling is in serious trouble," Moy Sam said. Then, setting forth the nature of Sung Ling's difficulties in cackling Cantonese, "He is in jail accused of the murder of a white man," Moy Sam continued.

"Who was the murdered man?"

"His name was Henry Stone. He was a wealthy rancher who lived in the center of his apricot orchard three miles from here."

JAMES LEE nodded. "I read of the murder. I did not know that Sung Ling was suspected."

"That fact has not yet been published. I learned that the evidence against Sung Ling is sufficient to destroy him. I believe that he is innocent."

James Lee lighted a cigarette. "Tell me about the murder," he directed.

"The dead man was fifty years old," Moy Sam began. "He was one of the leading men of this town. He fought in the war and was prominent in the veterans' societies. For ten years he has employed labor that I supplied during the fruit season. Last year he replaced the Chinese men that I sent him with Armenian families and with stragglers who desired work."

"Why did he replace your Chinese laborers with these other people?"

"It was a question of wages," Moy Sam said. "There is a limit to poverty."

James Lee nodded. "I understand. Where was Henry Stone killed?"

"He was killed within a hundred feet of his own residence on his ranch. The murder was committed about nine o'clock at night."

"The motive?"

"Robbery. Mr. Stone had drawn nearly two thousand dollars out of the bank at three o'clock that afternoon."

"What bank?"

"The First National Bank of Sundale."

"He took the money with him?"

"No—after he took it out of the bank he placed it in his safe-deposit box in the vault of the bank."

"How do you know this?"

"Everybody knows it."

"When did he pick up the money?"

"By special arrangement with the president of the bank he was permitted to open his safe-deposit box after the bank had closed. He got the money out of the box shortly after eight o'clock."

"You say he was killed at nine?"

"Yes. Mr. Stone spent half an hour with Mr. Kendrick in the bank. Maybe three quarters of an hour."

"Who is Kendrick?"

"President of the bank. He is—"

"And then Stone drove to his ranch to pay off his men?"

"His men, his women and his children," Moy Sam answered. "It is a motley crew—families of various nationalities, casuals—men, women, boys and girls."

"At what hour in the day is it customary to pay these people?"

"Mr. Stone paid them at night."

"How late do these people work?"

"Until long after sunset—often in the summer nights until nine o'clock."

"HOW was Stone killed?"

"Mr. Stone was strangled to death with a cord."

"What kind of cord?"

"It is not strictly a cord. It was an electric light wire—fine wires covered with rubber and with braided cotton."

"What kind of a knot did the killer use?"

For a moment Moy Sam's lips thinned to a straight line. "That is an important point. The knot was a hangman's knot. No Chinese man has ever used that knot."

James Lee nodded.

"Exactly," Moy Sam agreed instantly.

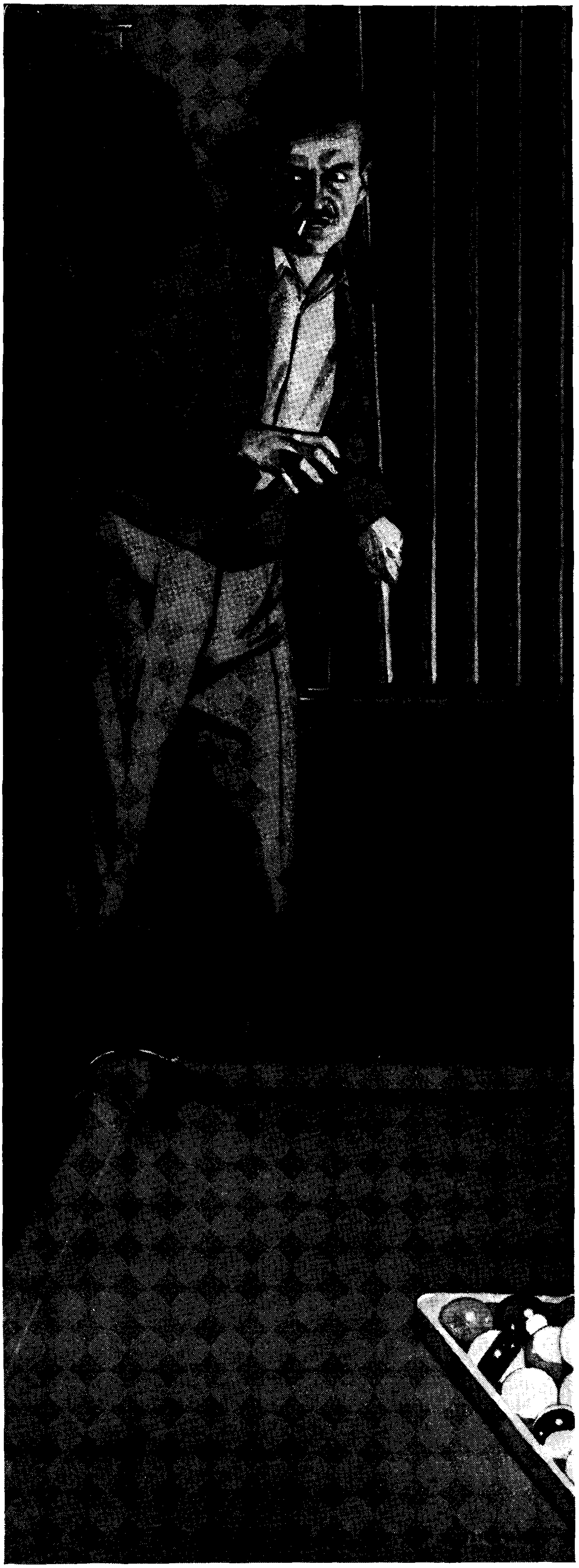
"Why do the police suspect Sung Ling?"

"Because they found the stolen money in his bunk."

"Planted?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Was any of the money missing?"



"How do you get that way?" Faulkner reached toward a rack that held billiard cues

"The banker, Justin Kendrick, says that none of the currency is missing from the package found in Sung Ling's bunk. There was something over a hundred dollars in silver in a canvas sack. This sack was found untouched in Henry Stone's car an hour after he was murdered. Sung Ling's in jail, in Mineville, now."

After this James Lee was silent for a moment and then, "I'll go over to Mineville in the morning," he announced. "Just now I will impose upon your hospitality for sleeping quarters, a hot bath, a cup of good black wine."

ON FRIDAY morning Lee interviewed Deputy Sheriff Harris, who had taken Sung Ling to the county jail. "Old Moy Sam seems to think that Sung Ling is innocent of Henry Stone's murder," James Lee began. "What is your opinion, Mr. Harris?"

The local officer hesitated. Then, "You mean—off the record?"

"Of course."

"In the first place they found the money in the Chink's bunk. In the second place there was plenty of motive—he was sore at Henry Stone. We've had trouble with Moy Sam's outfit before."

"You mean—violence?"

The deputy nodded. "Lots of white men mix into Moy Sam's fan-tan game. There's been a dozen knife plays in his joint in the last five years. Half the decent people of Sundale have tried to get us to run Moy Sam and his gang out of town."

"What stopped you?"

"The main thing was the man that owns the building. His name is Walter Morgan and he's got a lot of influence."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives right there in Sundale. The building has been declared unsanitary half a dozen times. August Alsberg has turned in a dozen reports on it. He's the sanitary inspector."

"Where does he live?"

"You can find him in Sundale. He's a plumber."

"I'll talk to him. . . . Have you got the cord that was used to strangle Henry Stone?"

"I'll get it. Be back in a minute."

Returning presently with the ten-foot length of electric cord that the strangler had used, "Here it is," the deputy announced. "Doctor Adams had to cut it to get it off the victim's neck."

James Lee looked at the severed loop that the strangler had used. "Thirteen turns. . . . Tied to the left. . . . I may want to look at this cord again."

James Lee got to his feet. "I'll be going along now," he said. "Thanks for your help, Mr. Harris."

RETURNING at once to Sundale, James Lee paid a brief visit to old Moy Sam. "What about this cord that strangled Henry Stone? Was that taken from your establishment?"

"I do not know. The building inspector made us replace all of the old equipment five years ago. I think the cord did not come from my house."

"In addition to your regular patrons what white men have been here in the last month?"

"The man who is building inspector for this town has been here. The owner of the building has been here. He had two men with him. He threatened to sell the place over my head."

"For what reason?"

"The people of the town resent my presence. The owner contemplates new tenants. He had two men with him the last time he called. One of them runs a poolroom; the other was a man who might be his partner. They spoke of opening up a new poolroom and remodeling my house for that purpose."

"What were the names of these two men? Do you remember?"

"The proprietor of the poolroom is Captain Ed Raymond. The man who was with him was Clarence Faulkner. I have known them a long time. Captain Raymond spoke of setting up Mr. Faulkner as proprietor of the new poolroom."

"They live here in Sundale?"

Moy Sam nodded. "Both of them have lived here a long time."

For a moment James Lee looked up at a trio of buzzing flies that circled the lamp cord hanging from the center of the ceiling. Then, "I'll be back in an hour or two. Where can I find the owner of this building?"

"He is a real-estate man. Walker Morgan. His office is next to the bank."

Leaving Moy Sam's establishment, James Lee walked to Walter Morgan's office adjoining the First National Bank of Sundale. "I am James Lee," he said, introducing himself to the real-estate man. "I am interested in the Henry Stone murder case."

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Lee," Walter Morgan said. "Are you working for Henry Stone's side of the case?"

"No—I'm working for Sung Ling."

"You're wasting your time. That Chink's plenty guilty. It's plain as day."

"Nearly everyone seems to hold that opinion. . . . Mr. Morgan, who is Captain Ed Raymond?"

"He's a good egg that runs a pool hall down the street here. He figures on branching out a little bit. He's been talking to me about a lease on Moy Sam's joint."

"You visited the place with Captain Raymond recently?"

"I was in there with him not long ago. Ed and Clarence Faulkner and I looked the joint over. You see it'll take a lot of money to fix it up the way Ed wants it."

"WHO is Clarence Faulkner?"

"He used to run a photograph gallery here in Sundale. He went to war for a couple of years and since he came back he's been sort of a partner with Ed Raymond in the pool hall."

"Was Captain Raymond his commanding officer by any chance?"

"I don't think Ed was in the war. The Captain part of his name is sort of an honorary title. Clarence went overseas with a lot of the boys here from Sundale—Elmer Hagen and August Alsberg and Kendrick, the banker next door here, and poor Henry—"

"You mean Henry Stone?"

"Yep. It's a mighty funny thing that Henry lived through five or six heavy battles in France and then came back and had a Chinaman strangle him to death. He was a mighty good man. He was a lieutenant for a while and then they made him captain. Mighty popular with the Legion post here in town."

"What was your decision on Captain Raymond's project? Are you going to give him a lease on Moy Sam's joint?"

"I haven't quite made up my mind."

"I'd like to have a talk with Captain Raymond and with Mr. Faulkner. Where do you suppose I can find them?"

"You'll find Ed down at his pool hall. Like as not Clarence will be there too."

"I'll be going along, Mr. Morgan. Thank you very much for your information. You don't think there's any doubt about Sung Ling's being guilty?"

"Not the shadow of a doubt in my mind. Go over and talk to Doc Adams and see what he has to say. He'll convince you."

James Lee shook hands with Walter Morgan. "Captain Raymond's pool hall is down the street in this direction?"

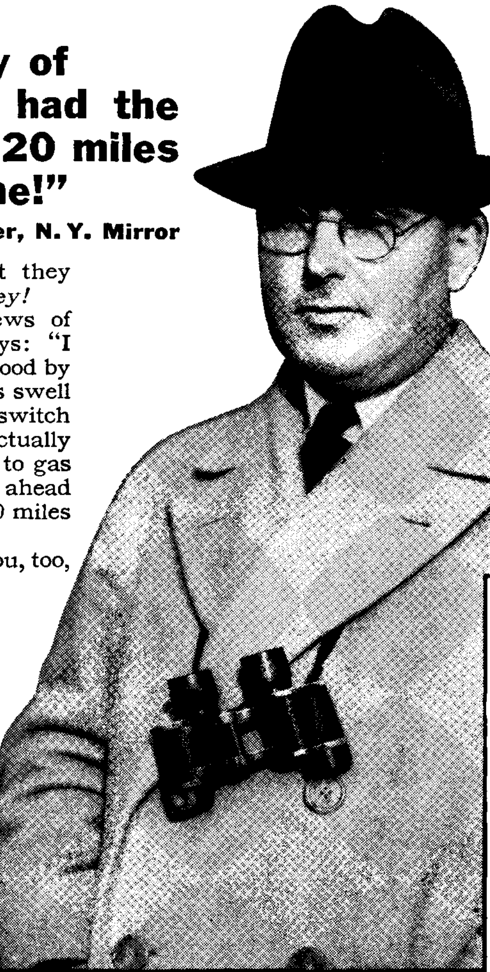
"About a block and a half down, in the middle of the block. There's a sign

(Continued on page 61)

# NOTED SPORTS EDITOR SWITCHES TO DODGE ...SAVES MONEY RIGHT FROM THE START!

## "I'm going to be plenty of money ahead before I have had the car a year...why, I'm getting 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline!"

*...says* **FRED KEATS, Handicapper, N. Y. Mirror**



MOTORISTS all over America are learning that they can literally switch to Dodge—*and save money!*

Fred Keats, noted sports editor, voices the views of these enthusiastic new Dodge owners when he says: "I was under the impression that I was money to the good by staying with the same make of car. When I saw this swell new 1937 Dodge I decided to make a break and switch to Dodge. It's the smartest car buy I ever made. I actually saved money right at the start and when it comes to gas and oil consumption I'm going to be plenty of money ahead before I have had the car a year. Why, I'm getting 20 miles to the gallon!"

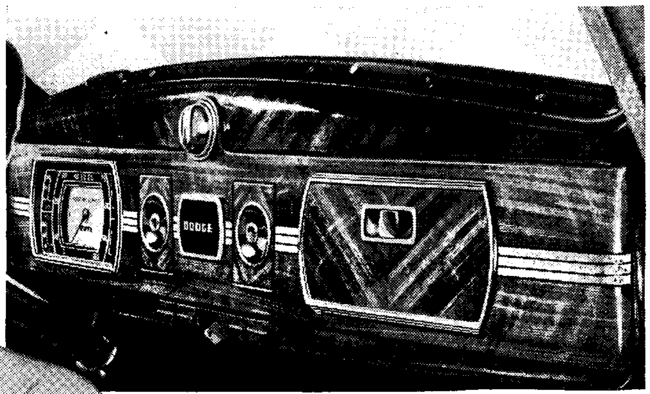
Your Dodge dealer will be glad to show you how you, too, can switch to Dodge and save money! Ask for the facts and figures! Check carefully the many extra-value features Dodge gives you!...New "high-safety" interiors!...New "Silenced Ride!"...New windstream styling!...New airplane-type hydraulic shock absorbers!...Improved weight distribution!...Even stronger safety all-steel body!... *Genuine* hydraulic brakes!

And, remember, these are just a few of the amazing advantages Dodge gives you for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

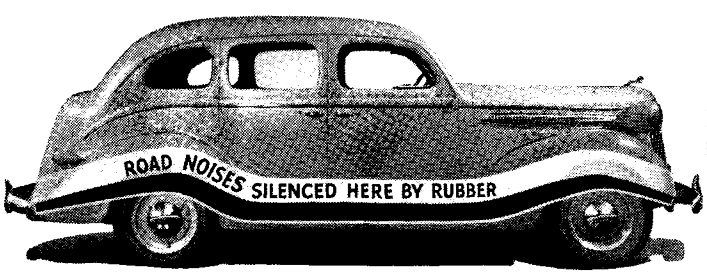
**DODGE**

*Division of Chrysler Corporation*

*Dodge dealers invite you to tune in on Major Bowes Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Sponsored by Chrysler Corporation.*



**NEW "HIGH-SAFETY" INTERIORS!** Interiors of the new Dodge give you an entirely new kind of safety: Objectionable protruding knobs on the instrument panel are eliminated! Door handles are smoothed and rounded to prevent snagging clothing. Thus you get more beautiful and *safer* Dodge interiors.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*Not a bit of bite in the tobacco* or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

# She Shall Have Music

*Continued from page 10*

"You think so?" Noel said—still with that naïve surprise.

"Steve—you!" said Linda.

Four months later they were singing Love for Linda in the night clubs of the Fifties, on the air, and in the streets. People were talking of a new style that had come to jazz—something that Gershwin hadn't quite done. And the royalties were coming in. Linda was gratified, but underneath that, hurt.

"You put my song on the market, Steve—*my* song," she said, lightly and unhappily.

"Look what it's done for Noel."

"I know," said Linda. "And I'm glad for Noel."

AFTER that it was hard to keep track. There was an operetta called Just as You Are that Noel wrote and that played in seven countries. There were songs that you heard whistled in the streets. There was an orchestra that Noel conducted, that was bid for by a dozen hotel roofs. And there were people now at Noel's and Linda's whom I hadn't seen before, who crowded their apartment (a large one, on the East Side now) over week ends or whenever Noel was there—while Noel played easily, above their voices.

"We're running a night club here," said Linda, when I dropped in once. "You didn't know?"

"Who are all the patrons?"

"Just celebrities," said Linda. "Just people who have names pricked out in bright lights somewhere."

For some reason I stopped seeing them after that. I don't know why. Several times I called them on the telephone and they were out; and several times I found a message from them at the desk, too late to act on.

Then Linda got me on the phone. "Look here," she said. "We can't lose track of you. You've always been our guardian angel. Come on up for dinner."

I went.

It was the first time that we three had been alone together in a long while. Linda cooked supper for us—the kind of supper that she used to get when I came down to see them on Eleventh Street.

But it was different. It was incomplete somehow—as if the ghosts of people who had jammed this room on other nights were here now. Even the talk sounded forced; till Linda said:

"If music be the food of love, play for us, Noel."

Noel went to the piano like a man who has been given his release. His fingers felt their way into a tune.

Linda was standing beside him.

"Why don't you write another song for me?" she said. "You made quite a lot of money on the last one."

There was a second when the music froze, and river whistles pierced the silence. Then Noel ripped the music rack from the piano with a splintering of polished wood; and he was standing with the wreck of it between his hands, and looking white and frightened.

Linda's laughter came above the echo of destruction, taut and shrill.

"Go ahead and throw it," she was saying.

But he didn't throw it. His knuckles turned white against the mahogany; and then Linda was gone—gone, with a quick sob, through the glass doors of the bedroom where the light shone through the curtains like a mist. And I was sitting with a highball in my hand, not looking at Noel, hearing him say:

"I don't understand it, Steve. What have I done that makes her that way?"

"We have our moods," I said professionally. Noel looked grateful.

That was in March. It was several weeks before I next saw Linda. Then it was at a little bar in the Fifties, where I had stopped for a drink one night about eleven. There were perhaps a dozen people at the bar, and Linda with them, and she saw me in the mirror.

"Hey," she said. "I thought you never had a chance to get around."

"I still have time I call my own, if no one else does."

"Have a drink," she said, "on me."

I had a drink.

"Hear Noel?" she said.

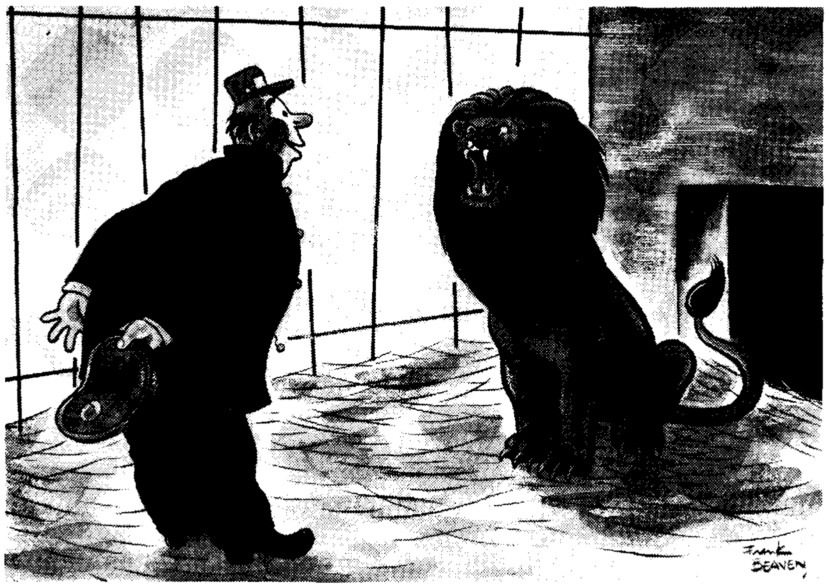
AND then I recognized what made that room seem so familiar. From a muted radio someone was playing Star Dust. As you listened, you could see a studio encased in cotton—and a million threads of sound extending from it into city flats and isolated dwellings, sickrooms, rooms where lovers were together, bars, and ships, and places like this—knitting them together in invisible communion.

"Noel!" I said.

"Straight from Hollywood," said Linda. "A national hookup. You hear him in all the best bars now."

"I didn't know that Noel was out in Hollywood."

*(Continued on page 30)*



"Guess which hand!"

FRANK BEAVEN

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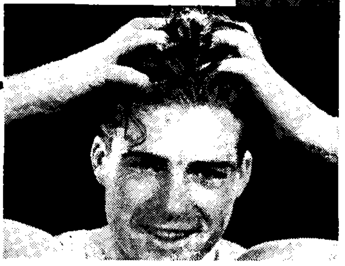

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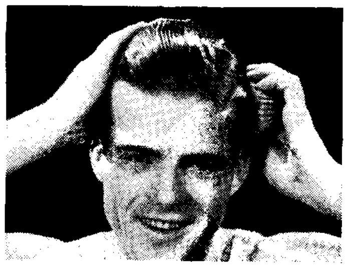

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FEBRUARY
MARCH
APRIL
WORK
MAY
JUNE
JULY
AUGUST
PLAY
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER
GLACIER
GHOST TOWNS
Pacific Ocean
MEXICO

# 2 OF THEM IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Fifty weeks of work . . . two to rebuild mind and body and spirit for the challenge of fifty more. It's good judgment to make the most of those two weeks—to pack them full of fun and relaxation, adventure and spirit-lifting change.

Southern California is a good place to do this, for ways to have a good time here are extremely varied and stimulating. Settings for a single day's fun can include mile-high mountains, olive groved foothills, valleys of oranges and grapes, sandy shores, pleasure islands with submarine gardens and barking seals.

Sports are as varied, and as invigorating, as their settings. Cities—Pasadena, Long Beach, Glendale, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Pomona and others—are hospitable and charming. Los Angeles and Hollywood, with their smart shops, cafes and evening gaiety contrast with the antiquity of Missions and the "foreign" flavor of Mexican street markets and fiestas. Even the industries—oil, citrus, movies—are different in Los Angeles County and its neighbors. Different, too, the rainless summer days and balmy year 'round climate.

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(Please Print Name and Address)

***(Continued from page 29)***

"He told *me*," said Linda. "He flew out on Saturday. To make a short for Continental."

It was then I got the idea all was not well. Then—and from the way she talked that night, and from the people she was with. They were not her people. They were Noel's. The vague celebrities, or understudies of celebrities, who hang together for self-approbation.

I was angry and I said: "Come on. I'll take you to a better place than this."

We drove to her apartment, to sit in the spring air on the balcony above the river. Even with the river steamers and the bridge, it seemed quiet in the rooms behind us, and empty. And I realized it was not so much Noel who had gone. It was the constant pattern of his music—as if the surf were suddenly stilled before the door of someone who had lived beside it for a lifetime.

"Did you ever have something that you needed desperately, like dope," said Linda, "and then had to get along without it till you didn't want it any more? That's the way I feel now."

"Still you miss Noel."

"I missed Noel," said Linda, "long before he went away."

I THOUGHT of Linda the first year that they were married—dancing in the small apartment while Noel played for her. His playing then was something that had bound them to each other—till Noel took it with him, built a reputation on it, gave her royalties instead.

And yet you couldn't blame him. He was only following his star—a little farther than the point at which it led to Linda.

"Come and see me often, Steve," said Linda, as I left that night. "You do me good."

And I saw her often. Partly, I told myself, out of duty to Noel. Linda would be lonely, and he would want her taken care of. We had lunch together several times at her apartment. In the evenings we would go to a dance, at places in the Village where we wouldn't be known. "Because," said Linda, "stories get around." And I said, "Nonsense," and believed her.

But there wasn't anything that they could say of us—of me and Linda. Nothing except that to Linda dancing was still the breath of life. Rhythm and music were the ways that she expressed herself—the open channel through which Noel had entered her existence. Her head against my shoulder—music, and a smooth floor. It was never more than that. Never more than highballs afterward in her apartment. And her hand against my arm, her light kiss. "Thanks, Steve. Call me soon." And if there was another person in my memory—a person whom I'd once loved—there was still a wall of fact against me. She was Noel's wife. . . .

"You've been sweet, Steve, to take me out like this."

"I've liked it."

"I'll release you soon." She was looking at me—even in the dark you felt the secret smiling of her eyes. "He's coming back on Monday."

"Noel? Coming back?"

"I got a wire just before you called."

"We'll have a party," I said, lightly, gaily. "The first night."

"Perhaps the second night," said Linda.

But he didn't come Monday—Tuesday—Wednesday. Linda said:

"Another contract. Six more weeks perhaps. He wasn't sure."

She leaned against the mantelpiece, as if some hidden prop within her had been snapped. And I said, trying awkwardly to comfort her:

"It's probably good for both of you—this time apart."

"Is it?" said Linda.

"You can't have him serenading you the rest of your life."

"Sometimes I wish I'd never hear him play again," said Linda.

The words were like lead shot dropped into a pool. As final as that—with rings that widened endlessly around them.

"Yet it's his career," I said. "That was important to you once."

"I want him to have his career," said Linda. "He had it from the beginning. But it was a by-product then of something that was done for us—for me and Noel. Noel's music was the thing on which"—she made a little gesture with her hands—"we built our lives."

Her voice was husky, and I thought: She's never talked to me like this before. She's never told me things before. It's always been just she and Noel, and no one else to listen in.

"The things he wrote, he wrote for me," said Linda. "And he used to say that they were good because of that. Perhaps what Noel is doing now is better. I don't know. I just know that something that was once a special thing between us has become a couple of thousand dollars a week—another contract. Something people can bid for if they've got the money. Maybe he was never real to me," said Linda. "Maybe it was just a song I married."

Maybe. But my memory flashed back to Paris, and a table on the street, and Linda saying: "Steve, I love him so." She had said it as if no one else had ever used the words before.

And yet I could have said the same of Linda, then or now. So easily. More easily as every day went by. Until it wasn't safe. It wasn't safe to be where Linda's voice, the perfume of her hair, her touch, reminded me of something I was trying to forget. Feeling guilty, I ignored her messages. When she called I pleaded work as an excuse. Until she got me on the phone one night in June.

"Steve. Take me out to supper. Please, Steve."

Her voice, faint upon the wire, sounded like a string drawn taut—so taut that it would break unless you said:

"Great. Meet you where?"

"Ceruti's—in an hour."

"Right," I said.

Linda was waiting for me at a corner table, with a drink before her.

ALL through dinner she talked extravagantly—about nothing. It was as if her words were frightened. I waited, knowing there was something that she had to tell me.

Neither of us spoke of Noel; and when the orchestra played one of Noel's songs, Linda sat straight and quiet, fingering her glass. They played it badly, but even so it was unmistakably Noel—as if he had walked into that room and greeted us, bringing a sequence of memories. Till Linda said, "Come on, let's pitch camp somewhere else." We walked across to Times Square to a show, and then I said: "I'll drive you home," and Linda said: "Not yet. Let's drive across the bridge to Jersey," so we drove across the bridge and up the parkway.

It was hot that night, and pleasant driving. And it was after two, when we turned back this side of Nyack, that Linda told me softly:

"Noel's back. He got back tonight."

I slowed the car down almost to a stop.

"If I had known that, I'd have sent you home."

"I know," said Linda.

She'd tricked me into being part of some wild plan I didn't understand.

"This makes me feel swell," I said bitterly.

"I know," said Linda. "But I couldn't help it. I had to leave before he got there."

Shrill wild misery was in her voice.

"I was afraid, Steve. That's the reason. I'm afraid now. All day long I've asked myself: What if I find that everything I've feared is true? What if the thrill I used to feel at meeting Noel is gone? Then everything's gone."

I tried to make my voice sound steady. "Isn't it time to face it?" I said. "Isn't it time to find out if you love him?"

Through a cataract of swinging trees the car sped; then across the bridge. And Linda didn't answer me, because she knew where I was taking her. She sat beside me, pale and quiet, as I drew up to her door.

"I'll come in with you."

"No, don't," Linda said.

"But I want to say hello."

"Don't," Linda said. "There'll just be trouble."

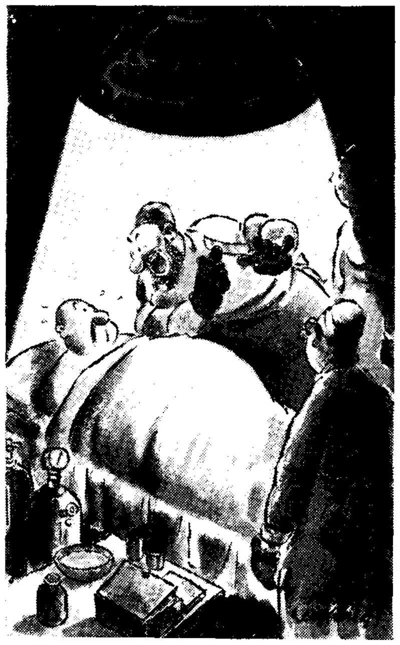
"Nonsense," I said lightly, stabbed with sudden intuition.

"You don't know," said Linda, quietly.

I didn't know. To this day I don't know exactly. I can only reconstruct what happened, from imagination.

I can see Noel waiting, with a bottle at his elbow—hurt and sullen and accusing. Left alone his first night back, while she went out with someone else. And Linda—how was she? Driven to taunt him from her own inquietude? Driven to fight back for the sheer release of tension? Can you see the days they'd been apart condensing into sudden doubt? Doubt building up to fury—till she'd flung herself behind the locked door of the bedroom—until Noel, who wasn't used to locked doors, smashed his fist into the pane, and sent a spray of jagged glass across the room.

Pick up the picture at that point—from Linda's own description. See Noel standing white and frightened by the smashed door, holding a finger on his spurting wrist—saying: "I think I've cut an artery." And Linda looking at him, saying: "Yes, I think you have."



"Finders keepers?"

JAY IRVING

FROM that point till the overhead lights shone across the operating table, Linda's mind worked with the quick and cold precision of despair. She'd called the only doctor she was sure of—who had come as if Noel's life depended on it. There had been a wild drive to the hospital—and Noel's voice crying to her through an anesthetic. And she never winced. She sat, erect and sleepless, in the waiting room till dawn broke like the waning of an opiate.

At five I joined her.

"Go on home," I said. "There's nothing you can do now. I'll stay here till he comes out of the ether."

Noel had done a swell job. He had cut eight tendons, and the ulnar artery and nerve.

"We should know about two weeks from now," I said to Linda. "You can't tell until the wound has healed enough to let him try to move his fingers."

Those two weeks were the longest I have ever spent. But if they were long for me, they were an eternity for Noel and Linda. What those two went through I could only gather—from Linda's shocked and wounded loyalty—from Noel's dumb pleading for forgiveness.

He never asked if he would play again. He never asked about the jagged wound across his wrist. While it was being dressed he simply turned his head away, and rolled his lips between his teeth. All he asked about was Linda.

"I've done something to her, Steve. She's different. When she sits beside me I can feel it—like a cold air. I love that kid. For a while I didn't know how much. And I've been rotten to her. She'll stick by me, Steve, I know—whatever happens as a consequence of this. She's that kind. But—" He was looking at me with a humble supplication.

"I don't want her loyalty," he said. "I don't want to be loved out of pity. No man does."

And I was silent, knowing that he meant it.

"Do something for me, Steve," he said. "Let her know that, somehow. Let her know she's got to take her freedom if she wants it. Will you do that?"

"Yes," I said.

THAT was the night before the cast came off and for the first time Noel's hand, doubled up against his wrist, was flexed back slowly, like a tight hinge—tested finger by finger. Linda was waiting for the news at her apartment.

It took hours for the door to close behind me. Then Linda said, cool as ice: "Well?"

"All right. Things are going all right."

"Tell me, Steve," said Linda.

I said with an effort: "He won't ever play again."

The room was dark; but in the twilight from the open window I could see Linda as clearly as in daylight. I could reconstruct the brave lift of her chin, the way her eyes stared down the future without flinching.

No man wants to be loved from pity, Noel had said. . . .

And he was right, I told her.

And I told her more than that. I told her what I'd had to tell her one bright dawn in Princeton—when Noel's music took the words away from me and wove them into a more lyric and sustaining song. Words I had spoken over to myself in sleep and work and loneliness for seven years: That I loved her—that I'd always love her.

When I was through, Linda was kneeling on the couch beside me, fingers running through my hair.

"Thanks, Steve," she said. "I'm glad to know that—terribly glad. Knowing what you think of me, my dear, is going to help—a lot more than you'll ever know."

Her voice was tender in its resolution.

"But I can't leave Noel," she said. "He's lost so much—I want to make up to him for that loss. We'll go away somewhere. And start to live again—not for his music—for each other.

"Because I love Noel," she said gently. "That's the reason. Love him for a lot more than his music. Once I wasn't sure. I'm sure now."

So perhaps my lie will be forgiven for the fruit it bore. For it was what she wanted to be sure of. And I wrote that night and told her one more thing that she could count on: Noel would play again. It hadn't been an easy job. But I had known from the beginning he would play again. I should have known. I operated on him.

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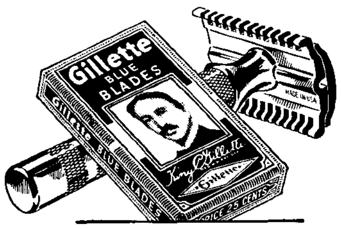


Gillette Blades

*Precision-made for the Gillette Razor*

# Fists Across the Sea

*Continued from page 20*

brain. We'll round up them dumb boots we took aboard at Panama!"

After much haggling, the price of the stingball fish was set at a shilling tuppence. Its owner was glad enough to accept thirty-five cents American money.

THUS, it came to pass that in the rear yard of a public house off Nassau's Bay Street two dozen American bluejackets and a few natives assembled to play that old classic, Golden Grab.

Seaman Linn, Fireman Dunnevan and a group of shillabers went down on their knees while four boots (innocent recruits) looked on, eagerly.

"C'mon, Tim, put in that watch!"

"You put in your platinum compass, Tex!"

"I'll throw in these rings!"

A dazzling array of pocket loot was piled on the ground.

At this unfortuitous moment in the history of Anglo-American relations, Stoker Twoostenhulme of H. M. S. Neptune walked out of a back door of the public house. Stoker Twoostenhulme's red beard glinted darkly, exuding the rich aroma of Jamaica rum.

"I s'y, wot's transpiring 'ere?" he inquired.

Seaman Linn looked at him.

"Oh, hullo, Twistem! Where'd you an' Bridger make off to? We been lookin' all over town for you. Ain't we, Tim?"

"Ner—yerse!"

Stoker Twoostenhulme scowled, thought hard, then smiled. He was in no condition to check the truth of Seaman Linn's statement. The treasure hoard on the ground attracted him.

"I s'y, you Yanks 'aven't been pinching from a shop?"

"Ner! You got plenty uh crust—"

"Pipe down, Tim! Naw, this is just a game called Golden Grab. C'mon, gang, everybody put on the blindfolds!"

Stoker Twoostenhulme and the four American innocents watched while the blindfolded tricksters scrambled for loot when the bucket was lifted. Tim and Benny came up with the larger handfuls.

"Ho, you Yanks 'aven't the 'ands for it!" Stoker Twoostenhulme remarked with jovial superiority. "I'll wager I could encompass the 'ole pile with one grab, I could!"

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan exchanged looks of genuine alarm.

"Sure you could, Twistem," said Benny generously, "but you jest watch, see?"

Apparently, this satisfied Stoker Twoostenhulme. All the boots, after some argument, were admitted to the next grab. They and the shillabers were blindfolded. Quite surreptitiously—to guard against peeking under the blindfolds—Seaman Linn prepared the payoff. He substituted the large stingball fish and a can of decaying clams for the treasure hoard under the bucket.

"I s'y, allow me a 'and in this, Yank!"

Seaman Linn shook his head.

"Next time, Twistem," he said. "One—two—three—grab!"

Perfidious Albion! Just as Seaman Linn lifted the bucket, Stoker Twoostenhulme lurched into the scramble. Shouldering two of the blindfolded boots out of the way, he grabbed with both hands.

"Owww—hooo—owwww—" yelled Stoker Twoostenhulme.

"Oh, Judas Priest! The limey got it! Scram! He'll wanta fight—scram, you guys!"

SEAMAN LINN and Fireman Dunnevan with other members of the Trimble's crack whaleboat race crew waited for the British cruiser's boat to come up on the line. The British boat was being cheered right royally by spectators in pleasure launches along the course. They were the home team, and only faint yells of encouragement came to Cox'n Linn and his crew from the distant Trimble.

But Cox'n Linn and crew balanced oars with sublime confidence, serene in mind and powerful in body.

"Now, listen, you guys," barked Cox'n Linn. "We wanta beat the limeys but we ain't gonna pour it on 'em too bad—"

"Agh!"

Cox'n Linn stared coldly at Fireman Dunnevan, who, as stroke, sat immediately facing him.

"That goes for you, too, Tim!"

"Ner, Benny! I say we beat 'em by half a mile, if we can! Yerse!"

The majority of the crew nodded. But Cox'n Linn knew he held the whip hand.

"It's international foreign policy of the U. S. to keep friends with the British so on and so forth," said Cox'n Linn, deciding to strike the softer note first, "and any U. S. sailors that has the widespread interests of—"

"Agh!"

Cox'n Linn's prominent Adam's apple constricted; his pale blue eyes darkened.

"Okay, you follow the beat I set or I'll steer you into a buoy!" Then, to Fireman Dunnevan, "And if you lose your *shanty Irish temper an' go to hikin' the* stroke on me, you'll get a bucket of salt water in your face!"

"But, *Benny*—"

The British boat was on the line.

"Ready, Trimble?"

IT SHOULD be recorded that the gun went off while Cox'n Linn and Stroke Dunnevan of the American crew were arguing bitterly; that the British boat made off to a healthy start. But there was, apparently, trouble in the British crew also. Its rowing lacked drive and cohesion. Cox'n Linn, perceiving that the competition was not so good, seesawed artistically—and, at the finish line of the mile course, was menacing his stroke oar with a bucket of water. The Trimble boat won by three quarters of a length.

Cox'n Linn had his reward when he and his crew rowed in triumph back to the ship.

The Old Man himself was at the gangway to receive them.

"Well done, men," said Lieutenant-Commander Herrick, "I'm proud of you!" And then, halting Linn and Dunnevan, he added: "No fights reported. I'm forgetting what you owe the brig!"

Seaman Linn saluted.

"We done it for Anglo-American relations, sir!" he said.

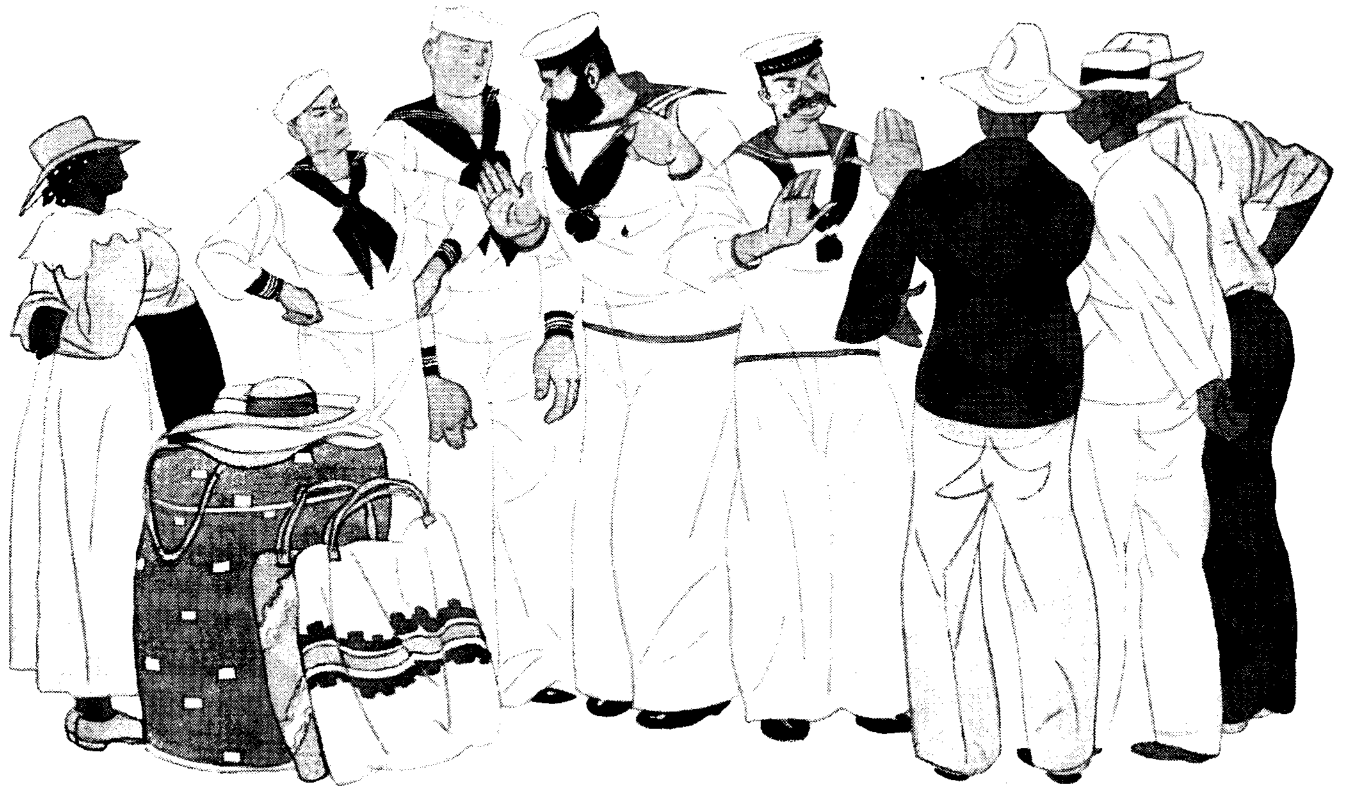
"Yerse."

Lieutenant-Commander Herrick fingered his chin, to hide what might be termed mingled emotions.

"I—um—will also remit all fines assessed you and Dunnevan. Thank you!"

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan

*(Continued on page 34)*



"I'll wager I could encompass the 'ole pile with one grab, I could," boasted Stoker Twoostenhulme

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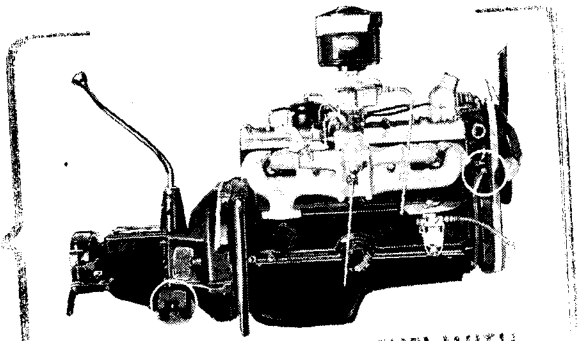
# NEW ENGINE CUTS COSTS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1. NEW RIDE... ON 14 RUBBER "FLOAT" BODY MOUNTINGS. NO VIBRATION OR ROAD RUMBLE.
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UNDER DE SOTO's long rakish hood is one of the most remarkable engines that ever powered a car. Entirely new this year... with a higher compression ratio... it drives this *biggest of all* De Sotos at the *lowest fuel costs* in De Soto history!

Yet economy is just one of its thrills. Try it out... in city traffic, on hills, over open road... you'll get a really new idea of 93-horsepower performance!

This record economy... and the new low price... make it easy to own a De Soto. All this custom luxury and comfort fit squarely within your budget.

Ask your De Soto dealer about the Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan. De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

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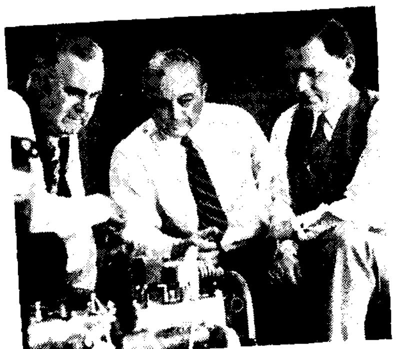
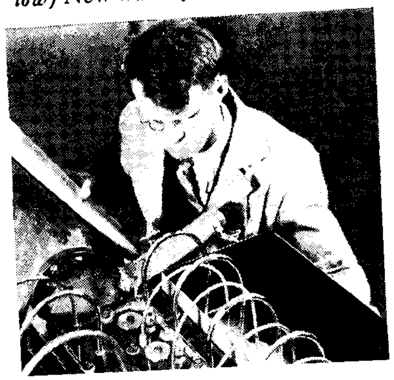
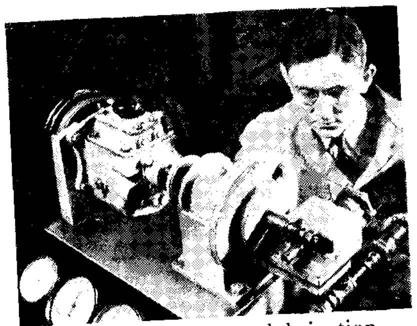
**Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.**

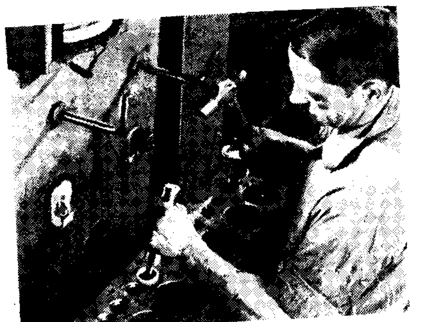




Engineers Zeder, Breer and Skelton test De Soto's new engine. (*Below*) New water-jackets designed.



De Soto's full-pressure lubrication protects vital working parts... cuts repairs... gives a *smoother* engine.



Exhaust valve seat inserts to reduce valve-grinding costs. (*Below*) Gasoline tests prove record economy.

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Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

*(Continued from page 32)*

went swaggering aft in a warm fog of self-righteousness.

Miss Stephanie Brailsford sat on the sands of Paradise Beach waiting for Ensign Calloway, who had been invited with other officers of the U. S. S. Trimble to a beach party in their honor. British naval officers, Nassau's officialdom and their ladies already had assembled. A ship's band was playing on the green-painted and bunting-decked pavilion. Snuggled behind a beach umbrella, which she had pre-empted just for two, Miss Brailsford was thinking of sunsets and the white glee of a rampaging surf and the promise of moonlight to come.

Abruptly, she heard nicely modulated, casual British voices: "Our lads did very well, I thought. Only three quarters of a length behind—"

"Oh, hadn't you heard?"

"Why the subtle undertone of mystery?"

"You tell him, Commander."

"Oh, it's nothing, really—" a careless chuckle—"and the story mustn't get out, you know. It would appear that a stoker laddie by the name of T'ws't'm was the mainstay of our crew. So the Yankees took him behind a pub this morning and inveigled him into a game called Golden Clutch or something of the sort. At any rate, the poor chap reported with both hands so badly swollen he couldn't pull an oar for our side."

Stricken, Miss Brailsford peered cautiously around the beach umbrella. She saw Commander Hough-Bronckton, Lieutenant-Commander Willoughby and three other officers whose names she did not remember.

"*Nasty* trick—"

"Shhhh—there may be some of them about! And, of course, nothing is to be said. Wouldn't do. Hard feelings and all that. But a typical incident, eh? Beautifully Yankee—"

"Quite!"

"Right-o."

MISS BRAILSFORD was sobbing dolefully when Ensign Calloway, U. S. N. reached her side. It took the distracted lover quite a time to get the story; but he persevered.

"That's nonsense, Stephanie," he said at once, and calmly. "Our men wouldn't do a thing like that."

"Are you accusing British officers of telling an untruth?"

Ensign Calloway jumped to his feet, said: "I'm going to ask Linn and Dunnevan about this at once, Stephanie. I know those boys; they won't lie to me. And if—"

His voice trailed off in an agonized squawk, and he departed for the U. S. S. Trimble.

It was hot in the storeroom brig of the good destroyer Trimble.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"Why did you make us tell Mr. Ensign Calloway that we put the stingball fish onter Twistem a-purpose? Why, Benny?"

Seaman Linn chewed fiercely on a broomstraw.

"Aw," he said, "I could tell the poor guy had put hisself on a limb with that limey gal of his. If we'd've told him the truth he'd've went right smack ashore an' bawled hell out of her an' busted his engagement. All ensigns is a little screwy."

Fireman Dunnevan's sentimentality was touched by this gruff response.

"You sure got brains, Benny," he said.

"Yerse! You sure got 'em!"

This honest tribute to his intellect caused Seaman Linn to sigh, regretfully.

"The skipper don't think I'm so hot," he observed. "He sure ticked us off to a fare-you-well."

"Yerse."

Silence.

"Benny?"

"Yeah."

"Quit lookin' so sick to your stomick. You ain't downcast and crushed, are you, Benny?"

Seaman Linn shook his head. "Naw. God loves U. S. sailors, if their hearts is pure. An' our hearts sure was pure today!"

Fireman Dunnevan reflected on this; as a boatswain's whistle piped topside.

"Besides, Benny," said Fireman Dunnevan, philosophically, "it ain't as if we wouldn't've framed Twistem, if we'd've knowed he was their star rower and if we'd've had any dough bet on the race. You know yourself, Benny, it's jest the sort of stunt I and you would've pulled—"

"Yeah. I guess we would've, at that."

"God hates us, Benny."

This heresy Seaman Linn could not allow. He got up from the up-ended slop bucket he had been sitting on and drew out a large wad of bank notes. He handed Fireman Dunnevan approximately half.

"Gee, Benny, where'd you—"

"*I* had our dough on *us* with that limey Bridger. Us U. S. sailors don't need any fix to beat the British. Does God love us or don't He?"

"He loves us, Benny!"

A stamping of feet on the deck outside. Chief Mulcahy and a sailor guard appeared. The door was opened.

"Old Man wants to see you guys topside," said Chief Mulcahy.

Fireman Dunnevan looked at Seaman Linn.

"He can't do nothin' more to us but hang us," said Seaman Linn. "C'mon, Tim."

Lieutenant-Commander Herrick was standing near the starboard gangway, talking to a British two-striper and a British sailor. The British sailor hulked tremendously in the gloom and his beard was silhouetted against the sky.

"Linn and Dunnevan reporting, sir!"

The Trimble's skipper nodded toward Stoker Twoostenhulme, R. N.

"This man says you didn't trick him into hurting his hands. He says he butted into the game of his own free will."

Stoker Twoostenhulme, standing sturdily in his No. 14 shoes, nodded.

"Aye, sir!" Then, to Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan, "I awsks you blokes' pardon fer the shimeful lie I told!"

The British officer, grinning, also apologized to Lieutenant-Commander Herrick; and Herrick, laughing, invited him to his cabin.

Speechless for once, Seaman Linn stood there with Fireman Dunnevan and stared at Stoker Twoostenhulme.

Lieutenant-Commander Herrick paused.

"Linn—Dunnevan!"

"Y-yes, sir?"

"Take your friend ashore and buy him a drink. Then report back to the brig. I'll find out why you lied to Mr. Calloway at mast in the morning!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

ON PARADISE BEACH, beneath the moon that always shines on the British Empire, Miss Stephanie Brailsford was being sweet and just and only a teeny bit superior.

"The incident is closed forever, Tommy," she said happily. "Our sailors have their faults, too, though they would never—but we'll say no more about it. After all, the big thing is that your men and ours got along without fighting. And that makes me very sure, my sweet, that *we* won't fight too often, will we?"

Ensign Calloway nodded solemnly and took her in his arms.

"If we do, it'll be like relatives' quarrels, angel. Very bitter but quickly made up in time of danger."

# Deep West

## By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

*The Story Thus Far:*

CONNIE DALE, daughter of old Jack Dale—owner of Hat ranch near the little town of Two Dance—tells her father's foreman, Jim Benbow, that she has promised to marry Clay Rand, a neighboring ranchman. *Benbow's first impulse is to go* away (he is himself in love with Connie); but because he is needed to lead the fight against a band of cattle rustlers who are harassing Hat, he finally decides to stay.

The rustlers are being directed by Cash Gore, foreman of Jubal Frick's Running M ranch. This, Benbow knows. He does not know, however, that one of the band is—*Clay Rand!* Benbow is not aware of this; but two of his friends—Price Peters and Izee Custer—are. . . . Working alone, Benbow trails some of the cattle stolen from Hat to a ranch owned by one Carter. He is captured by Carter and two of his cowboys; but, thanks to the friendly co-operation of "Rody," a wandering waif who is keeping house for the three men, he makes his escape after killing Carter.

Meanwhile, Connie has been mystified by the attitude of all of the Hat men (except Benbow) toward Clay Rand; they seem to be trying to avoid him; they are far from friendly. She questions him concerning this. Rand is evasive.

Ill for a long time, Jack Dale dies. Whereupon, Benbow tells Connie that when he has disposed of the cattle thieves he must leave. And he prepares for a battle to the death with Cash Gore. His friends, knowing that Gore has scores of killers at his command, warn him to move slowly. But Benbow has made his plans; he intends to carry them out, in his own fearless manner.

Before he has made another move, however, Price Peters rides to Clay Rand's ranch, informs him that he knows of his relations with Gore and orders him to leave the country at once. As he rides away, Rand shoots him dead.

An hour or so later, Peters' body disposed of and his horse turned loose in a canyon leading to Hat, Rand is on his way to the funeral of the man he has betrayed—the funeral of the father of the girl he loves.

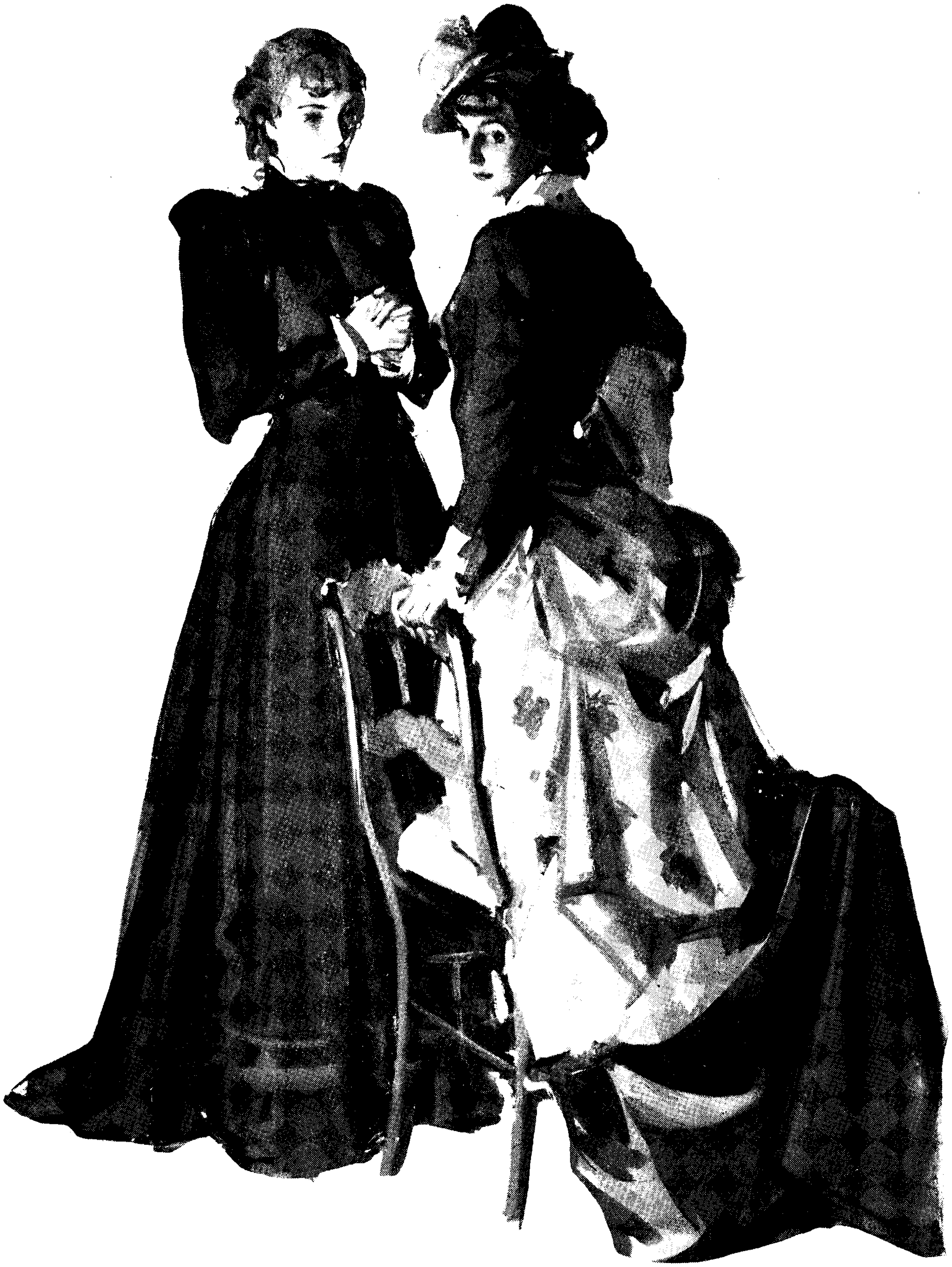
### VII

BENBOW stood on the porch with Connie, saying goodby to those who were leaving. There wasn't much light left in the day and the snow still whirled before a strong wind. Everybody in the valley had attended Jack Dale's funeral and half the folks from Two Dance town had made the hard trip over. It was a way of showing the kind of a man old Jack had been. He was the valley's first settler, his houses first breaking the monotony of the sage and his own personality standing like a landmark throughout the country. And now that landmark had fallen, to remind many of these folks of time's swift passage, to touch them with the faint intimations of life's brevity.

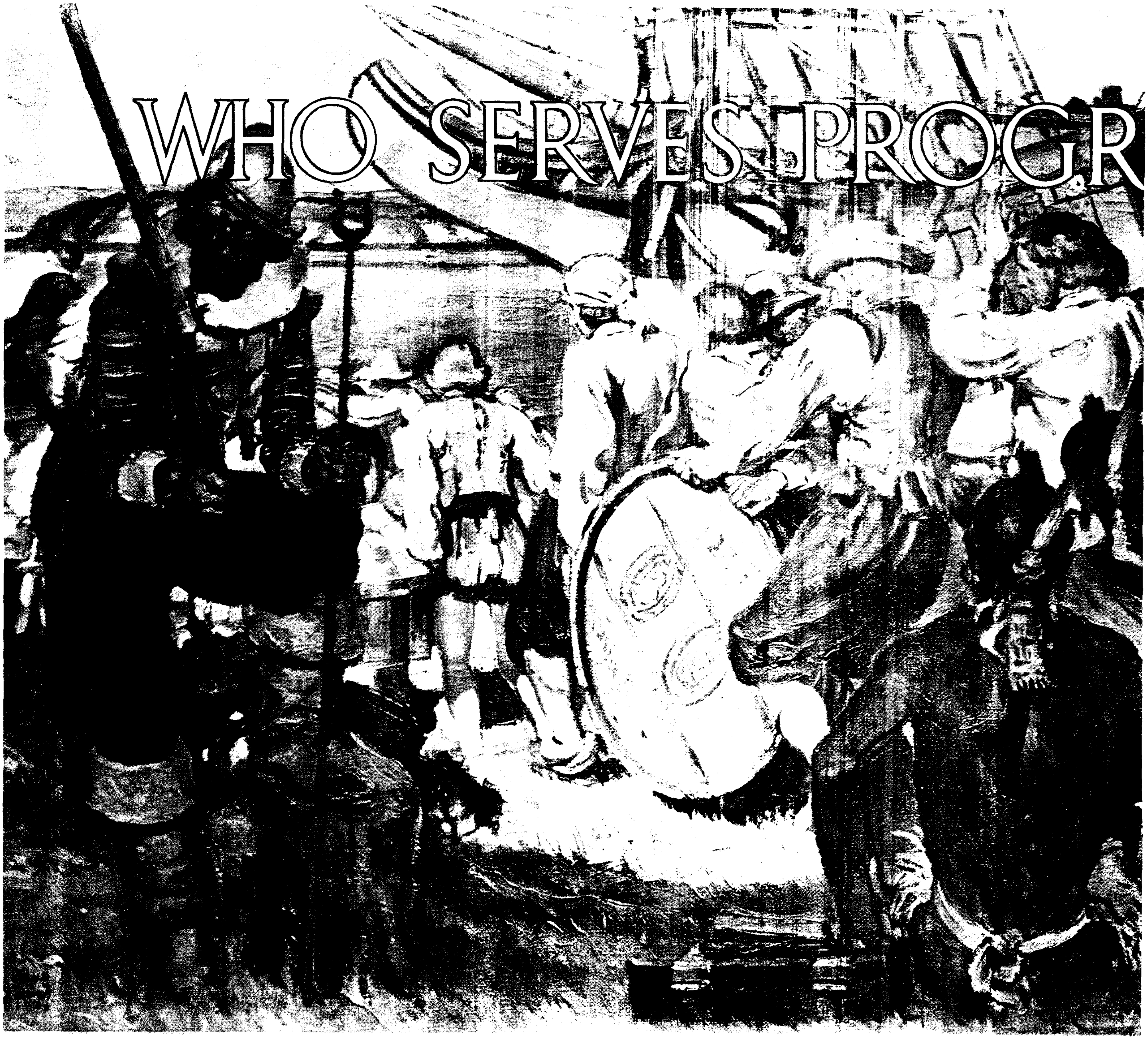
Bill Best, Hat's cook, had opened up the dining room to feed the crowd against the cold homeward ride. Except for Running M, all the valley outfits were here in solid force. From Running M only Jubal Frick had ventured to put in appearance. Jubal was in the house now, his present station forgotten for a little while as he paid his respects to the man who had once been so sound a friend. Mauvaise Valley men rode out, lifting their hats to Connie. Square Madge came up to shake Benbow's hand and nod at Connie, and depart in a rig driven by Faro Charley. A group of reservation Indians trotted away. Chad Povy came up and said, "Missy, I've thrun many a loop for old Jack. A man's got his time. We'll all come to that, but none of us are a-goin' to leave tracks as plumb deep as him."

THEY had all been here. Folks he had loved and folks he had fought. Good ones and bad ones. It was the way Jack Dale had looked at life, with a gusto for all its fun and all its wickedness; with a laughter that shattered meanness and a courage that struck like thunder. The news had gotten to all these people, and they had come.

Group by group, they pulled away from Hat, and presently there were left in the yard only the riders of the neighboring outfits—Block T and Diamond-



"I can't let you make a mistake, Connie. I can't. He's crooked," she said



# WHO SERVES PROGR

## ow s rogress est erved?

Every thoughtful American realizes that the advance of this nation must come from finding more jobs for more people. How can this be best brought about? Surely not by forcing prices higher, so that fewer people can buy and fewer things will be built. Surely not by creating less wealth in factory or on farm. The whole history of the nation denies such doctrine. The sound way to make jobs more plentiful is to make goods more plentiful, increasing markets by giving more for the same money, or the same for less money. That has been the story of American industry and the values it now produces are the marvels of the world. Over the past twenty years, the

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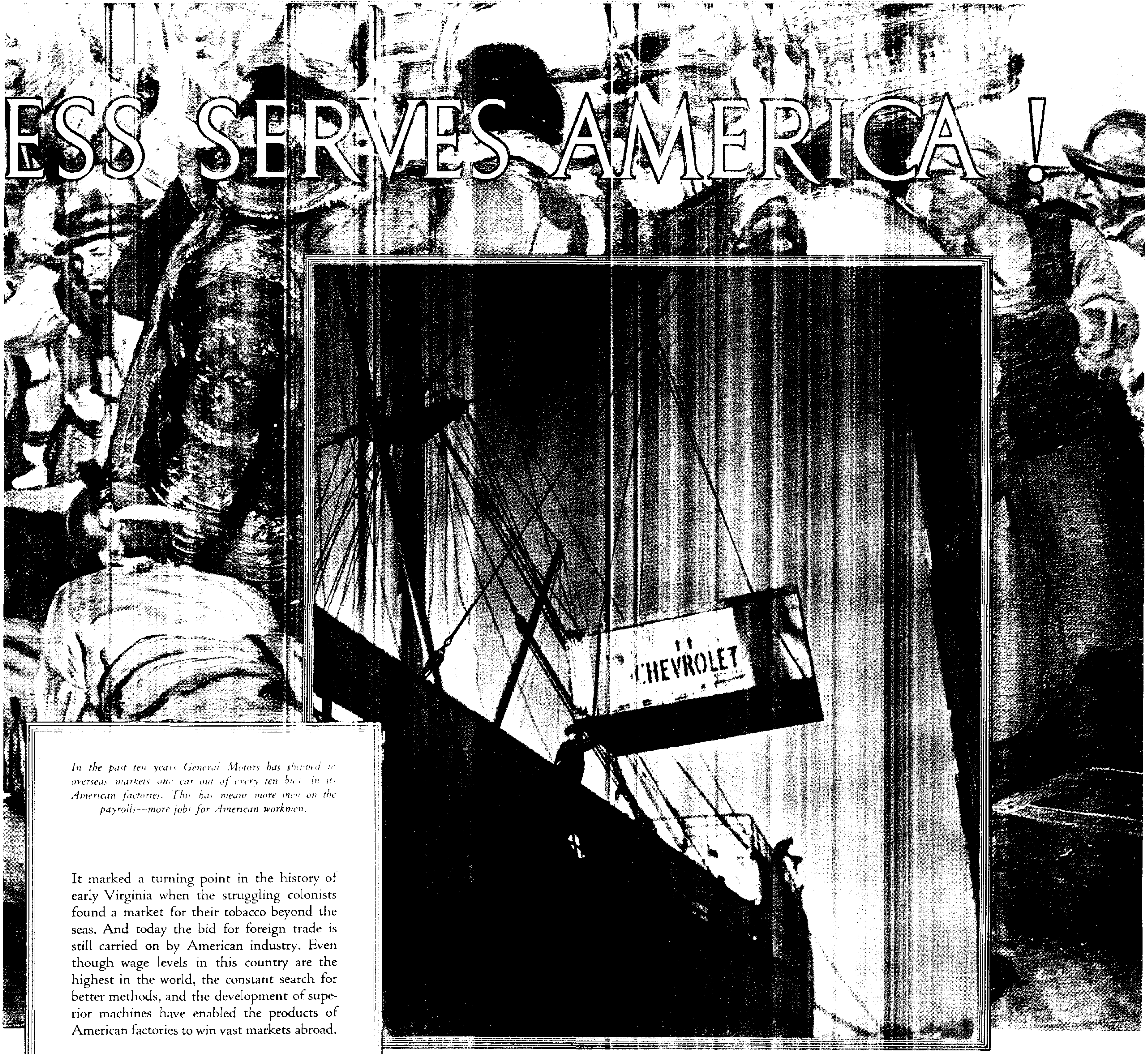


*In the past ten years General Motors has shipped to overseas markets one car out of every ten built in its American factories. This has meant more men on the payrolls—more jobs for American workmen.*

It marked a turning point in the history of early Virginia when the struggling colonists found a market for their tobacco beyond the seas. And today the bid for foreign trade is still carried on by American industry. Even though wage levels in this country are the highest in the world, the constant search for better methods, and the development of superior machines have enabled the products of American factories to win vast markets abroad.

number of people employed in manufacturing and mechanical trades has made a greater gain than in any other type of employment. In the past fifty years the number of persons gainfully employed in the United States has grown at a faster rate than the population. This is evidence of the increased opportunities for employment which have been created by our industrial progress during this period. At the same time, the workers' share of industry's income has materially risen. Today, forward-looking manufacturers see the opportunity to make millions of new jobs, by rebuilding the vast production plant of our country to give still better values and lower prices with better wages. This is how progress can best be served — and he who serves progress serves America.

## IN A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

UICK LA SALLE CADILLAC

and-a-Half and Crescent. Connie was shivering from cold and from letdown. Something had gone from the day and something had gone from Hat—leaving a terrible emptiness behind. Benbow said gently, "I guess that's all, Connie," and took her inside.

McGinnis and Howland and Gray and Jubal Frick and Joe Gannon stood in a loose group around the fireplace. Clay had been in here but was somewhere outside now. McGinnis and Frick were talking as though nothing lay between them. For this little while the valley men were scrupulously forgetting what Jubal had become. They were only remembering what he had been. Mrs. Gray and Karen Sanderson and Eileen Gannon were upstairs. Connie stopped, turning on Benbow. Her voice was quiet and what she said carried only to his ears.

"Hat's empty enough. Don't go."

He looked down at her, proud of the way she held herself. She wasn't crying, and her grief was something she would keep to herself. It was a far stretch of memory back to the time when she had been a leggy kid all fire and fury. Short as the interval of time had been, it seemed long ago. She had grown up—a still girl who could show the world a poker face, who could look on a man and hold him with the power of her thoughts.

KAREN came down the stairs. Connie went across the room and touched Jubal Frick's arm and smiled at him; and afterward both women went up to the second floor.

McGinnis cleared his throat and stooped over the fire, poking it up with his boot. Talk didn't come, but the feel of talk was in the air, held back by something. Jubal Frick lifted his old eyes around the circle and knew what kept them that way. His face changed; it settled and showed his sudden age. He had been one of them for a little while and was no longer so. He said quietly: "I better be trackin' for home."

"Have supper before you go," suggested Benbow.

"I believe I will, thank you," said Frick, and went out of the house.

McGinnis said: "Never a bad sort. It's Gore that's got him afraid of his life."

Benbow said: "He stays here tonight."

They had been more or less occupied by their own thoughts. But when he said that all of them swung and looked at him, turning over his words and weighing what he hadn't said. McGinnis drawled: "He doesn't know anything."

"I don't want him to be around Running M in the morning."

McGinnis let a long breath out of his lungs. Beneath the grizzled silver eyebrows a quick light started up. Howland's broad jaws tightened and George Gray stared at Benbow and found nothing there to change the rather sad gravity he always maintained. Joe Gannon looked around him, somehow ill at ease in this company. He said: "Maybe I'd better get out."

Gray said sharply: "Stay here." And then asked Benbow his quiet question: "What is it, Jim?"

"We'll meet at Gannon's before daylight."

"All of us?"

"The more we have the sooner it's over."

McGinnis said: "Gore?"

"If he's there."

"It's high time," stated McGinnis. That was all. They stood there considering it, the talk gone out of them and the grayness of their thoughts staining the room. McGinnis presently nodded at Gordon Howland. They went out together and in a little while those two outfits left Hat. Gray and Gannon waited for their womenfolk, neither man particularly comfortable in the other's presence. Benbow could see it. Gray wasn't fond of his son-in-law; and Gannon, a gaunt and somber man with little grace in him, felt that dislike and had no way of overcoming it.

Gannon said, in a half-humble manner: "I'll do what you want, Jim."

"You better stick to your house as long as Eileen's in it," said Gray gruffly.

Gannon's face showed a quick flush. All of them understood what that meant and the silence was painful. Gannon brought his glance up from the floor and stared at Gray. "George," he said, "I trust my wife."

"News to me," growled Gray.

"I know," assented Gannon, strangely without anger. "But maybe a man can change."

Benbow turned from the house and met Izee in the middle of the yard. "I'm talkin' to Jubal," he said. "But just to make certain, don't let him out of your sight. He stays here tonight and maybe he won't like the idea."

Izee stolidly digested that information. He said: "All right." Clay Rand came out of the mess hall and Izee suddenly said in a lower voice: "Where's Price?"

"I don't know."

"He said he'd be back," grumbled Izee and then swung away as Rand arrived. Rand's glance went after Izee with a pale, swift questing. Benbow observed that and observed also the strung-up condition of Rand's nerves. They kept jerking at his muscles; they kept shaping and re-shaping his lips. His eyes were red from a lack of sleep.

"Haven't seen Price?" asked Benbow.

"No."

Benbow stared irritably at his partner. "You fiddle around like you was standing on hot bricks. Been drinking again?"

"I wish I had," growled Rand. "I think I'll run into town."

"Not tonight, Clay. We're pulling out before daylight."

Rand jerked up his chin. "What?"

"It might help if you went in and talked to Connie," said Benbow and went into the mess hall. He sat down beside Frick. "Jubal," he said, "I'm sorry about this. You'll stay here tonight."

Frick laid down his knife and pushed his plate away. He was bald and fat and his spirit was broken; and Benbow observed how the man's hands began to shake. It was queer to look into Jubal's eyes and see the dead hopelessness there. All at once Frick dropped his head on his hands and began to cry before Benbow's shocked gaze. Benbow got up and left the mess hall as fast as his legs would take him.

GEORGE GRAY'S voice ran up the stairs into the big sitting room old Jack Dale had built particularly for his wife. Mrs. Gray said, "Well, I guess George won't wait any longer," and went out, leaving Karen Sanderson and Eileen with Connie.

Connie said: "You're staying here tonight, Karen."

"Thank you," said Karen and watched Eileen Gannon walk restlessly around the room, lighting up the lamps. Darkness had begun to blank out the windows; the wind had lifted. Connie stopped to listen to that wind, her quick features registering all the changes of her mind. Karen said calmly: "What bothers you, Eileen?"

Eileen said, "Nothing."

"Yes," said Karen, her voice resonant and yet soft, "I know how that goes." She got up. "I will go down," she said, and went out of the room.

Eileen said: "How does she know so much? She makes me feel like a kid." Her breasts stirred to the odd agitation of her breath. She came around Connie and stood before her, pale and black eyed.

"Connie, I've got to tell you something." It took all of her breath to say that. She stopped, and blurted out: "About Clay."

Connie rose from the chair. She went over toward a window, not wanting Eileen to face her like that—so upset, so dismally wise in what she knew. She said: "I know it, Eileen."

"What?"

Connie said: "You're not meeting him any more, are you?"

"Oh, that," said Eileen dully. "No, not any more. But he's been to see me."

"After you married Joe?" asked Connie, half disbelieving.

"It's all right. I sent him away. I guess I was in love with him. I guess I had to be. But the last time he came to the house I got to thinking how he waited in the trees for Joe to go away. Well, you can't love a man who sneaks. I guess I despise him. You know something about him? It's what he can't get that he wants."

Connie said in a half whispered, indrawn tone: "Yes."

"You know all about that—I knew you did. I guess you just couldn't help making allowance for him. If I thought you didn't know I'd of told you long ago. Because I can't stand seeing you tricked."

"Then what—?"

"He's a crook, Connie!"

"Eileen!"

"I talked it over with Joe. I've told him everything." Afterward her tone was very quiet and very proud. "I wish folks knew Joe better. He's been damn' good to me. He said it was something you'd better find out for yourself. That it would come out soon enough anyhow. Everybody knows it, except you and Jim. But I can't let you make a mistake, Connie. I can't. He's crooked."

"Eileen—Eileen," said Connie in a falling, begging voice.

"The day after Jim left here for the Yellows I was up in the trees near our place. Clay came into a little clearing and then Gore came up and they talked about Jim. He told Gore that Jim had ridden away from Hat. Gore had sent him to Hat to find that out. I could tell that from the way Gore was speaking."

CONNIE had stepped away from the lamp. She was in the far shadows of the room, showing a stony composure to Eileen.

Eileen said, in a muffled voice: "You'll hate me now. I can't help it."

"No, Eileen. No."

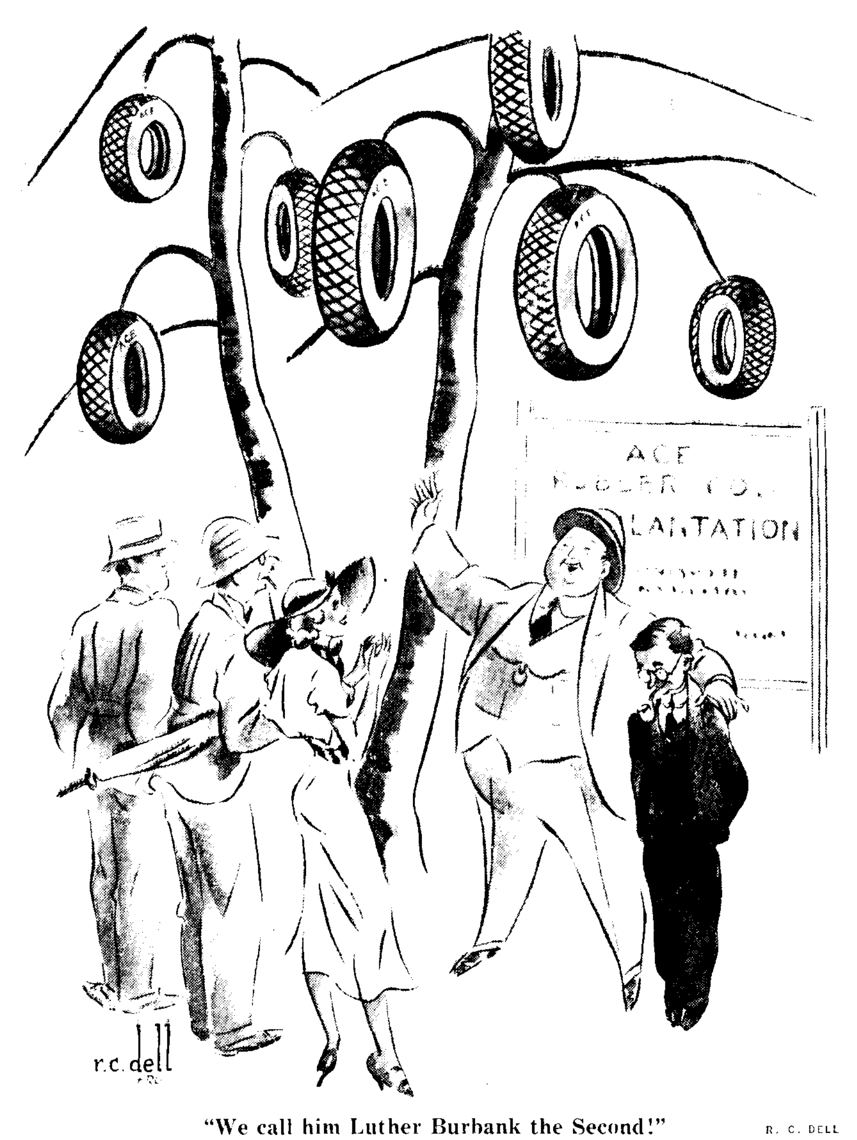
"He's fooled me a long time," Eileen said dully. "But I'd kill him before I'd see him hurt you. Connie—do you see? What can a man be like to sell out his best friend?"

"You're sure?" murmured Connie, faintly whispering that question.

"I heard it all. I was so near." Then Eileen lifted her eyes and showed Connie the misery in them. "I think I'd have shot him if I'd had a gun. You see, Connie, I still couldn't get him out of my heart. I know I'm small. But I still loved him. And then, after that, I didn't. You can make excuses for a man a long while. Then you can't make any more excuses."

There was a quietness about Connie hard for Eileen to understand. A quietness, a faraway thinking, a stilled and unreadable expression. Wind pounded at the houses and men's voices ran down the yard and a door slammed below. Connie said: "Then that's why Izee and Price have turned from him."

"They don't know all that I know, but everybody's been talking about Clay. How could he get his money from that



"We call him Luther Burbank the Second!"

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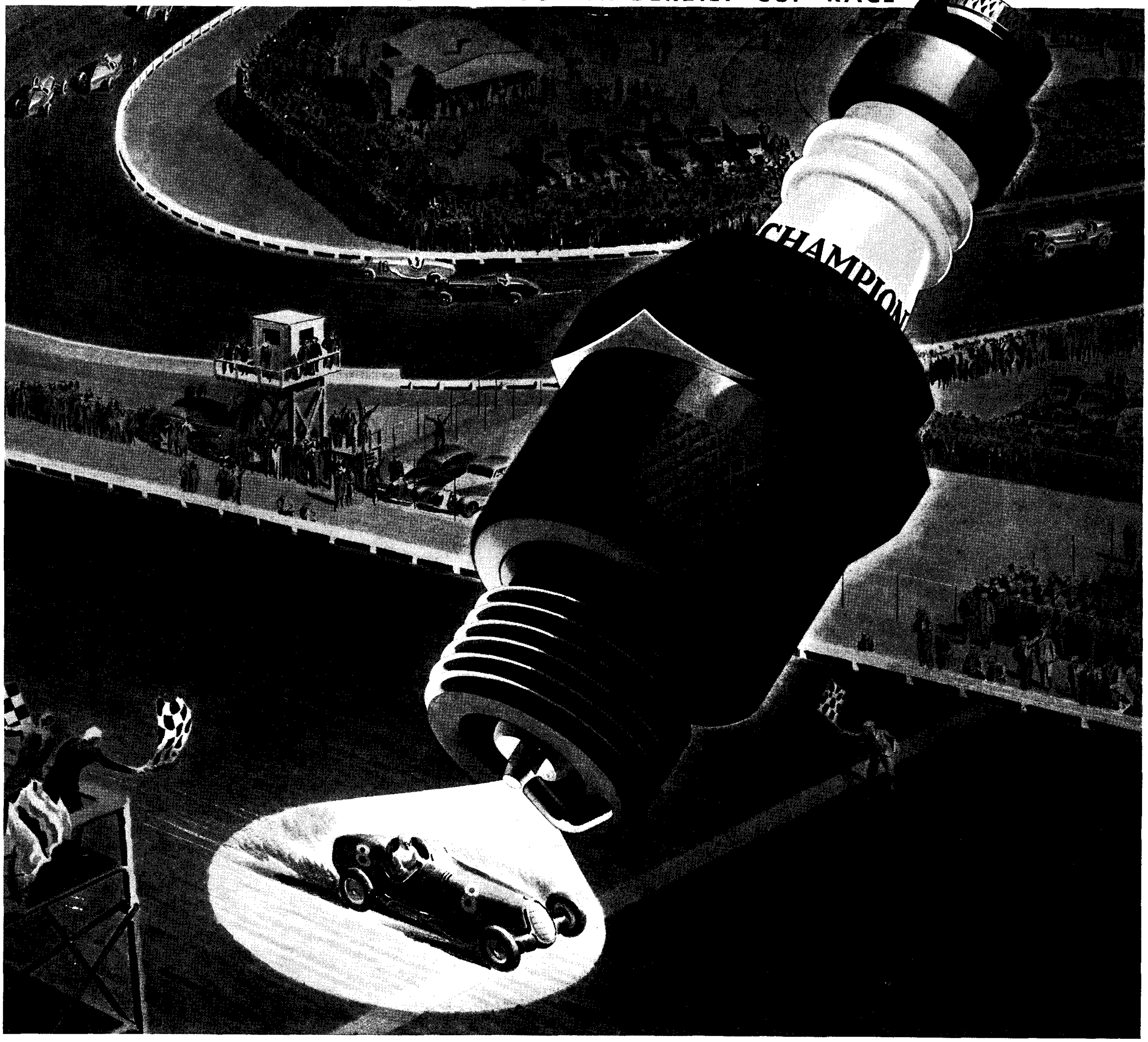

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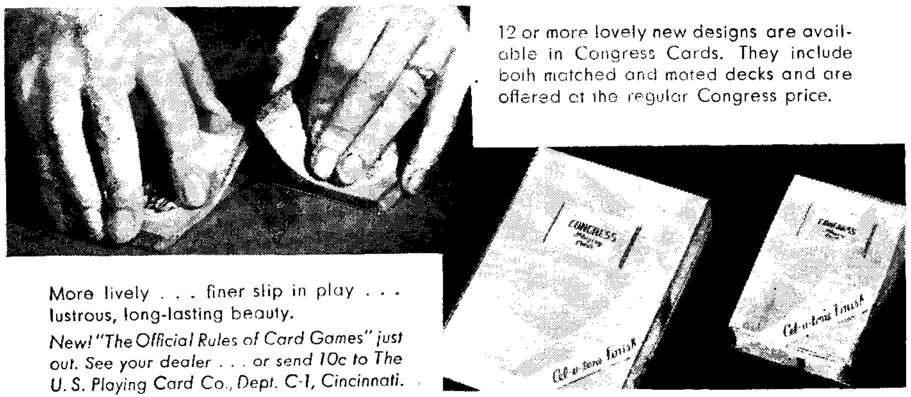

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The new CONGRESS Playing Cards

little ranch he runs? He's never on it."

"What could be in his heart?" whispered Connie. "What could be?"

"Nothing," said Eileen bitterly. "Nothing!"

Connie came out of the shadows. She touched Eileen's shoulder. She said: "Jim mustn't know."

"How can he help from finding out?"

"He mustn't know," repeated Connie. "He's stuck by Clay so long. There's got to be some way out of it."

She left the room and went downstairs. Joe Gannon stood with his back to the fireplace, his heavy and work-worn frame bent faintly. He watched Connie with his strange, inexpressive face. "My girl about ready to go?"

"Joe," said Connie, "I like you better."

It did something to him. It made a powerful change. He put his arms behind him and met her glance with a terrible soberness. "Thanks," he muttered. "It's been kind of hard, but I think it's all right now. Maybe—"

The front door opened and Clay Rand walked in quickly, and kicked the door shut with his heel. His eyes, pale and excited, raked both these other people with a sharpness that had a quick, deep suspicion behind it. Gannon's long lips closed together and a blackness rushed over his face and then he turned and put his back to Rand and stood that way.

Connie nodded at the office. Clay turned in there, Connie following him, closing the door. He wheeled around, the paleness of his eyes so bright and so attentive, and all the points of his slim face sharp-whetted. He said: "I'm going back to the ranch, Connie. I'll see you tomorrow."

She said: "You'll never see me again, Clay."

He said: "What?"

She was quietly shaking her head, looking at him and looking through him. Almost impersonally.

"What do you know, Connie?"

Her tone was controlled and distant: "How much misery you have left behind. Is there nothing you believe in, Clay?"

He asked his question with an eagerness that showed the cruelty behind. "Gannon tell you anything?"

"No."

He said, more and more aroused: "Who told you? By God, Connie, I've got to know!"

SHE shook her head, still holding up to him an expressionless face, yet shocked by the plainer and plainer appearance of an ugliness of an actual savagery he no longer tried to conceal.

He said, "Connie," in a demanding tone, and afterward the silence ran on and they stood opposed like two strangers who had no trust. It went that way, her skin cold with his presence. Fear touched her. He was smiling so heartlessly. "Why should I go away?"

"Do you want Jim to know?"

It was like the point of a knife driving into him. He quit smiling. "That good and great man," he growled. But she could see how it all came back to him and tortured the little decency he had left. "You never would have left Hat," he said. "I knew that. You'd never leave it as long as Benbow was here. If it hadn't been for him things might have been different."

"You had your chance, Clay. But it was all too easy. Nothing holds your interest—except the things you can't have."

He said shrewdly: "I've heard that before." And afterward his anger shoved its way forward. "What do I owe Benbow? He played his cards well—and you're turned against me. All right, Connie, I don't give up anything unless I'm tired of it. Now let's see what the good and great man will do."

"Clay—don't ever let him find you with Gore."

"He'll find me, but it won't be with Gore." He crossed the little distance between them and threw his arm around her waist, pulling her up until she winced, and kissed her. He was smiling out his bitter amusement and his pride was a stung, vindictive thing in his eyes. "You never fooled me much, Connie. Benbow was always in the corner of your mind. I knew that even when you didn't. I blame Benbow for it—and I'll make him answer for it."

Gannon called through the door. "You say something, Connie?" Rand opened the door in Gannon's face and pushed him aside—striding across the room as fast as he could go and slamming his way out of the house. Gannon's slow-changing face began to stir up a wicked expression. He said: "You want me to do anything, Connie?" She shook her head, listening into the night and its wind. There was a shout, and afterward a silence. Rand had left Hat.

Benbow came in a few minutes later. He said: "Where'd Clay go?"

"Home," said Connie.

"He was to have ridden with me."

Gannon said: "He knew you were ridin' tonight?"

"Sure. Why?"

"Nothing," said Gannon. But he wheeled across the room, calling up the stairs. "Eileen. It's time to travel."

RAND plunged into the teeth of the night, the storm inside his head as great as the storm whirling around him. Two hours later, with his horse exhausted by the spurring it had received, he came into his own Anvil yard and saw lamplight burning. He got down and crossed the porch on his toes, his gun drawn out, and weaved aside as he kicked the door open. Gore sat over by the fireplace, waiting for him.

Gore said: "Where you been?"

Rand pushed the door shut and laid his back against it; and put away his gun. Gore's tight, searching eyes considered that with an obscure attention. "Dale's funeral," said Rand.

"What you afraid of?"

"Nothing."

"Men don't yank out the smoke blowers without some reason," said Gore. He sat very still, raking Rand's face with a plainer and plainer watchfulness. "I let Jubal go to the funeral. He ain't home. You see him?"

"Still there when I left."

"Was he?" intoned Gore. One hand idly turned on his knee, the fingers loosening.

"All the outfits there?"

"Sure."

"Any talk?"

"The owners got together. I didn't hear what was said."

"And then they all rode home?" suggested Gore in a soft, sliding voice.

"Yeah."

Gore got up slowly. "That all? You didn't catch anything Benbow said?"

Rand pulled off his gloves and looked down at them. He grumbled, "No." But afterward he lifted his head. The silence was like that—and Gore's thin body had turned fractionally aside. It brought a dry, slow warning from Rand: "Be careful, Cash."

"Something's made you spooky," observed Gore. "I been waitin' here a hell of a long time—and I don't get any news. Where's your ears?"

"Cash—the valley's got my number."

"Didn't you know that would happen?" asked Gore dryly. "I could've told you."

"To hell with it."

"Sure," said Gore. He passed Rand and put his hand to the doorknob. "I've got a job for you tomorrow."

"No," said Rand. "I've got a job o' my own."

But Gore's red-rimmed eyes drilled a glance completely through Rand. His voice didn't change. "You'll do as I say, kid. The jobs you do ain't well done. Like Peters."

Rand jerked his shoulders about, squarely facing Gore. "Cash," he said, unsteadily, "you know too much."

"Enough," said Gore evenly. "You stay on this place tomorrow till I see you." He went through the doorway in one unhurried yet complete motion.

Rand listened to the Running M foreman's boots strike across the porch and drop into the snow. All at once he whipped himself away from the door and drew himself rigid, a flash of anxiety showing in his eyes; and then he crossed the room almost on the run, fanned out the light and stood back against a wall, his breath springing fully from his chest.

THE lights of Hat's mess hall drove narrow slivers of light across the mealy blackness of the yard. Hat's riders were in saddle and waiting to go, heavy-shaped in their overcoats and a little sullen and stiff for want of sleep. It was near three o'clock of a dismal night. There were eleven men in this party.

Benbow went back through the mess hall to the main house and found Connie waiting in the office. She held her heavy robe tightly together, against the room's cutting cold. Her hair lay loosened along her head and he could tell by her eyes that she hadn't been sleeping. But she was, he thought gently, like old Jack Dale, understanding what had to be done and saying nothing unnecessary. She held herself straight for him, showing him a pride and a will.

He said: "Price was supposed to be here. Tell him we're heading for Gannon's ranch."

She said, "Jim," on sudden impulse, and then put her lips together. They were long and soft—and pale tonight.

"What?"

"No. I'll make no scene. You have troubles enough."

Izee's voice called through the wind: "Benbow."

He said, quick and blunt, "You make a man want you, Connie," and wheeled back through the mess hall and out into the yard. . . .

At a quarter of five, after two hours of steady, speechless riding, the peaked shape of Gannon's house lifted vaguely through the whirling, snow-laced black. A rider slid across the path ahead, and turned and came nearer. He called, "Benbow," and then came on up to make sure.

The yard was filled with the shapes of waiting men and horses. The point of a cigarette glinted somewhere and afterward a quick voice said: "Pinch out that smoke." Benbow left his men and crossed to the house, noting how Gannon had pulled the window shades and blocked the windows' edges to conceal the inner lights. Benbow opened the door and went through and shut it. McGinnis and Gordon Howland and Gray were waiting here for him, with Gannon in the background.

McGinnis said: "How many men you bring, Jim?"

"Twelve, with me."

"That's thirty-two of us altogether. It will be enough. Running M's crew and Riley's boys won't size up more than twenty-odd, unless they got recruits."

"Where's Price?"

"I ain't seen him."

George Gray said: "He knew about this. He'll show up."

"We won't wait," said Benbow. "It'll be daylight in an hour."

"It's your say," murmured McGinnis.

"George, take your boys—and Gordy's—and follow the Ramparts trail into the canyon. Plug it up so nothing from Running M gets through to Riley's camp. Nelson and I'll reach Running M by the front door. I guess that's all there's to it."

Gannon said: "What'll I do?"

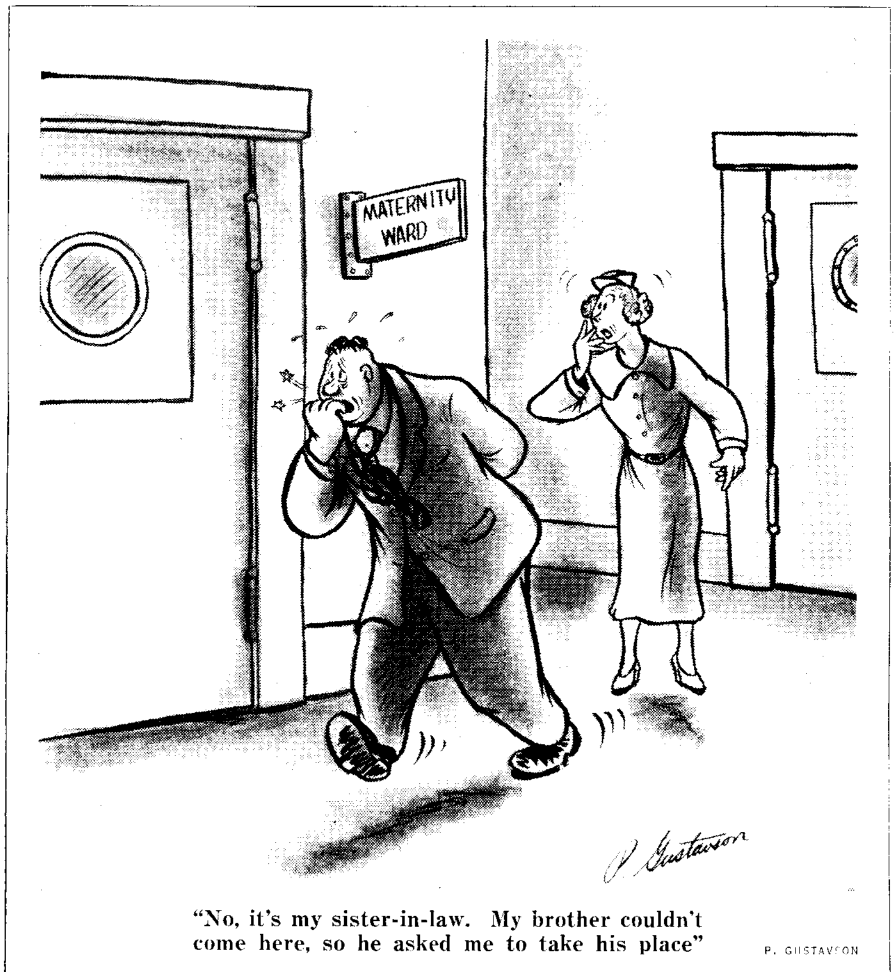
"Stay here. You've got Eileen—and I wouldn't guess what might come back along this way durin' the day."

There was a silence, the room turning colder and colder. Benbow said, "Well, come on."

But Howland spoke up then: "What's the limit on this thing?"

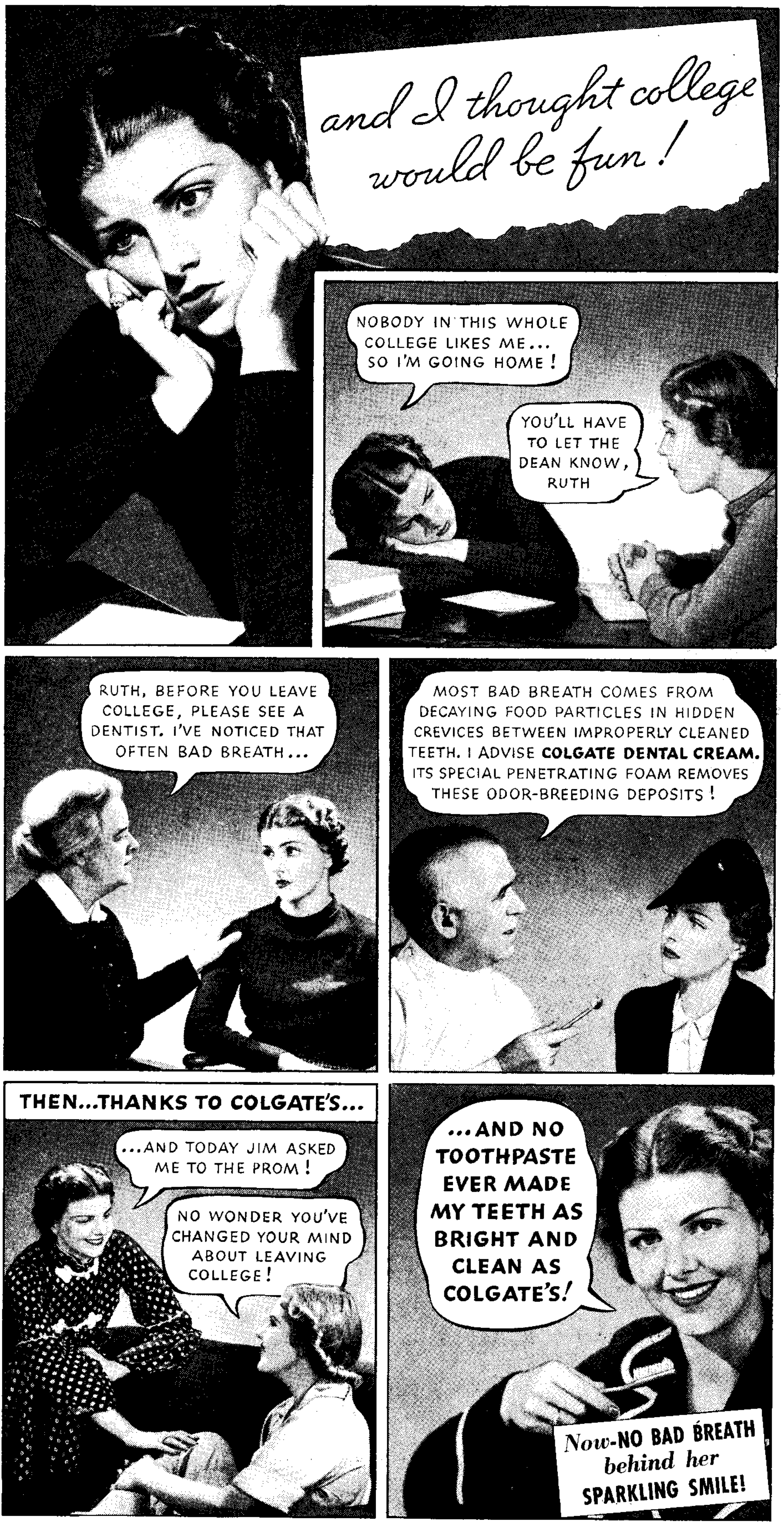
They had all been considering it; Benbow could see that. They had been turning it over in their minds. It surprised him a little, for he knew how they felt about Gore. They had their minds made

(Continued on page 42)


MATERNITY WARD
P. Gustavson

"No, it's my sister-in-law. My brother couldn't come here, so he asked me to take his place"

P. GUSTAVSON


and I thought college would be fun!
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THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
...AND TODAY JIM ASKED ME TO THE PROM!
NO WONDER YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT LEAVING COLLEGE!
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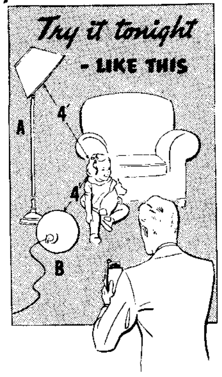

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*(Continued from page 41)*

up and he couldn't see the sense of the question. He said: "We're breaking something up. How do you break a thing? That's your answer, isn't it? I want Gore and Riley and Kell. If any of the others get away that's their luck. They won't come back. But they've got to make their own chances. You understand? They get no chances from us. It has to be that way."

Howland said: "No exceptions?" His voice was downbearing and insistent. Benbow stared at him. Here was something else. He didn't know what it was, but all of them wanted to know. He could see it in the manner they watched him.

"No," he murmured. "No exceptions."

"I guess," said McGinnis, not looking at Benbow, "we better be on our way."...

Benbow turned his horse and McGinnis came beside him, and Hat's crew and the Diamond-and-a-Half crew fell into a following column. They walked away from Gannon's, keeping the heavy shadow of the Ramparts close by their right flank. The wind was at their backs, setting up half a roar in their ears and wildly driving the snow before it. The horses made heavy going in these drifts.

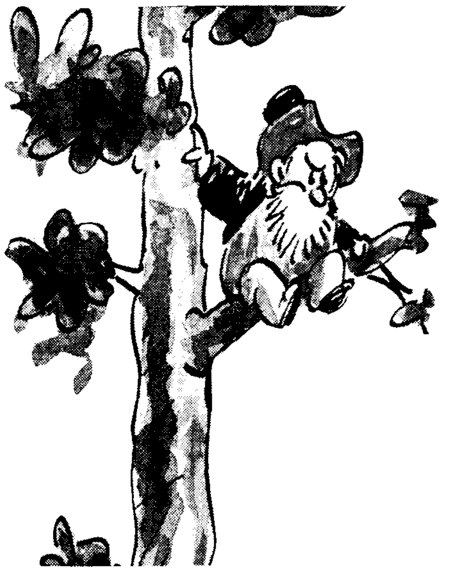
THE world was still lightless and there was no warmth in him; at this dreary hour he saw himself more clearly and less mercifully than at any time in his life. Jack Dale had said he was a fighter. It had seemed a compliment, coming from that hard and heady old man. But now he understood how much more Jack had left unsaid. It wasn't just the ability to fight that Jack had marked. It was also the ability to kill. This was why McGinnis and the others had wanted him to lead the way. They trusted him because he was honest, yet they had pegged him in their minds as having no more conscience than Gore or Riley when it came to using a gun. They figured him a killer. They put the responsibility on him, not wanting it on their minds afterward.

The thought led him down into the gray bottom of his mind. He saw all his pleasant days behind, he saw all his hope behind, and then he had that picture of Connie again, gently smiling at him and holding her real thoughts away from him—too kind to tell him of that hardness that she also saw in him. It was Clay's laughter and Clay's way of life she wanted.

This was the end of his thinking. It had led him to a blind end, and now with day beginning to send a first gray stain through the half-blizzard he closed his mind completely. Nelson's voice seemed muffled:

"There it is. No lights showin' yet."

The mouth of Granite Canyon opened vaguely. Running M's house and sheds crouched before them, barely visible behind the streaky film of the wind-rushed snow. Benbow swung directly in toward the place, the column breaking and coming up into a single line abreast. The heavy drifts absorbed all sound. Running M's house became distinct and black.



"Chance for trouble here," said McGinnis in a trigger-set voice.

They were in the yard and stopped. Benbow said: "Spread up against the walls of the house—and the bunkhouse."

He got down and went ahead. Nelson had disappeared but Izee tramped forward and stood beside Benbow. Men were ducking around the house, merging with the shadows. Benbow said, "Well, let's get it over with," and walked directly to the porch. Izee grumbled, "Watch that door." Benbow crossed the porch and put his hand to the door. It gave way before him, the wind throwing it around and slamming it against the wall. Flattened beside the casing, Benbow heard that echo rattle back into the house's rear rooms. Heat came out of the door and coals began to sparkle in the fireplace at the room's end—fanned by the sudden draft.

Men were running back from the bunkhouse. Boots hit the porch and broke the long quiet. Benbow said: "Stop that!" But a man called urgently:

"Nobody in the bunkhouse."

Benbow thrust himself into the room. Izee came after him and the rest of the party, turned nervous and impatient by waiting, followed. Benbow strode across the floor, remembering the layout of this place. There was a kitchen behind the living room and a couple of bedrooms adjoining this main room. No upstairs. He reached one of the bedrooms and found its door standing open.

Izee called across the house, from the other bedroom: "Nobody here."

Benbow turned into the living room and found it filling with the rest of the crew. They were restlessly scraping the floor with their boots—dissatisfied and keyed up. "Jim," said McGinnis, "they ain't here."

Somebody growled, "Sold," and began to swear.

Benbow wheeled over to the fireplace. His foot struck a woodbox and, reaching down, he touched a layer of papers lying in it. He put away his gun and crushed the papers into loose balls.

"What next?" said McGinnis.

Benbow put the paper into the fireplace, dismally crouched by it. Somebody suddenly smashed one of the room's windows. The paper caught fire and Benbow got up and carried it to a corner of the room and dropped it against the wall. There was a quick rise of light in the room, shining against the wind-whipped surface of these men's watching faces. One of them said, "It won't catch," and ran out of the place and afterward the flame died and the charred paper turned dull.

"Somebody," said McGinnis, "talked."

"Cash always had long ears," answered Benbow evenly.

"If they're gone from here they'll be gone from Riley's," fretted McGinnis.

"They won't go far," replied Benbow.

"You take it easy enough," said McGinnis brusquely. The night wore on his nerves.

"There's plenty of time," observed Benbow. "I know Cash. He won't run away."

"He's got the jump on us now."

Benbow's long interval of calmness came to an ending; his voice cut into McGinnis:

"What do you expect, Nelson? A summer's vacation? You'd better make up your mind to take home some empty saddles."

A man ran in. He said, "I got some hay from the barn." There was a moment's silence, until he struck a match and dropped it on the hay he had dumped in the corner. A quick pale curl of fire licked up.

Benbow said, "We'll go up the canyon—" and bit off that sentence between his teeth and wheeled and rushed for the door, throwing aside other men standing near it. Down the canyon, twisted and stretched thin by the wind, came the echoing bursts of a sudden-started fusillade.

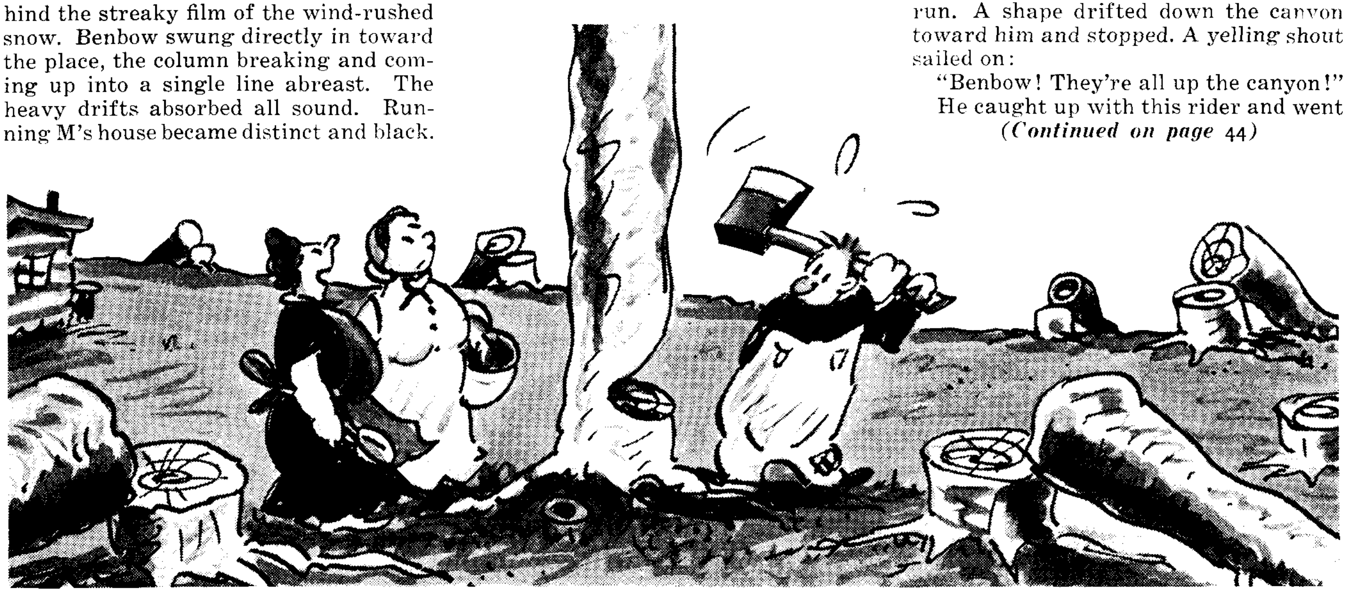
HE WAS across the snow and in the saddle, the rest of the party pouring after him. He heard Izee shout, "Wait a minute, Jim," and wheeled into the canyon without delay. The Ramparts trail dropped into the canyon only a quarter mile ahead, which was where he had sent Gray and Howland. And from that spot the firing had originated.

There was a ragged after-volley and no more. Silence settled down and the thick shadows of the canyon walls blocked out the pale stain of a daylight ineffectually filtering through the dense pall of snow overhanging the Yellows. The drifts in here were thicker, against which his pony labored at a half-bucking run. A shape drifted down the canyon toward him and stopped. A yelling shout sailed on:

"Benbow! They're all up the canyon!"

He caught up with this rider and went

*(Continued on page 44)*



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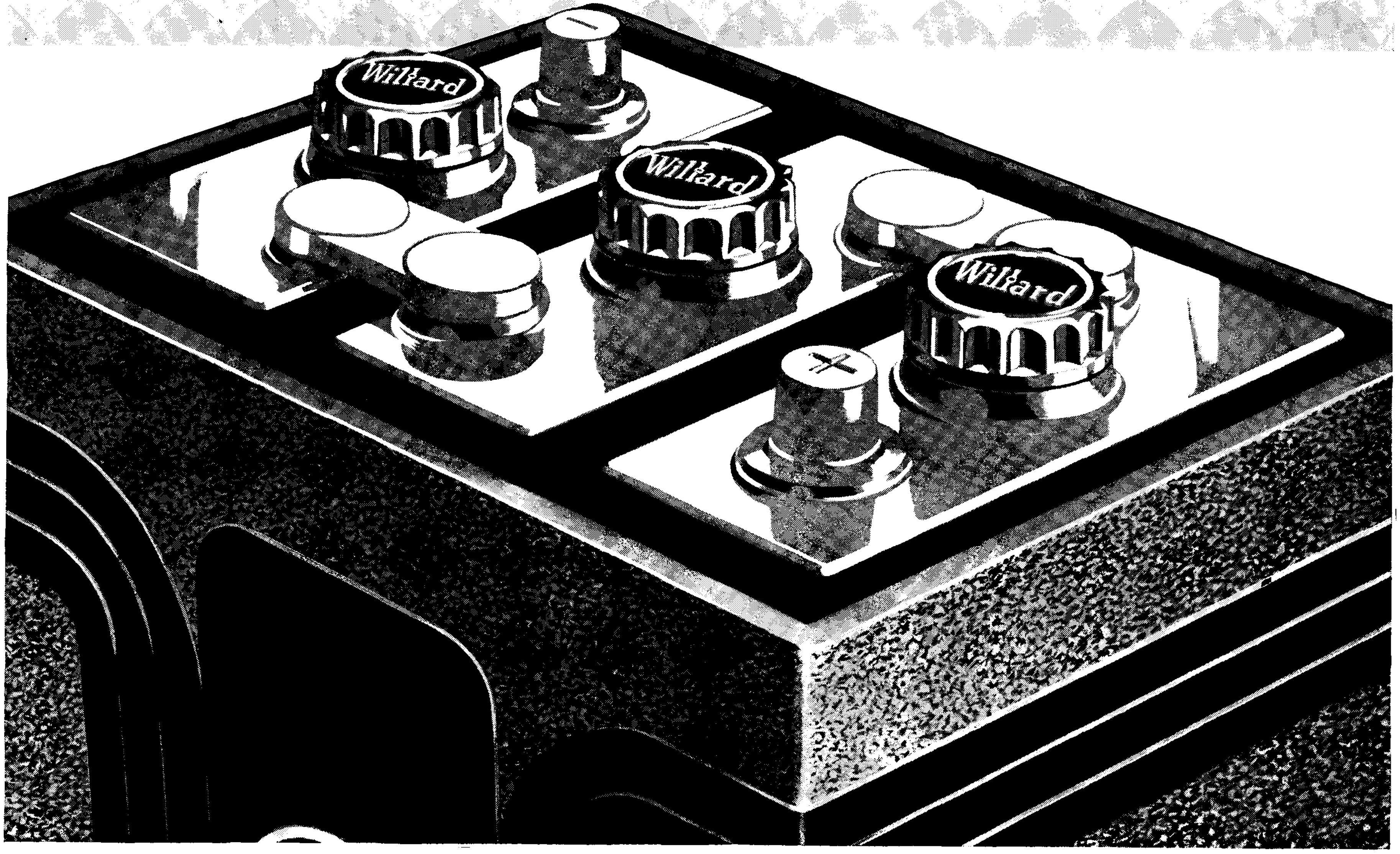
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*(Continued from page 42)*

past. He heard Gray's voice sing out, loud yet unexcited; and in another minute he struck Gray's outfit head on. They were all grouped together and some of them were kneeling in the snow. A match flared and soon died, but by its light he had seen a man lying there, face upward.

Gray was saying: "Who's down?"

It was Howland who answered from the kneeling bunch: "Harry Train."

"Harry," called Gray, "you hurt?"

Benbow's outfit was crowding forward. He listened for Harry Train to speak, even as all these other silent men listened. There wasn't any answer and a little later Howland stood straight. It was a sufficient verdict. Train was dead. Benbow pushed his horse by them. He said, "Come on—come on," and led the way. The snow here had been broken down and the footing made easier by Gore's men running before them. George Gray followed closely at his heels, his voice very calm in this wild night. "They were drifting down and we opened up. I guess they figured on joinin' Cash at Runnin' M. They'll be at Riley's. The light's getting bad—for us. If I were you, Jim, I'd take it a little slow from here on in."

"It was the whole bunch you ran into. Cash pulled out of the ranch."

"God bless us," called Gray. "I guess it's a fight. There's no doubt in my mind but what he's waitin' for us now."

THEY were traveling freely through the tramped snow. Gray pulled abreast and the rest of the riders had closed up. It was still definitely dark, yet here and there little sprays of dismal light broke down from the canyon walls, like waterfalls frozen to the rock. A horse stood crosswise in the trail ahead and Benbow lifted his gun at it, seeing no rider's shadow sitting above. Before he had quite made up his mind the horse wheeled and stampeded away. Riderless.

"One of 'em anyhow," grumbled George Gray.

The canyon trail broadened. They ran around a long bend. Wind came at them, driving denser gusts of snow from the hills and at the end of that bend's wide sweep Indian Riley's house lights flashed out quick signals. Benbow drew up—scanning the foreground and seeing nothing definite through this mealy air except the shine of the lights. His men were spreading beside him, breathing a little from the long run.

Izee said: "They'll make a stand."

Gray said: "I been in those shacks. Just inch lumber covered over with paper. A bullet would cut through easy."

"Drag out the rifles," said Benbow. "We walk the rest of the way. Gippy, you and Bill Best stick with the horses." He was down in the snow, slipping out his rifle.

McGinnis said: "I don't like the idea of those lights. Looks funny."

"We'll throw a circle around the settlement," declared Benbow. "Come on." He led the way, sticking to the road until, at the end of three hundred feet he began to see the house walls take definite form through the snow. At this point he wheeled and led his crew into the deep drifts, meaning to make a circle. All the front windows showed their lights and he was abreast the farthest house and on the point of turning again to draw his loop more securely around Riley's camp when abruptly a yonder voice rose to some kind of a shout and all the lights died.

He reared around, calling back: "Go ahead!" And flung up his rifle and fired at the vague square of the nearest house wall. The sound of the gun flattened out through the windy air and was whipped away; and hard on the heels of that report all the guns of the crew let go. McGinnis was far back along the line and McGinnis' yell sailed above the crackling noise: "Come on—come!" The yell seemed to suck the whole outfit back toward the house farthest from Benbow. He could see the men nearest him plunge through the drifts toward that house; and afterward he lost sight of them completely. Light flickered up in the window of the shack straight ahead—the quick, heatless light of a gun pumping out its fast shots. In the general melee he didn't hear the gun's report, yet he felt its bullets whip by.

It was that flash which pulled him forward. He fought out of the waist-high drifts and reached the road, swinging away from the window as he ran up. It was ten yards to the shanty's wall and he had at last, he realized, come into the marksman's definite survey. The gun went off again, the whole shack booming out that crowded report. The flash of its muzzle light leaped toward him. A long, low dive carried him against the base of the shanty wall. Crouched there he lifted his gun at a sharp angle, threw a bullet at the window and ran past the nearest corner, down the shanty's blind side wall and around to the house's other face in time to see a shape make a long low dive out of an open door, strike the ground and come to his feet on the run. Benbow took a snap shot and missed; and afterward he lost the man in the farther dark. But he rested where he was, hearing somebody else creep across the floor of the shanty.

The fight whirled around the far end of the settlement, the guns snarling up a higher and higher anger there. Horses stood a few yards back from the settlement, snorting out their fear. Stray lead slapped the wall of the middle house, producing drumlike echoes. The man in this nearest shanty moved again, his boots audibly scraping. Benbow lifted the weight off his knee and saw the black outline of the door; and went through it in one straight rush. A man here yelled: "Who's that?" And then let go without answer. The room roared and powder smoke stung Benbow's eyes. He swung and fired, and made one wild leap aside—and heard the fellow go down with a crash, carrying over a chair as he fell.

Men were rushing up from the lower end of the settlement. The firing hauled around and lead began to bite more freely through the boards of this shack, the sound of it like the sharp strike of a finger against a taut sheet of paper. It dropped Benbow to his knees; and in this manner he reached the door and saw the vague whirling of men and horses beyond. The pressure McGinnis had brought to bear upon Gore's men had dislodged them from the first shack. They were giving way. They were running.

BENBOW came to his knees and cradled the rifle against his shoulder. It was point-blank range at the heaving mass shadow made by Gore's men as they fought to reach their horses. He let go on that general shadow, firing with the cold method of a marksman. He kept firing until his hammer snapped down on an empty chamber and the shadow was gone.

Benbow called, "Stop the shootin'," and walked away from the shack. His foot struck something that rolled and groaned. He could hear his outfit beating through all the shacks. He knelt down, searching for a match. The man on the ground said, "Never mind," faintly. Benbow found his match and lighted it and had his one quick look. He got up then and went on to where Izee and McGinnis stood.

The horses were coming up. Men were moving in and out of the shacks; somebody had lighted a lamp in that shack around which the fighting had centered. McGinnis said: "Damn the luck!"

Benbow called out: "Set 'em afire." He stood there, the network of trails through the Yellows unrolling before his mind's eye. The main road cut through the hills and passed on to the reservation, but it wasn't the trail Gore would take. He knew Gore too well. As long as Gore's men hung together, he would stick to the hills; and even if the outfit fell apart Gore would stay behind until he had left his mark in somebody's hide. The Running M foreman had no fear in him, and no forgiveness.

He said, as an afterthought: "How do we stand?"

"Your cook," said McGinnis, "got shot in the leg. Otherwise we were out in the dark and they couldn't hit us."

"I told the cook to stay with the horses."

"He forgot he was a cook, I guess."

"Izee, send Gippy and Rho Beam back with Best."

Light began to flicker inside the shacks. Izee went away. Gippy Collins, over by the horses, suddenly took to complaining about his luck. Day definitely crawled through the thick, snow-laced air and men's faces appeared more distinctly before him.

"Let's go," said Benbow.

"Go where?" McGinnis asked. "They're scattered all over the hills by now. This snow's hard to get through."

"Hard for them, too," said Benbow.

"They'll scatter."

"As long as there's tracks to follow, we'll follow. What did we come up here for?"

"You're the boss," said McGinnis.

THEY swung down the Cherokee trail, following the definite tracks of Gore's outfit. A mile onward they came upon a discarded hat. Benbow dismounted and nudged it over with his boot and saw its sweatband clotted with blood. There was a deep dent in the soft snow shoulders beside the trail, where somebody had fallen and had been lifted again. He pushed ahead, caution holding him to a walk. Second-growth pine crowded against the trail on either side and the way was winding and tricky, affording the risk of an ambush. Sheltered thus by the trees, they had a little relief from the wind but the snow kept driving down, turning the day duller and duller. And then, near nine o'clock in the morning, Benbow halted again. One of Gore's men sprawled full length before them in the snow, dead.

McGinnis said: "That was Joe Lane. He came on Running M two years ago. I remember him well."

Joe Lane lay face upward and somebody, touched by pity, had crossed his arms. There had been a sudden confusion in Gore's party here, for horses' hoofs churned the snow in all directions.

"Split," said McGinnis. "Most of 'em hit south toward the reservation, accordin' to this sign."

"Yes," said Benbow. But he kept watching the trail that led straight on to Cherokee. There wasn't any mark on its smooth surface—no indication of passage that way. A pair of Gore's men had apparently broken back in the direction of the Two Dance; the rest had lined out for the reservation.

"Old Apache trick," said Howland.

"Gordy," said Benbow, "you take half the outfit and go that way. The rest of us will try Cherokee. If there's no business to be had we'll catch up with you."

"They wouldn't stop in Cherokee."

"Anyhow," said McGinnis, "it's damned poor business splittin' our party. Cash is a smart soldier. Maybe that's what he wants us to do."

"No," said Benbow, "he won't leave the Yellows. Not until all hope is gone for him." And he moved into the Cherokee trail. Gordon Howland broke off to the south with half the outfit; the other half followed Benbow, with McGinnis audibly dissatisfied.

"I'd lay a bet we're walkin' into a trap."

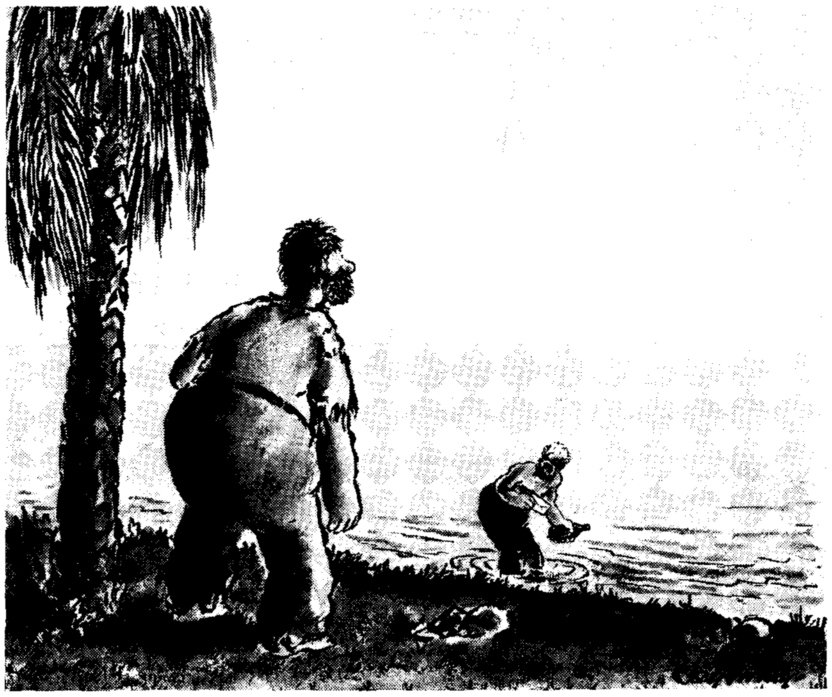
Once again George Gray broke his habitual silence: "No—I think Jim's right. Cash wouldn't leave until he had his crack at Jim."

Half an hour later the trail curved down a gradual slope and fell into the lower end of Cherokee's single street. Stopped at the edge of the timber, Benbow had a long look at that snow-blurred street. Half a dozen horses stood in front of the hotel; and one man stood by the horses with a rifle cradled across his arm, too indistinct in this weather to be identified.

"They're eatin' in the hotel," said Benbow. He turned back, motioning to his party. "We circle and get behind the hotel."

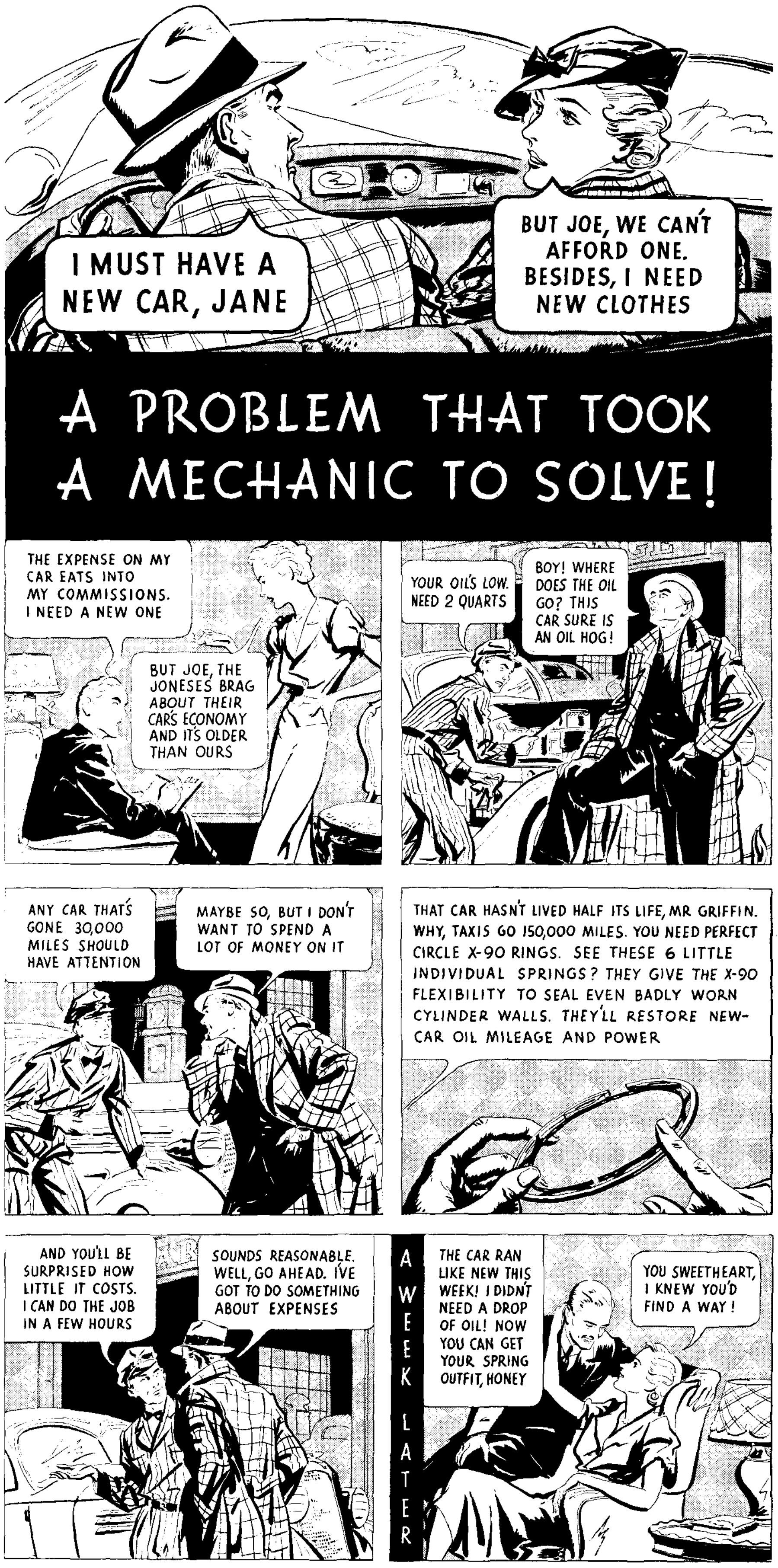
McGinnis shook his head again, and that impelled Benbow to say, gently: "I think he's in the hotel with Kell and Riley. I'd scour hell to round 'em up. The rest don't matter to me. Turn around, Nelson. We circle."

*(To be concluded next week)*



"Look! That letter we sent off in that bottle last month . . . it's come back, marked, *'Returned for Postage'!"*

JAY IRVING


I MUST HAVE A NEW CAR, JANE
BUT JOE, WE CAN'T AFFORD ONE. BESIDES, I NEED NEW CLOTHES
A PROBLEM THAT TOOK A MECHANIC TO SOLVE!
THE EXPENSE ON MY CAR EATS INTO MY COMMISSIONS. I NEED A NEW ONE
BUT JOE, THE JONESES BRAG ABOUT THEIR CAR'S ECONOMY AND IT'S OLDER THAN OURS
YOUR OIL'S LOW. NEED 2 QUARTS
BOY! WHERE DOES THE OIL GO? THIS CAR SURE IS AN OIL HOG!
ANY CAR THAT'S GONE 30,000 MILES SHOULD HAVE ATTENTION
MAYBE SO, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SPEND A LOT OF MONEY ON IT
THAT CAR HASN'T LIVED HALF ITS LIFE, MR GRIFFIN. WHY, TAXIS GO 150,000 MILES. YOU NEED PERFECT CIRCLE X-90 RINGS. SEE THESE 6 LITTLE INDIVIDUAL SPRINGS? THEY GIVE THE X-90 FLEXIBILITY TO SEAL EVEN BADLY WORN CYLINDER WALLS. THEY'LL RESTORE NEW-CAR OIL MILEAGE AND POWER
AND YOU'LL BE SURPRISED HOW LITTLE IT COSTS. I CAN DO THE JOB IN A FEW HOURS
SOUNDS REASONABLE. WELL, GO AHEAD. I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT EXPENSES
A WEEK LATER
THE CAR RAN LIKE NEW THIS WEEK! I DIDN'T NEED A DROP OF OIL! NOW YOU CAN GET YOUR SPRING OUTFIT, HONEY
YOU SWEETHEART, I KNEW YOU'D FIND A WAY!

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X-90
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"What does this pineapple juice make you think of, Joe?"
"More!"

That's the way Del Monte Pineapple Juice hits everybody! One taste invites another. Soon you're well into your second glass—and enjoying it more with every sip!

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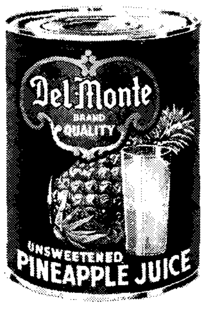


IT'S Del Monte PINEAPPLE JUICE

PURE • NATURAL • UNSWEETENED

# Orient Packet

*Continued from page 13*

Bliss said, "Enough time has been wasted. I'll take the duplicate sheets to Macao, regardless of the danger involved. If Mr. Bartlett desires an outing, he can find more suitable companions than Miss Shaw."

"You're wrong," John Richard said. "I couldn't."

Erica faced Mr. Castle. "Shall I go?" she asked.

"No," Meade said sharply.

She saw how Castle looked from one man to the other, helplessly. Meade was staring at her, but Bartlett was lighting a cigarette.

"Mr. Meade must go alone," Erica said.

John Richard drew deeply on his cigarette. That this girl, who was engaged to someone else, should have turned him upside down, was ridiculous. He had always laughed at the Bartlett tradition of the men marrying strange women. As for this Meade, he was just a stuffed shirt on the way up; Meade wished to make it appear that the Macao affair was dangerous, and so acquire merit.

On the other hand, there was the dead coolie, the stolen papers. More, John Richard remembered that the man outside, at the moment of bumping, had been trying to learn what might be under Bartlett's coat. The thing might turn out to be fun.

He looked at Meade, made up his mind that his estimation of the man was correct, and said loudly, trusting that he looked tough, "Mr. Meade goes . . . out. He's fired. Give him a month's pay, Mr. Castle, and the usual transportation home."

"I . . . I may have been hasty," Meade said. "I'm sorry, sir. I—"

THE word trailed off into silence. While Bartlett appeared to be considering, Erica wished that Bliss had told him to go to the devil; then John Richard was saying, "Very well. You can come along, too. As for you, Ricky, be at the club in an hour. In the lobby." He made swift arrangements with Castle. Then, to the girl, "I know. I hate you, too."

He went out whistling, and, whistling, entered the club; in twenty minutes he had three drinks, declined several dinner invitations, and refused the suggestion that some of the boys wanted to make up a party to take in Macao as soon as the fog lifted in a day or two.

"Going there tonight," confided John Richard, "with a lady." He took a few bets that he couldn't find a boat to make the crossing, and then began to think about the girl. If he compromised her sufficiently, what would happen? He wondered at his sudden lack of scruples. By George, he must be a throwback to Great-great-grandpop Bartlett. Grab your woman, any way. How much had it needed to compromise a girl in 1813 . . . or wasn't it done?

Who, someone was demanding, was the girl?

"You wouldn't know her," John Richard said, and then, making the dive, went on, "or perhaps you do. A girl in our office. Erica Shaw."

He heard, "She's marrying that ass number one, Bliss Meade. He's told her to get on your soft side, boy. Wants promotion." Little Ito Takamura lisped, "Bliss Meade are not best man in Hong Kong. No." An attaché farther down the bar called, "She's the daintiest thing in China. Never goes places like Macao with chaps. Bet you ten, gold, she doesn't go even with you, Johnny."

"Taken," John Richard said.

He looked at his cocktail glass. He had asked for this, and must keep his mouth shut. Bartlett felt uncomfortable and a little desperate, and so he had another cold drink; he felt better after that. As a matter of exact fact he was well able to smile when a boy told him that a lady was waiting for him, and to feel rather set up when his companions followed him out to see for themselves who she was. He took the gold notes with a flourish for his bet, was about to say something, and then saw the misery in the girl's eyes.

He didn't whistle when they were driven down to a waiting junk.

Meade was already inside. John Richard enjoyed the secrecy; it was like going back to earlier days. The packet was under his armpit, and he felt quite a conspirator. Erica entered the low cabin at once, but he remained on deck.

The junk slipped slowly into the stream, was poled forward until the current began to hurry the ungainly craft ahead. . . .

John Richard felt the motion of the sea. His family, he supposed, had sent him on this long, uncharted journey because they'd taken his nickname seriously. His playing with little ships was responsible for it, and not liquor; the gang might've called him Hanging Johnny with just as little reason. His lovely mother had warned him, "You'll be having cocktails, and you'll see a girl, and ten minutes later you'll be married. It's in the blood. But do try to pick a white one, John Richard."

The junk lifted suddenly as he walked along the deck. His head was perfectly clear; his legs steady, as he swayed; as he did, he saw a shadowy figure, naked to the waist, rush from a doorway, swinging a club. He drove in, both fists working. Another lurch of the junk, and both men fell to the deck.

Almost instantly someone was dragging at him. "Are you hurt?" he heard.

Sitting up, he saw that the prone coolie was out cold, and that the speaker was Meade. He said, "How come you didn't catch hold of the coolie instead of me? For all you knew, he might've been finishing me." John Richard stood up. "So I'm rescued," he said tonelessly. "What fun."

"I was concerned with your safety," said Meade. "I saw him rush you—"

"Thanks." It looked to Bartlett like an act, but he wished that he hadn't said what he thought. Coolie attacks boss' son. Loyal employee saves him. Pfft. He brushed the dust from his coat, nodded and walked down the deck.

He found Erica sitting on the deck.

"Mad?" he asked.

"No."

John Richard sat down beside her. "We Bartletts," he announced, "are cursed with second sight. We see a girl. No preliminaries. It's our girl. My mother thought that by calling me John Richard . . . which you can do from now on . . . she might end it. The John was supposed to do the trick. It hasn't worked." He held out his case. "Have a cigarette, Ricky?" he ended innocently.

ERICA said, "You've missed no detail. Every man at the club will go home and tell his wife . . . they're the women I'll know after I'm married to—"

"Wrong," said John Richard quickly.

Erica's heart missed a beat. He meant it. She said, "I do wish Bliss didn't mind it all so much. A night in Macao . . . of course it's tempting."

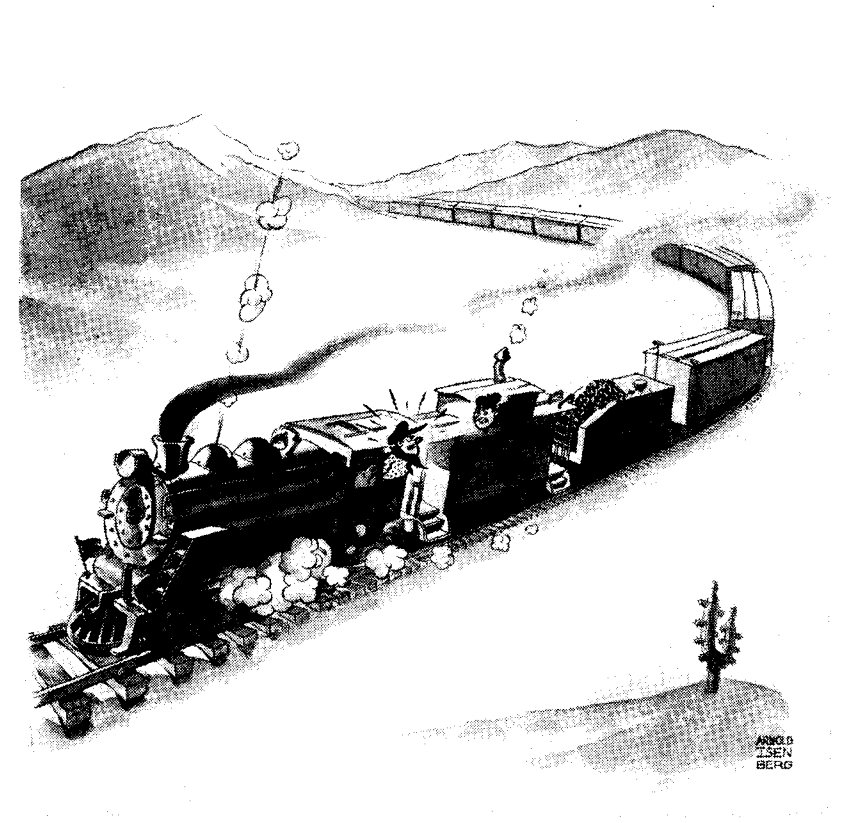
"And your job as well. Everyone must think you're working me for a sucker. You'd better practice. Say, 'I haven't a decent rag to my name,' and see what happens."

What Bartlett said concerning the venture was true, Erica knew. Bliss must be watched, not John Richard. Nor must Bartlett go directly to where the plane lay in the inner harbor. He and she must play parts. Act.

So Erica leaned toward him, saying, "Please buy me a gown, darling. I haven't a thing to wear. Can't I have a gold gown?"

"Kiss me," grinned John Richard, "and you can also have a hat."

"Hats aren't worn at night. I'll work you for slippers." Her heart beat faster. "Gold slippers. Please."



"It gets lonely way back there!"

ARNOLD ISENBERG

John Richard said, "Let's play another game."

Surprised, she glanced at him, and then a heady wine stained her cheeks. "John Richard," Erica pouted, "I simply must have slippers."

He was bending, and Erica about to move her lips from the danger zone, when Bliss Meade, noiselessly appearing, demanded, "Is this necessary?"

"I'll bet you wear rubber heels," said John Richard.

He almost liked the man, standing there so angrily. Meade was in a tough spot, and, rightly, ought to punch the boss' son on the nose. But he didn't. Then Bartlett remembered other things. Meade, without information, had said that the coolie had been stabbed. Here, on the junk, there had been a theatrical attack and rescue. If Meade (and it had been the man's idea) had taken the packet to Macao, after someone had been killed trying to do it, he'd attract the Home Office's attention. Was he still trying to accomplish this by "saving" Bartlett's life?

John Richard didn't care what promotion Meade might receive, but just looking at this girl weakened his knee joints.

LEANING against the cabin, Bartlett said, "Meade, I'm going to make you a proposition." And, John Richard thought, if you agree to it you're a skunk and ought to lose your girl. I'm ten lousy pups for even suggesting it. "A proposition. I'll guarantee you a better job than a managership." He paused, watching the other man, with the same Yankee shrewdness with which an earlier Bartlett had matched wits with Chinese mandarins. "Fifteen thousand a year."

Meade's face whitened. "What do I do?" he asked.

"You don't do anything," said John Richard. "Just keep out of sight tonight, and"—he tried to leer—"leave Miss Shaw with me."

The Taiwan current clutched at the junk. For the time it took the craft to roll twice, all three were silent. The sun was hot on the water; there was a bird perched on a basket of melons. The wizened Chinese captain sang out some nasal command. The great sail flapped, and then bellied out again.

John Richard continued looking as satyrlike as possible. Meade's hands opened and closed.

Erica whispered, "Bliss. Tell him . . ."

Water foamed at the bow, ran along the sides, and turned to creamy bubbles in the wake.

Without warning, the girl sprang up, and her open hand spatted against John Richard's cheek. She turned toward Meade, choked, and stumbled into the cabin.

Meade, voice rough, said, "She's hurt." He went on bitterly, "I'm risking my life to get to Macao. You'll take the credit. And what do you care about this contract? Nothing. You just hope there'll be plenty of profit, so you can go on with your drinking and your boasting about strange women you can have . . ."

"I'll make it twenty thousand," said John Richard.

Meade spread out his hands. "You made certain that Erica would be known as the girl who went with you to Macao. I can't remain in Hong Kong. Everyone is laughing at me. I . . . I have no choice. So . . ."

John Richard said, "Consider it settled."

He felt very rotten. If he were wrong about Meade, he'd done a miserable thing. Then, amazingly, he began to feel noble. He'd see to Meade's promotion. Make the girl happy. Die a bachelor himself.

The feeling of nobility vanished when Meade went inside; John Richard could hear him talking to Erica. Talking her around. John Richard wanted to kick something. Or have someone kick him.

He didn't see either of them again until the junk slid through the inner harbor of Macao, with the hills a succession of low mounds, liquid black lacquer against a vermilion sunset sky. Other Bartletts had had luck with their strange women. Perhaps the strain was thinning out. As far as the specifications and designs which made up the packet were concerned, he had forgotten entirely about them.

Macao was like a Portuguese seaport village, all tinted houses and thrusting steeples. Once, long ago, it had been important, but when the British acquired Hong Kong, Macao's trade had disappeared. It was now only a place for pleasure.

A sampan was alongside the anchored junk before Erica came on deck. She said, "I'm ready," so wearily that Bartlett's cigarette shook between his fingers.

He said, "Ah," because it was all he could think to say.

"We've talked it over," Erica told him. "We'll all land together. Bliss will go at once to the company connection here. He'll see if he's followed. You and I can look at the shops before dinner. If Bliss has been watched, and he will be, you and I can dance, go to the gambling places. We'll set a time, and when it comes, Bliss will start for the quay where the Orient Packet lies, and so will we. If he waits for us, we'll know it is safe to give him the specifications. If he isn't around, he will be acting as a decoy to allow us to get to the plane."

"Sounds sensible," John Richard said.

"Then . . . after that . . . after that . . . I . . ."

He was unable to help her finish the sentence. She meant it; she was promising herself to him. Because she loved Meade. John Richard wondered if anyone would ever love him that much.

He said harshly, watching their bags being lowered into the sampan, "I've changed my mind. It's all damned nonsense. We'll get a policeman to escort us to the quay, and then I'm going to turn in. I'm sick of the whole affair."

"We've tried that before. The time our plans for locomotives were stolen." She said wanly, "We were laughed at, and refused protection. Only the stolen plans were not the right ones, and the engines wouldn't run after the Japanese built them. If you go to the police . . . you'll tip our hand entirely."

"Then I'll go to the quay and turn 'em over myself."

"And if something happens to you, you can guess what the company will do about Bliss. This isn't New York. It's the Orient."

John Richard said, "You think a lot about Meade, don't you?"

THEY landed; they walked along the Santa Casa della Misericordia with its salmon-colored walls turning hazy in the dimming light; they saw the old cathedral with the curious figures in relief . . . a skeleton, a devil, a palm tree, a caravel sailing across the Beast of the Apocalypse.

Skillfully, John Richard tried to make the girl forget what had happened, and it was she, recognizing this, who said, in a little French shop, "Cinderella." There was the gold gown and stockings and slippers, and a lacy black mantilla . . . there was dinner, with amber cocktails and an old Madeira such as Bartletts had sipped in Canton. Lazy cigarettes. Brandy and benedictine. Aromatic coffee.

When Erica and John Richard left the hotel, the city was no longer a peaceful place in late tropic sunshine; they soon came to a street blazing with light, where almond-eyed maids with rouged lips lounged at every other doorway. Lettered lanterns promised "first-class honest gambling" . . . opium vendors were

(Continued on page 48)

# Your razor blade need no longer scrape your skin

NOT GREASY
WON'T CLOG RAZOR
NO BRUSH NEEDED

## New-type shave cream forms a protective film which allows blade to cut off whiskers without scraping or irritating your face

DOES your face feel tender after shaving? HERE'S WHY:

The thin outside layer of your skin is made up of horny little scales—like the scales of a fish.

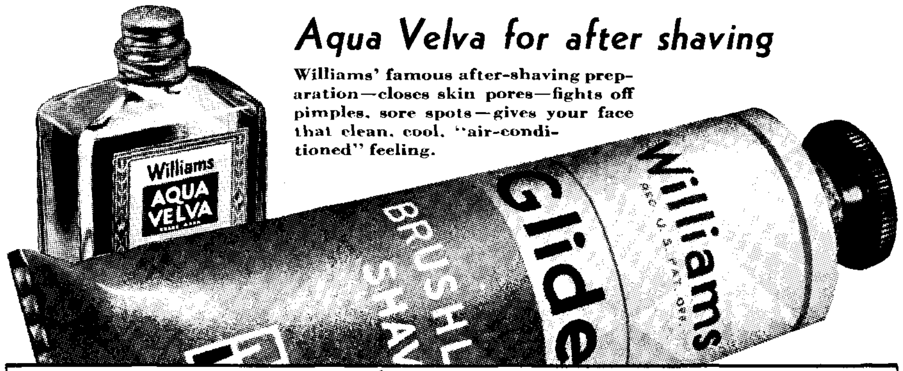
Many men, when they shave, tear and rip this scaly surface with their razor blades. Naturally, this daily scraping of the skin leaves the face raw and sensitive.

A new type of shaving cream has now been developed that covers these horny scales with a protective film. Your razor glides over this thin film swiftly, smoothly. Cuts off each whisker at the base without scraping the skin.

This new shave cream is called GLIDER. You spread it on with your fingers—never use a brush!

Glider has a soothing action. It leaves your skin soft and fresh—never greasy or sticky. And it won't clog your razor!

Try a tube of Glider tomorrow. In a few days, sore spots and ingrown hairs will disappear.



**Aqua Velva for after shaving**

Williams' famous after-shaving preparation—closes skin pores—fights off pimples, sore spots—gives your face that clean, cool, "air-conditioned" feeling.

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**Generous introductory tube of Glider**
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. Please send me a free tube of Glider—Williams' new "No-Brush" Shave Cream.

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CO-2

NO APPETITE—COULDN'T SLEEP!

● Don't tell *me* about old-fashioned laxatives! While I wasted time on them, my constipation got worse. My breath was offensive. Nightmares ruined my sleep. Even the sight of food made me sick. My complexion? Well, let's not go into *that!* Then I did myself a big favor by taking my druggist's tip. "Try FEEN-A-MINT," he said, "it's *different!*"

BUT IT'S DIFFERENT NOW!

● When FEEN-A-MINT frees accumulated wastes, life is brighter at once. Constipation's bilious headaches go. Natural appetite returns. A cleared intestine helps bring back the natural joy of youth, the normal sleep of childhood. Why not put *yourself* in this thrilling picture? FEEN-A-MINT tastes so good, acts so *differently*

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NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

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*(Continued from page 47)*

everywhere, with open doors showing the bare ascetic beds where smokers lay. . . .

Bartlett soon found the gaudiest of the gambling places, and took Erica to a balcony overlooking the floor. He ordered champagne. "It makes you look like a real sucker," he explained to the girl. "It . . . watch! Here's the first count."

On the floor below, entirely surrounded by rows of Chinese, was a long table, on which was a huge heap of Chinese coins. An old Chinese at the end of the table scooped a smaller pile from the larger one, covering it with a copper bowl. The betting began. Chinese pushed money forward, all howling at the same time, until Erica couldn't see how the attendants knew what was being wagered. The Chinese around her had baskets to which cords were attached; bank notes were put in them, and, after being lowered, the bettor shouted a number. One, two, three or four.

Champagne, and a basket, arrived. Bartlett tasted the wine, made a wry face, and said, "Let's break the bank." He put a hundred-dollar note in the wicker, lowered it, and held up three fingers.

"You know how it's done," Erica said.

"I know everything which isn't worth doing." Good Lord, she mustn't think he was sorry for himself. "Watch. Mebbeso catch lotsa money now."

Erica, in the smoke-filled gloom, put her hand on his. "Do you ever mean what you say, John Richard?"

That was dangerous. Better a cryptic answer. "Would it make any difference if I did?"

Did she say, "I don't know," under her breath? John Richard couldn't ask, because someone was shouting, "Hi, boy! Johnny!" and, when he turned, he left her with an apology. He was back quickly. It was, he told her, only another drunk. One of his companions.

"But look here," John Richard went on, "I want to know—"

"What're they doing down there?" asked Erica hastily.

THE croupier had uncovered the heap of cash, and counted them four at a time. There was dead silence. Coolies who had ventured a few cash stood inhaling audibly. The fat merchants in the balcony never took their eyes from the diminishing pile of coins . . . until there were only three remaining. John Richard pulled up a basket filled with money.

"Gambling," he said, "is dull."

"It's tinsel to you. You've never decided between breakfast and stockings. I've never tasted champagne." Drinking deeply, she said, "I like it," and John Richard refilled the glass. "I want to forget everything," said Erica. "Everything."

"Me?"

"You most of all. Bet all of the money on three." The number won again. "My lucky night," breathed Erica. Her cheeks were bright. "Your lucky night." Fiercely, she clutched at his hand.

"You," said the seducer, "are going to the hotel and get some sleep."

Erica jeered, "Boston! Waste my new gown? I'm not drunk. Don't think I am. I'm your . . . your drunken companion for the night. Tomorrow—"

"You'll have a head," said John Richard.

A slow walk along the cool quay would be good for her; it was nearing the time set for the meeting. He could guess how wretched she must be feeling. To love a man, and find him wanting. There could be nothing worse.

She went willingly, without argument; when they were on the quay John Richard remembered something. "Look here," he said, "I'd better tell you that I've—"

"There's Bliss," said Erica. "You've been sweet to me, John Richard. But Bliss . . . he's hurt me. I . . . I want to hurt him in return. I don't know why. I do. I think he sees us." She lifted her mouth to his; even as he kissed her, John Richard knew that she was crying.

They clung together on the quay, until a shout, sheer terror in it, pulled them apart. Bartlett ran toward the sound with the kiss sweet on his lips.

The moon was high now, on the two harbors, on the long mile the Orient Packet needed in which to take off. Bartlett could no longer see Meade's dark figure . . . but he saw a group of men . . . was on them. He struck swiftly, never closing in, driving smaller men from Meade, who, concealed before, was on the stones of the quay. John Richard's blood pounded as he weaved in and out; he saw the flash of a knife. Four or five men, when someone hidden in the shadow of a building shouted a command, danced about Bartlett. Someone was on his back. As he turned, with the burden, his coat, shirt, were ripped from him. Hands were all over him, but he remained on his feet, hurling one after another of the smaller lithe men away. . . .

The voice called out again, in Japanese. Instantly, everyone except the two white men was running. Meade was flat on his back; John Richard was remembering what had been shouted.

It was Meade who whimpered, "They've almost killed me—"

"What they did," said John Richard, "is nothing to what I'm thinking of doing. You certainly went the whole hog." He pulled Meade to his feet. "You couldn't deliver the specifications, could you? Somebody who was watching me—I didn't see who it was, either—knew you didn't have 'em and couldn't get 'em. The Japanese just jumped me to make sure I wasn't fooling them. . . ."

Erica said, "I don't understand—"

"The original plan, I believe," John Richard explained, "was for Meade to tell me that he wasn't being watched. I give him the packet. He's attacked, and it is taken. He's almost killed in a phony fight. He gets promoted because of his valor and suffering, along with whatever fat reward the Japanese promised him."

"But . . . the specifications . . ."

"I was going to tell you. I saw one of the Orient Packet pilots in the gambling joint. He had plenty of tough boys with him, and it seemed safe to give the stuff to him. There were Portuguese officials showing them the town, too." John Richard was suddenly tired of the entire performance. "So he's yours. He has a job. I don't go back on promises. You have a couple of thousand which you won tonight. Buy yourself a cake knife for a wedding present."

ERICA said, not looking at Meade, "Think what . . . you like . . . but you promised to . . . walk . . . with me." It was too dark for him to see her face, but when she put her hand on his arm he moved off with her. "Thank you," she said.

"I didn't give the Packet pilot the specifications because I'm smart," John Richard said. "I had an idea that if I did it you wouldn't need to meet Meade. That you'd stay with me. That . . ."

"I'm with you now," Erica said.

The long stone quay angled seaward. They saw, moored to it, with guards about, the silver wings of the American seaplane, and the sight of it did something to John Richard. Here were pioneers . . . courage, adventure, romance weren't dead, nor had American enterprise given up the battle. Not yet. Not ever.

Wings across the Pacific . . . like the wings of the early China packets and clippers . . . once, gunpowder tea and silks and gold lacquers had been carried. Now it was silver bullion and specifications for machinery. The Orient Packet in 1937. Only after America dared such things did anyone attempt to follow; against such spirit, imitation or chicanery were useless. He had always smiled tolerantly when Grandfather Bartlett said, "these United States" . . . he would never smile at that again.

He said to Erica, "You're tired." He looked down at the oval of her face, and then, although she said nothing, "Ricky. Don't look at me like that."

"I can't help it. Think what you like. I can't help it."

Then, as if he would never stop, John Richard was kissing her.

"You can't be tired," he said. "Why, I'm the super-Richard of them all. I've got me my woman." With his arm around her, he turned and faced the gleaming Orient Packet: he began to bellow:

*"A Yankee ship came down the river,*
*Her masts and sails they shone like silver . . .*

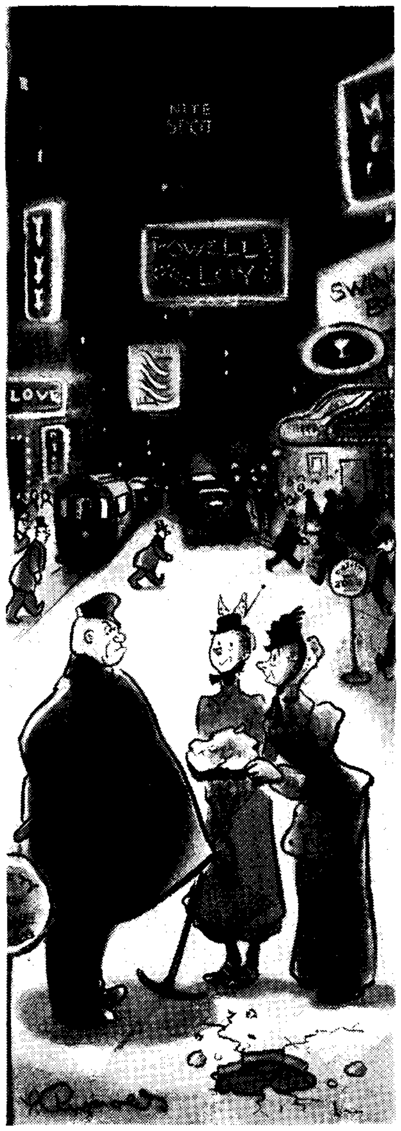
"Oh, Rickey, I love you, love you. I—"

Someone inside the great seaplane stuck out his head. "John Richard," the pilot called, "Hi, Johnny! You feelin' pretty good, boy?"

"Good?" yelled John Richard. "Good? Why, I'm the Emperor of China. I'm the Mikado. I feel wonderful. So go back to sleep." He cupped Erica's chin with his hand; very soberly, because it meant so much, he said, "I love you, Ricky. I'll tell you that all my life."

He supposed that the glittering wings and hull of the plane, in the moonlight, had struck sparks into her eyes; then he knew that she was crying. He was suddenly wise, was John Richard.

"I'm happy, too," he said.



**"We have souvenirs of the Grand Canyon, a tiny chip of Gibraltar —surely you won't begrudge us a little slice of Broadway!"**

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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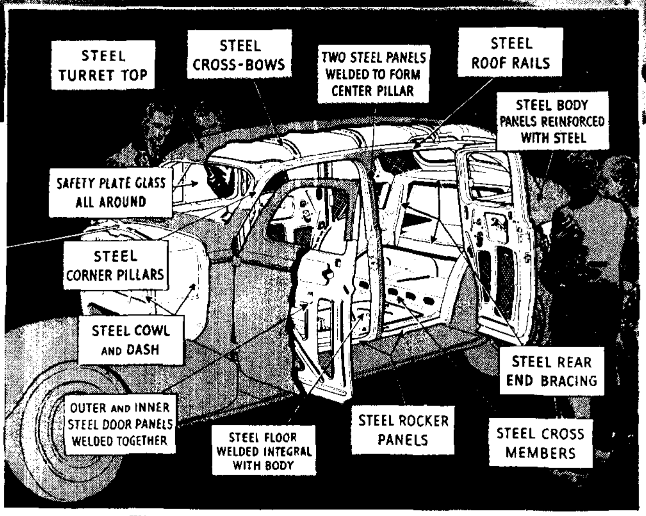
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STEEL CROSS-BOWS
TWO STEEL PANELS WELDED TO FORM CENTER PILLAR
STEEL ROOF RAILS
STEEL BODY PANELS REINFORCED WITH STEEL
SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND
STEEL CORNER PILLARS
STEEL COWL AND DASH
STEEL REAR END BRACING
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*The inside story of Unisteel construction*

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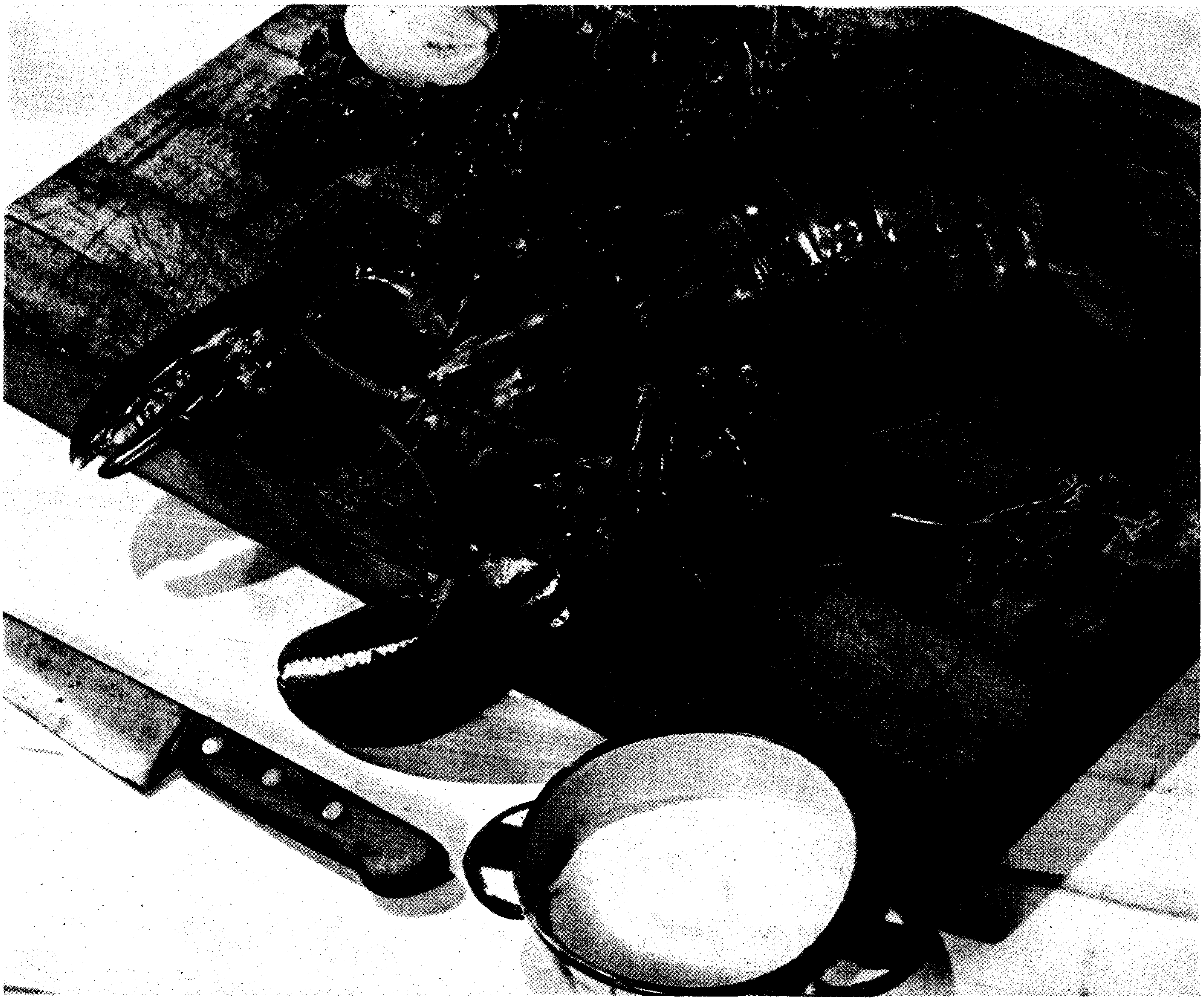

Pessimists contend that the fast-disappearing lobster will be a museum exhibit within four or five years

# Greedy for Lobster

## By Bertram B. Fowler

*Broiled lobster spells a fine time for everyone—except the lobster and the lobster fisherman. It's fun for the consumer and a nice profit for hotels, restaurants and fish stores. But they have been too greedy about it, and, unless something is done, the industry will fold up on them. Connecticut has shown the way. It's high time to pay attention*

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY LEIGH IRWIN—NICHOLAS LANGEN

FRED PERLEY had a ragged little book. He unshipped it from the sou'east pocket of his dungarees when we asked him why he was dickering with Earl Beals for some trawl gear.

Fred was a lobster fisherman. He had been a lobster fisherman for twenty years. Before that his father had been a lobster fisherman. Fred's grandfather had taken lobsters out of that section of Moosebeck Bay for a good many years before that. The general belief seems to be that the family line has come to the end of its profession.

"I'm goin' to need some trawl gear to make a livin' fer the next four, five years." Fred's mind seemed to be lost in the columns of figures in his little book. He came up out of the figures with a wry grin. "I'm one hundred dollars behind on the year's lobsterin'. You figger that out, mister. I've gone out to my traps every day. The gasoline and oil I've burned up and the bait I've bought total up to just a hundred dollars more than I got for the lobsters I caught."

"But," we asked, "why four or five years trawling? Do you believe that the lobsters are going to come back in that time?"

Fred's grin grew wider and, if possible, more wry. "Mister," he said feelingly, "in four or five years we'll be catchin' lobsters fer the aquariums and natural-history museums. I cal'late there'll be good money collectin' specimens."

Just across the cove from the wharf on which Fred held forth so pessimistically the Green Lantern Inn was serving a shore dinner on which broiled live lobster held the position of honor for $1.50. A few miles farther down the coast the Grand Eastern Hotel served a much more pretentious dinner for $2.50. As far as we could remember the price of a shore dinner fell within this range. In the face of Fred's figures it all sounded rather cockeyed.

### Headaches Along the Maine Coast

But Fred had more figures. He came up morosely with the latest ones. He kicked the tub with the layer of lobsters on its bottom with feeling and said, "I've been lobsterin' today. I took out a dollar and half in bait. I figger I burned up another dollar in gas. I've got me there thirteen pounds of lobsters fer which I'll get twenty cents a pound. You figger it fer yourself, mister. It makes my head ache."

Going along the coast we found a lot of headaches

*(Continued on page 64)*

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EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* © *Home Office,* NEWARK, N. J.

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*Right now and every day after* build good general resistance

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One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

# Ace with Nine Lives

*Continued from page 22*

memory of people all over the world; and the Aero Club of Munich, profoundly impressed by them, had scornfully abandoned the flying of kites and sailing of toy boats in favor of experiments with diminutive airplane models, made by the members themselves.

These machines, of the "glider" type, were only a couple of feet or so in length. Their owners were well pleased if, when they were launched with a shove of the hand, the machines glided a yard before crashing ignominiously. And if one kept in the air for a distance of three meters, or slightly over three yards, the whole club would cheer madly and the lucky competitor would receive the enthusiastic congratulations of his fellow members and be presented with a certificate, duly signed and countersigned, officially recording the wonderful achievement.

One of these documents, issued more than a quarter of a century ago, is still proudly preserved by Udet.

In 1912, when the club's oldest members were sixteen and the youngest were approaching the ripe age of thirteen, the activities which had until then absorbed their attention began to seem far too tame. The time had come, the members felt, for real flying, in machines which could carry a passenger and achieve flights of such lengths as to make three meters look ridiculous.

## The Code of the Air

The pioneer in this daring development was Ernst Udet. With a rude "glider," made by him and the club's president, the entire membership trooped forth to the village of Niederaschau, near Munich. Amid immense excitement, Udet "took off" from a hillock. Almost immediately the machine pointed straight earthward, ripped itself to pieces on a tree and sent its young pilot hurtling through the air like a frog to a most undignified landing, flat on his stomach, in a cabbage patch.

Pale with foreboding, the Aero Club of Munich rushed in among the cabbages. But the flyer was quite undamaged—the Udet luck, destined to become legendary in Germany, here had its first demonstration. As he rose to his feet, much ashamed of himself, the villagers of Niederaschau, who also had come hurrying to the spot, burst into loud peasant laughter. Whereupon the president of the club, turning to them with great dignity, explained:

"The magnetic attraction of the earth in the vicinity of your village is so strong as to make flying impossible!"

And, gathering up the wreck of the machine, the club trudged away dejectedly toward home.

Two years later came the World War.

Ernst Udet, not yet nineteen, more passionately interested in aviation than ever, made such persistent efforts to get into the German air forces that, despite his youthfulness, he was eventually accepted and assigned to a flyers' training camp.

Soon he had become one of Germany's most successful and daring aces, with a whole string of aerial victories credited to him—also a whole string of those sensational narrow escapes which, even to the present day, despite his forty-one years, remain his specialty.

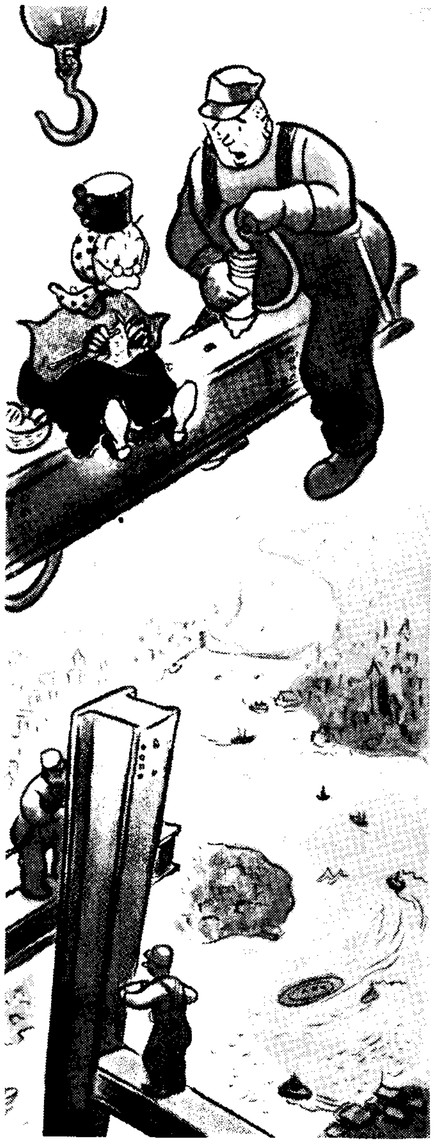
Still comparatively a novice at the perilous game of air fighting, he was flying one day over the Champagne front in France when a French machine came swooping toward him. It did not take the German long to guess that he had encountered a rival of extraordinary skill and audacity; and when he read the words *"le vieux"*—the old fellow—painted in big black letters on the other's plane, the guess became a certainty.

Guynemer's sign! Udet knew now that his work was cut out for him. One of his best friends had, a little while before, fallen a victim to this celebrated flyer's deadly efficiency. Would he himself be the next?

The French pilot, having got himself into an advantageous position at last, let fly at Udet. Bullets peppered the little German's machine. He curved and swooped with a growing realization that only if he gave his very best could he come out alive from that fight.

And then his machine gun jammed!

He tried every trick to get it working again, hammered at it desperately with his hands, but all his efforts were useless. "Done for!" He was at the mercy of his opponent. He got ready to die.



**"—but I feel funny, Maw. None of th' other fella's mothers come t'watch them!"**

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

But Guynemer, watching, hawklike, his foe's every move, had seen the other's deadly predicament. For such a chivalrous knight there could be only one course.

Instead of finishing Udet off, sending him crashing downward, riddled with bullets, Guynemer swooped past, without firing another shot; and, when he was so close that the German could see his face plainly, he smiled and waved his hand. In another instant he had vanished. The code of the air! He had understood. He could not kill a helpless enemy.

Udet's exploits and escapes in the war were so many that it is hard to pick any out for special mention. Once, early in his flying career, he encountered a squadron of twenty-three French planes, swooped daringly into its midst, brought down the plane of its commanding officer, and disappeared before any of the remaining twenty-two could wreak vengeance. Another time he found himself opposed to five English aviators, shot down three of them—"quite in the style of Guynemer," he afterward remarked—and made off before the other two could recover from their stupefaction.

Small wonder that such a daredevil soon attracted the attention of Manfred von Richthofen. "I think you're ripe for us," the renowned leader of the Flying Circus remarked casually one day, after questioning Udet concerning his previous record. A few days later he joined Richthofen's group.

Once his plane, riddled with shots from an enemy, plunged downward. The young flyer, trying vainly to steer it, glanced at the landscape below, seemingly rushing straight at him, and thought to himself: So this is where I am going to die.

I'll be unrecognizable, he reflected further. Lo will weep—(Lo was a young lady in Munich, whom he admired enormously). Mother will—

All the while, despite his fatalistic thoughts, he was struggling to loosen his parachute. Finally he jumped. But the parachute got caught on a tip of the plane, now plunging earthward at a terrific rate. It was some seconds before he succeeded in disentangling parachute and plane; and a few seconds after that the parachute opened, saving his life in the very nick of time.

After the war was over, Udet, feeling that flying was the only thing he really knew and cared about, decided to become a professional stunt flyer, a decision destined to bring him fame which, though of a different sort, was almost as great as his fame as an air fighter. In any sort of old plane he could lay his hands on—the manufacture of new ones had been forbidden to Germany by the Versailles Treaty—he turned somersaults, dropped down onto sheets of ice, flew around mountain peaks, landed calmly on the edge of glaciers and as calmly took off from them.

## "We're Flying Again"

Ernst Udet, I am convinced, never really lives unless he is flying—preferably at the imminent risk of his neck. There may be good moments for him there at his big desk in the big Berlin Air Ministry; it is doubtless pleasant for him to reflect that he has become Chief of the Technical Department of that ministry—a long way, surely, from those boyish beginnings with the Aero Club of Munich! All very pleasant, undoubtedly.

But not like flying! Nothing like it at all! Ernst Udet's whole character and his whole career, it seems to me, are summed up in something he said when he was first earning his livelihood by doing aerial stunts; by repeating, as a means of getting his bread and butter, the acrobatic tricks which he had employed in wartime for the discomfiture of enemies.

An old comrade, also reduced to the same sort of thing, growled to him one day:

"Isn't it awful to think that what used to be deadly earnest is now just showing off!"

"It is," agreed Udet, "but—*we're flying again!*"

# Keep Punching

*Continued from page 18*

resources and went into the contracting business.

"Why not come in with me?" their father asked mildly.

"We want to be on our own," the two sons declared stoutly.

"When you get into any trouble come and see your old man," Dutton senior chuckled, but they never figured on getting into any difficulty. What did their old man know about contracting anyway? Well, it was true that he was the biggest man in his field in western Canada; it was true that he had built most of the railroads and dams in the West. But Red and Jack had even bigger ideas. They bought a tent, a scraper, a second-hand truck, a cooking camp and went into business. The fourteen hundred dollars lasted nearly six months, too, and then they were broke again. But what of it?

### The Fans Get Their Money's Worth

Red could play hockey. He played hockey all winter, saved his money and each spring went back into the contracting business. By now he really knew something about it and occasionally his father would sublet a small bit of business to him. Well, now let's skip to the summer of 1926. Red Dutton is up in the wilds of Alberta knocking over trees, cutting rock out of the way and removing earth at nine and one-half cents per cubic yard. New York has come into the National Hockey League. Hockey is big business now and hockey is after the best players available. Dutton by now had established himself as one of the greatest of defense players. Lester Patrick went after him for the New York team. Eddie Gerard was managing the Montreal Maroons and he finally located Red digging holes in the earth up in the Northwest woods.

"Your old league is disbanded," Gerard told Red. "Better sign up with me."

"But Lester Patrick offered me four thousand dollars to play with New York," Red protested.

"Chicken feed," Gerard snorted. "You're a free agent now. I'll give you a salary of six thousand dollars and a bonus of six thousand dollars for signing."

Red gasped. He thought of money in terms of removing earth at nine and one-half cents per cubic yard. You'd have to dig a lot of ground to make twelve thousand dollars.

"I'll sign," Dutton said weakly.

He remained with the Maroons until 1931 when he was sold to the New York Americans and he's been with them ever since. Last year he was a playing manager and he brought the star-spangled crew to the Stanley Cup play-offs. It was the second time in eleven years that the Americans had finished that high. The Rangers, long the favorites of New York hockey fans, had to take second place last year. Dutton had a fighting crew that always gave the fans a run for their money.

One night before an important game Dutton was reading the riot act to his team. He had been diagraming plays on a blackboard and he had been telling them in choice Canadian phraseology just what to do to the opposition that night. He stood there in front of the blackboard with a piece of chalk in his hand and just then the referee stuck his head inside the door and yelled, "One minute."

The players started to file out. Then Dutton had an inspiration.

"Above all," he roared, "tonight I want you to keep punching."

Almost unconsciously his hand strayed to the blackboard and in large white letters he wrote—"Keep punching."

The team lost a tough one that night. They kept punching all right, but the other team punched harder. They trooped into the dressing room after the game, tired, a bit discouraged, and considerably banged up. Dutton, tight-lipped, stood there looking at them and then, without a word, he took up that piece of chalk and under the words "Keep Punching" he added "But Hard."

This year they have kept on punching. In New York they are called the Wrecking Crew. They get into more fights with referees and opposing players than any team in the league. Usually Dutton leads the scraps. Yet Red doesn't think that hockey is a rough game. Football, he thinks, is much rougher.

We sat there on that bench watching morning practice and talking about hockey. The players were taking long shots at the cage. Roy Worters crouched in front of it, stopping one after another, calling derisively to his teammates.

"Hockey isn't rough?" I asked Dutton. "Remember what happened to Roy last year?"

Dutton shrugged his shoulders. "That wasn't much."

The Americans were playing Boston. Three Boston men roared down the ice. One of them flipped the rubber disk to the side. Roy's defense men harried them and finally all of them wound up in a mad melee in front of the cage. The puck caromed crazily from stick to stick. A Boston man finally nabbed it, took aim, and then Roy came out to stop the shot. Boston offense men, American defense men and Roy all went down with Roy underneath, trying to dodge slashing sticks and wildly waving skates. Finally Roy got up, spit out five teeth, and said, "Is there a doctor in the house."

Ten minutes later he was on a table and a doctor was sewing his lower lip together. He had to sew it inside and outside. It was a neat job of hemstitching. When he finished, Roy looked like a Ubangi savage. Twenty-two stitches were wrapped around his lip. P. S. He was in the nets two nights later against the Rangers.

"Why not?" Dutton said. "His hands were all right, his legs were all right, and he could see. A little thing like that never bothers a player like Roy or Tommy Anderson or Art Chapman."

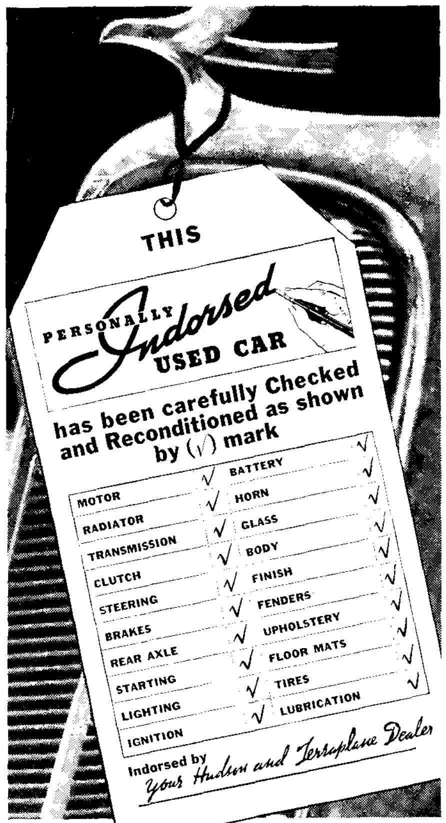
### Filling the Penalty Box

(Four days after I talked to Dutton, Roy Worters collapsed after a terrific struggle against the Rangers. An examination disclosed a severe abdominal injury and they hurried Roy to the hospital, where he was operated upon. He will probably never play hockey again. Hockey isn't rough?)

Hockey experts analyzing the team say it's mediocre but Dutton just shrugs his shoulders. "We're no world beaters," he admits. "But any team that licks us knows it's been in a fight. Our gang pulls together. We have no prima donnas on the club. We've had more accidents this year than any club I ever saw. We've had bad luck all around and if you ask me we've lost many a game because the officials clamped down on us when we started getting a little rough. My men spend half their time in the penalty box. But I don't mind as long as they keep punching."

"But hard?" I suggested.

Red smiled with satisfaction and he said, "But hard."



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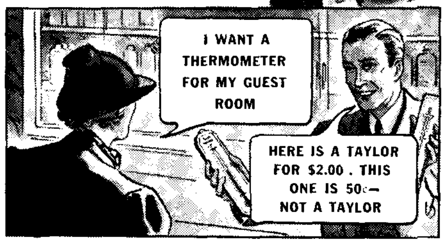
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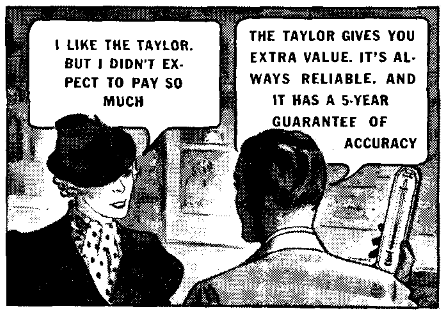
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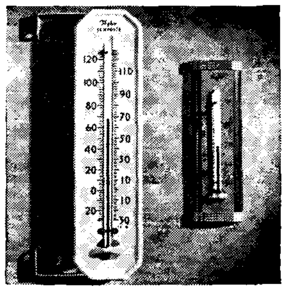

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**. . . if you had a Barbasol Face"**

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It takes a "Barbasol Face"—a soft, firm skin, kept young and handsome looking by the soothing, after-shaving effects of Barbasol.

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No brush, no lather, no rub-in—Barbasol gives the quickest, easiest shave you ever had, and your skin feels sweet sixteen. Ask your druggist for a tube of Barbasol today. You'll love it. And so will the ladies; that is, we mean, the wonderful effect it has on *your* face. Large tube, 25¢; giant size, 50¢. And for 15¢, five scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades.

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# Guzzle and Gaze

*Continued from page 21*

Casino big business by any standard. It is such big business that the same management now have the Casino de Parisienne in Chicago, the French Casino at Miami Beach, the London Casino, and Les Ambassadeurs in Paris.

"And it all arose out of the fact that the builders of the Earl Carroll theater had the place dumped back on their hands when a second mortgage went blooey," says Monte Proser, the press agent.

The theater had been built for Earl Carroll by his Texas backer, Edrington. The actual construction job had been handled by the firm of Shapiro and Haring at a cost of $3,000,000. It was reputed to be the most beautiful theater in existence, but that didn't help when the Carroll shows began to flop and the depression struck Broadway. So Carroll was out and Shapiro and Haring were in. About that time they joined with their friend Louis Blumenthal, also a builder, and as a starter tried to revive vaudeville on Broadway.

### Flop, Flop, Flop

"George Jessel, the Ritz Brothers and a big chorus," says Mr. Proser, "and all they lost was $100,000. Then they tried Russian Grand Opera, which stank up the place and lost them another wad. After that they went in for a continuous-run movie policy and managed to get as few guests into the place as could possibly be imagined."

At this juncture they heard about a company going by the name of the Folies Bergère, which had been brought over for the Chicago World's Fair by Clifford C. Fischer, couldn't get a theater to play in on the grounds and finally landed at the old Rainbow Gardens, which had long since seen its best days. At the request of the three helpless builders, Proser's partner, Marc Lachmann, went out to Chicago to see the show.

"A regular honky-tonk," reported Lachmann, holding his nose.

But the Shapiro-Haring-Blumenthal combination was desperate. They hired the show and then began to prepare the Earl Carroll theater for it.

And of course the show was a smash hit. The crowd went wacky about Olympe Bradna, who is now in movies; about the marvelous Manginis, strong-man outfit, and about the cancan and the general Frenchy air of the performance. There have been five shows since and all hits. The average weekly business is around $55,000 and there have been weeks as high as $80,000.

The checking concession alone is worth $50,000 a year to the management, being leased out at that figure. The average check at the Casino is $4.16 (at the Ritz-Carlton it is $8 and at the London Casino it is $8.75, through consistent wine buying by the Britishers). The show is advertised on the basis of a minimum meal of $2.50 (a tilt of 50 cents on all meals Saturday night). The steak dinner is $4 week nights, $4.50 Saturdays.

"The money is made on liquor," say the Casino people. "We figure to break even on the show and food."

The extent of the profit can be gleaned from the fact that the Casino bill for liquor purchased, wholesale, runs to $250,000 a year. On an estimate, the profit on such sales runs about five to one, indicating a minimum yearly profit for the institution of $1,250,000.

The paradox of the French Casino show is that it wouldn't get anywhere as a Broadway attraction and yet it is terrific competition for Broadway. The typical Broadway musical of the present day is fast-moving, satirical and humorous. If the people want spectacle they can get it at the Radio City Music Hall. The sort of thing Fischer is doing at the Casino belongs with the old Winter Garden shows. The secret is that he utilizes lights, scenery, the revolving stage and costumes and gives it with a free meal, or vice versa. It is not a question of having dinner at the Casino and then going on to the theater. The Casino show starts at 8 and is not over until 10. Thus it is a direct and dangerous rival of Broadway.

Clifford C. Fischer, who produces the shows, is a man of sixty who was furnishing acts for American theaters as far back as 1900. He spotted numbers in such famous old cabarets and restaurants as Bustanoby's and Delmonico's when the century was young and later he became a booker of European acts for the American vaudeville stage. The Casino shows are almost entirely foreign, the last boatload of French and English girls constituting a group of 68 carried by the Normandie and admitted by the immigration officials under bond.

When the Casino buys, it does it in quantity. They get in 250 pieces of beef a week (125 steers), 1,000 pounds of peas, 1,000 pounds of potatoes, 1,000 pounds of lima beans, 500 pounds of spinach, 24 dozen broilers a day. The meat for Miami Beach is bought in New York and shipped twice a week by boat. Purchases for Chicago are also arranged by the New York office.

There was a rumpus in the Casino last winter when a guest refused to pay an extra fifty-cent charge which is laid on people dining in the first three rows. He insisted he was gypped and there was a to-do about it.

"We do that," explain the Casino people, "to keep the captains honest. If you pay that fifty cents, you're sure of a close-up seat for the show. Otherwise you'll be bribing the headwaiters. They've been known to make as much as $400 a week out of that choice-location graft."

### The Girls March On

There are also complaints that the liquor is not as potent as it might be but the Casino insists that the effect is different because they are serving the finest liquors instead of rotgut which knocks your teeth out on first contact. However, nothing seems to matter. The crowds pile in, the profits pile up and the girls continue to march. A checkup has established that during the first ten weeks of a show the crowds are divided into sixty per cent New Yorkers and forty per cent out-of-towners. After that the percentages are reversed. A look around the place also makes it evident that the majority of guests belong in the category of middle-aged married couples. The young ones who simply want to eat and dance can get by cheaper elsewhere.

I graciously allowed my friend Ward Little to foot the bill, just to give him a notion of what New York was like, but he was so pleased with life in general he didn't seem to mind. He was still bubbling as we came out into the lobby and started bucking the line of captains to get to the checkroom.

"Thought I'd die laughing at those two tramps," said Mr. Little, as he struggled with his coat and tried to snag a quarter out of his vest pocket for the tip.

"I don't suppose you noticed the chorus at all," said Mrs. Little, who was making little dabs at her nose with her powder puff.

# I Love You Again

*Continued from page 17*

They started toward the stairway. Kay gazed after them, started to say something, changed her mind, and then addressed the two women servants.

"Any calls?"

"Yassum. But they was fo' Mistah Wilson."

Jason whispered in Larry's ear: "Take it easy."

"Who were they?" inquired Larry.

"Well, suh, Mistuh Campbell called."

"Oh, yes . . ."

"An' Mistuh Duncan—he's been callin' frequent."

"I see. Anybody else?"

"Yassuh: One gemmun says fo' you to call him right away as soon as you git rested."

"Who was that, Ernestine?"

"He didn't give no name, suh. He jist say fo' you to call the districk attorney's office."

JASON ROUNTREE tapped on the door of Larry's room, slipped inside and said, "We'll have to work fast."

Larry nodded. He was looking at Jason with new eyes and fresh gratitude. The roly-poly little man with the slightly-too-obvious raiment was proving a tower of strength: quiet, sincere and purposeful. Larry found himself reflecting that the speak-easy business must have been excellent training for the emergencies of life. Here he was—bewildered. But not Mr. Rountree. That gentleman was polishing his glasses and smoothing the black, grosgrain ribbon. His voice was steady.

"I got a little scared downstairs, Larry."

"Why?"

"Looked like your morale was preparing to crack."

"It felt that way, too."

There was no indecision in Jason's manner. He said, crisply, "I'm going downtown. Now. Right away. Maybe I'll be back for dinner, and maybe not. If I'm not coming, I'll give you a ring. Meanwhile, watch your step, because I heard Mrs. Wilson tell the cook that her father and mother were coming for dinner."

"Lovely prospect."

"You've got to face it." Jason grinned ruefully. "This thing looked bad from a distance. It looks worse when you're close. I never quite understood before about folks being so intimate in small towns."

"What are you planning to do downtown?"

"I'm not sure. Feel my way, I guess. I can keep my ears open and learn a lot. I'll get a shave and let the barber talk, with me directing the conversation. I used to play pool. I'll try it again. The boys behind the cues talk plenty if they're given half a chance. And—no joking—I do have to see a dentist. This tooth is alive and kicking."

"Better attend to that first. Want me to ask Mrs. Wilson—"

"There you go!" Jason shook his head. "You've got to think on your feet, Larry. How could you ask her your dentist's name when you're supposed to know it? See what I mean? You've got to keep your guard up all the time. No . . . I'll find my own dentist. At that, it'll be a relief after the strain I've been under."

Larry said, "Thanks, Jason."

Mr. Rountree was embarrassed. "Don't thank me," he growled. "I'm glad of the chance."

Jason slipped out of the house and walked briskly to Mountain Avenue. He stopped the first streetcar and inquired whether it went downtown. The conductor gazed upon him with some amazement, said "Certainly," and accepted seven cents of Mr. Rountree's money. Twenty minutes later the little baldheaded man was inspecting the directory in the lobby of Habersham's largest building.

He was whisked upward in an elevator, and rapped on a door which was marked EZEKIEL R. MASTERS—Dentist. A voice—a feminine voice—said, "Come in," and he obeyed.

He found himself confronting a bewitching blond young lady. The trim white uniform made no attempt to conceal a figure which Mr. Rountree instantly decided was a honey. Her complexion was almost too perfect; her lips were vividly crimson; her hair was the color of summer sunshine. Wide-open blue eyes sought Jason's, and her voice—which she tried to make professional—contained a personal nuance which was not wasted upon the visitor.

She said, "Good evening."

"Howdy." Jason knew that he was staring. "Is the doctor in?"

"No. I'm sorry."

"Well, I'm not."

"Why?"

"Because I've got a toothache."

The faintest suggestion of a smile touched the corners of her lips. "Scared?" she inquired.

"Plenty."

"Dr. Masters will be back in a few minutes. He'll be glad to give you something to relieve the pain."

"Then what?"

"Then he closes the office for the day."

"How long before he gets back?"

"Oh! Just a few minutes. Ten or fifteen."

"COULDN'T he make it longer?" Mr. Rountree bestowed his hat on the table and dazzled the young lady with a vista of his bald pate. "I'm a nice, respectable, unmarried man," he stated, "and I'd like to say something—only I wouldn't want you to get the idea that I was stepping out of line."

"Nobody could think that."

Jason was delighted. After all, it was not always easy to breathe in a rarefied atmosphere, and here was a young and pulchritudinous lady of the type to which he had always been accustomed.

"Quite a smart girl, aren't you?" he inquired.

"I've been accused before."

"Now, wait a minute! Don't get sore . . ."

"I'm the nurse here. That's all."

"And I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I apologize. But I still think you're a pretty girl."

Somewhat mollified, and secretly impressed, she said, "You have a toothache?"

"Yes. I'm *that* lucky. Otherwise I wouldn't have met you."

"Are you trying to date me up?"

"You might take three guesses."

"And I'll give you one guess about what I'll say."

"Don't waste my time. I know the answer." Mr. Rountree sighed. "Here I am—free for the evening, and pining for chop suey. I don't suppose you can get any good chop suey in this town, can you?"

"You can so." The young lady's civic pride flared. "We got the swellest chop suey an' chow mein you ever et."

"I wouldn't be knowing the way," mourned Jason. "In fact, I'm just a poor ignorant lad from the city."

"Are you telling me?"

"I could tell you a lot . . . quite respectfully, of course."

She laughed. "I'm afraid I could trust you."

"Then look . . ."

"Take it easy. Wait'll Dr. Masters finishes with you. Maybe you won't have any appetite."

"You're quite a break," commented Jason. "And I thought nothing ever happened in a town like this."

"You New Yorkers always get goofy ideas."

"I suppose we do. I meet you. And a chap at the hotel was telling me that there was a big murder here a couple of weeks ago."

"And how! This town goes crazy when something like that happens."

"I imagine it was interesting."

"It sure was. Society folks, no less. I could tell you things . . ."

"Why not? Over the chop suey."

"Chow mein."

"My name's Jason Rountree."

She put one smooth hand on a firm, rounded hip, and said, "You look regular. Mine's Ella Morrison."

"Nice name."

"That's the first screwy thing you've said." The smile left her face. "Here comes Dr. Masters—"

"And we'll talk later?"

"Uh-huh. But just talk."

"I get it," said Jason, and she wondered at the sincerity in his voice.

MR. ROUNTREE looked out of the window and saw that night had settled over the city. There were lights—countless lights—and innumerable automobiles and traffic noises and shrill yelps of eager newsboys. There came to Mr. Rountree's ears the penetrating sound of police whistles helping to direct traffic. He heard the rattle of streetcars and rumble of trucks. He thought of Larry Wilson in his lavish home, and wondered with some uneasiness how he was making out.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Larry Wilson was having a most uncomfortable time. Mr. and Mrs. Manning—Kay's parents—had arrived, filled with curiosity and solicitude. He liked them instantly and unequivocably. Mr. Manning was tall and erect and military but with a bright twinkle in his amazingly young eyes; Mrs. Manning was tiny and had prematurely white hair and the complexion of a girl of eighteen. He warmed to their easy informality, their incessant banter, their attitude of friendship toward him and their daughter.

"So now," laughed Mrs. Manning, "you're a hero."

"At least," amended Mr. Manning, "that's what the local newspapers call you. You'll probably be interviewed tomorrow, and Polly will run a Sunday special. . . . You don't seem pleased."

"I'm afraid I'm not. It's a terrible lot of fuss over nothing. The chances are

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"I want to find out where I was last night"

NED HILTON

that if I'd taken ten seconds to think I'd never have gone overboard at all." He caught Kay's eye. "And in that event, we would have had no house guest at this moment."

"Kay told us," said Mrs. Manning. "I want to meet him."

"He's a lamb," commented Kay. "I like him. If he were in a hotel, my adoration would become a mania."

"Aw, listen—Kay . . ."

"It's your house, darling, and you brought it on yourself. But next time—"

"Next time I'll rescue a beautiful girl for myself. Someone you can be jealous of."

"Try me. I haven't a jealous bone in my body."

"Oh . . ." Mr. Manning choked. "Pardon me, Kay—if I indulge in a brief snicker."

The dinner delighted Larry: Southern fried chicken—which was really Southern and not merely masquerading under that name. Rice. Leaf spinach. Homemade relish. Candied sweet potatoes. Salad. An ice cream concocted of buttermilk, which Larry had never tasted before and of which Kay said, "In your honor, dear. Your favorite dessert." Coffee and liqueurs in the big, comfortable living room. "Feeling better now, dear?" asked Kay.

"Yes. But slightly stuffed."

They chatted of nothing in particular. Small-city gossip in which names were bandied freely: names which meant nothing to Larry. He feigned a headache and took small part in the conversation. But he did watch Kay—watched the play of expression on her face, the irrepressible humor which shone through her faintly concealed worry about him. He decided that she was an amazingly beautiful girl—with a beauty that was intensified by the homelike surroundings. And the more he approved her mentally the more incredible it seemed that he had been married to her for nearly two years. That, to him, was more astounding than the web of circumstance which enmeshed him; more bewildering than anything which involved himself alone.

THE telephone rang from its perch on the hall table near the foot of the stairs. Kay answered, and turned toward him.

She said, "It's Duncan."

Larry's heart skipped a beat.

"Duncan?" he repeated. He tried to think swiftly and to talk slowly.

"He wants to come over."

"When?"

"Tonight. Now."

He could feel three pairs of eyes upon him. He touched the adhesive on his forehead. "Ask him if he can't wait until tomorrow. I'm feeling pretty rocky."

"But, Larry . . ."

"I do, really. I should turn in. One more night won't matter to him."

She said, somewhat stiffly, "You think not?"

"I'd rather."

"Very well." She spoke into the telephone. "Larry's feeling all in, Duncan. . . . Yes. . . . Evidently the skull wasn't as thick as we thought. . . . Surely. . . . Please quit worrying. . . . Larry's home now. . . . Of course. . . . Oh, forget it and get a good night's sleep. . . . He'll call you tomorrow. . . . Good night. . . ."

She walked slowly into the living room. Her face was grave. She said, "Poor kid."

Mr. Manning nodded soberly. "It's fortunate for him Larry got back. There's been some nasty conjecture."

Mrs. Manning said, "Rita has been sticking pretty close to home."

"It's a pity she didn't start that sooner. Then this whole miserable mess wouldn't have happened."

"Oh, they're young. . . ."

"Duncan's a child." Kay's voice was sharp. "He doesn't understand what's happening." She paused, then spoke again without looking at Larry. "Neither do I."

Mrs. Manning was both wise and observant. She detected an undercurrent between Kay and Larry and directed the conversation into less dangerous channels. They left by ten o'clock, and less than ten minutes after their departure Jason Rountree returned.

IT WAS instantly apparent that Jason was bursting with information. His eyes were bright, his hands active. Kay inquired after his dental work, and said, "You should have gone to our dentist. Where *did* you go, by the way?"

"Chap named Masters."

"Did he treat you well?"

"Rather well. But they all hurt."

Kay said, "I imagine you're both tired."

"I'll admit I am." Jason removed his glasses and signaled Larry with them. He smiled angelically at Kay, and said, "May I talk to Larry privately for a few minutes, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Certainly." She moved toward the stairway. "You'll lock up, won't you, Larry?"

"Yes."

"I forgot to have the latch fixed on that breakfast-room window."

"That's all right."

She walked upstairs, slowly. Jason waited until he heard a door close. Then his hand fell on Larry's arm and those powerful fingers closed. He said, "I'm boiling over with information."

"Are things pretty bad?"

Jason's reply justified his apprehension. "They're not so bad they can't be handled," stated Jason. "But they're still pretty terrible. Listen . . ."

Jason Rountree looked appallingly serious. He followed Larry to the latter's room, shed his coat and spread it carefully over the back of a chair. He patted the black eyeglass ribbon against the gray smoothness of his shirt. He seated himself on the edge of the bed and gazed at Larry with eyes which were more gray than blue. His voice was disturbingly flat, as though he were weighing each word with meticulous care.

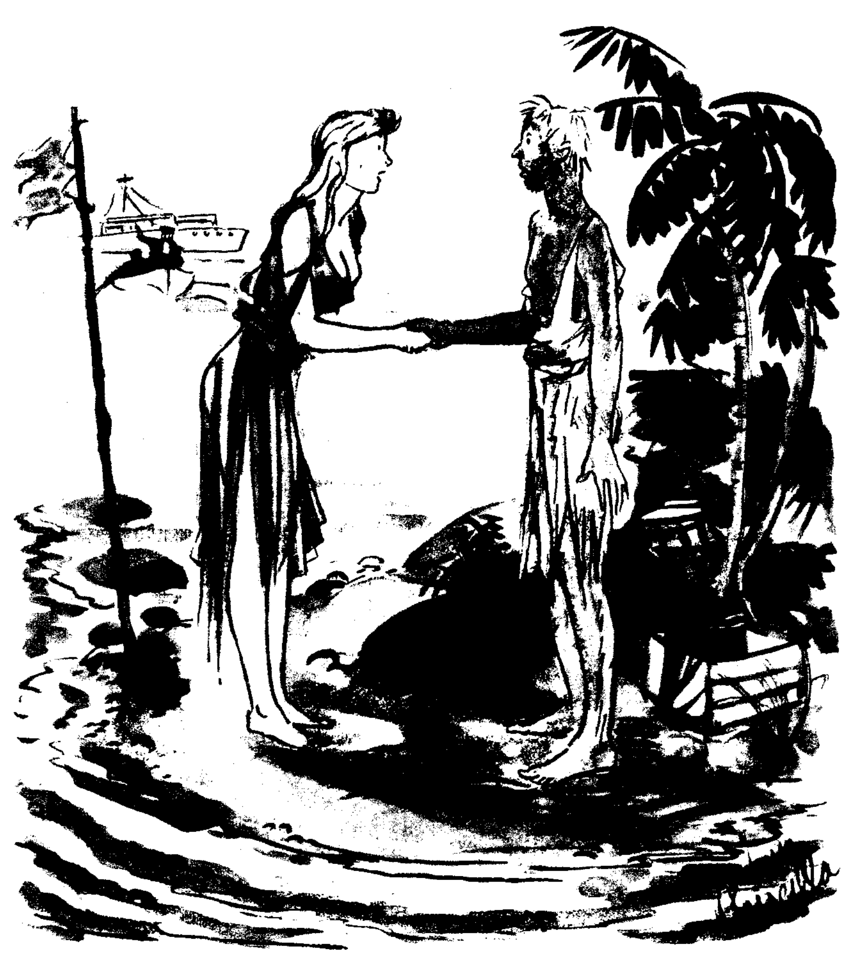
"What I'm going to tell you," he started, "is just gossip. I got most of it from the girl who works in Dr. Masters' office. She's a nice girl—but that's another story. The important point is that she passed on to me what the whole town is talking about, and we can take it or let it alone."

Larry nodded, impressed by the seriousness of his friend. He was discovering that Jason was not always the impulsive person his bright, cheery manner would lead one to believe. He watched Mr. Rountree light a cigarette with exaggerated slowness, and heard him say, "It isn't easy to know just where to start."

"Did you discover who Duncan is?"

"Yes. He's a kid—about twenty-two years old. He's a hellion, but everybody likes him in spite of that. And the Mr. Campbell you've heard mentioned—that's Duncan's father. They've got all the money in the world. Ella—that's the girl I met downtown—says they have more dough than any family in the state. Millions. Duncan, it seems, has been kicked out of every good school in the East. He's not bad, mind you—but wild. He would attend classes one day and then do Broadway for the rest of the week, throwing money away and trying to make a dent in the big city." Jason's eyes softened for just a moment. "Just the sort of a lad," he commented wistfully, "that used to help build up the bank accounts of us speak-easy owners."

"And Mr. Campbell?"



"I shall never forget you, Mr. Strough. You've been a perfect gentleman"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

"ELLA says he's absolute tops. Owns banks, bus lines, power company, little businesses and big businesses. He seems to have a finger in every Habersham pie. And from what I could gather he's the man who gave you a break when you first hit town."

Larry looked surprised. "How?"

"Ella couldn't swear her dope on that was accurate, but it seems that Mr. Campbell is the actual owner of the real estate and insurance firm that you're the head of. The idea is that you and Duncan have been like brothers. He looks up to you—or, anyway, that's the public slant on the situation—and so of course everybody expects you to come through with his alibi."

"Things are becoming clearer." Larry smiled appreciatively. "You're doing grand work, Jason."

"Nothing at all. Just trying to help." Jason appeared to be embarrassed by praise and his round face became slightly pink. "The rest of what I heard sounds straight. For three or four years a series of color advertisements appeared in national magazines. The model for all of them was a girl—a girl with red hair and a figure that you hope to dream about. Sometimes the pictures were drawn and other times they was—were—reproductions of photographs. But always this girl's figure was the thing that caught the eye, and there wasn't an awful lot left to the imagination. She got to be mighty famous. So famous there was a name for her—"

"Which was—?"

"She was known as Public Torso Number One."

"YOU make her sound interesting. But just what has this young Venus to do with me?"

Jason Rountree leaned forward. He said grimly:

"She's Rita."

"Say—that *is* interesting."

"Also, she's Duncan's wife."

"You're a bloodhound, Jason."

"Aw, lay off. I haven't done anything. I just met this girl, Ella, fed her some chop suey, kidded her along, tricked her into talking scandal—and there I was. I learned a heap about women before repeal put me out of business."

Larry checked off on his fingers:

"Let's see what we've got so far: Mr. Campbell is obviously my friend and benefactor. His son is a good guy but wild, and his relationship to me is apparently that of younger brother. Rita is his wife, and I gather from what Mrs. Wilson has said that she had something to do with the Ted Courtney killing." Larry made an apologetic gesture. "You don't know how queer this whole thing makes me feel, Jason. Names are being flung at me from every direction. I haven't any way of knowing what's important and what isn't."

"What I'm telling you—*is*."

"So I gather. But I don't quite get the setup. Duncan is a youngster, but, from what you say, Rita can't be."

"Oh, she's young enough. Ella says she's anywhere between twenty-two and twenty-six. Duncan met her when he was trying to drink up all the champagne in New York. At that time Rita was a type I've always known: a model all day and a party girl all night every night. You most likely never met a lot of girls like her, but I did. There wasn't a class speak in New York that wasn't familiar with 'em. They brought in lots of the best business, because all the smart spenders wanted to be seen with girls like that. Ella says this Rita is gorgeous. I know what a kick rich men get from escorting girls like that, and it must have been a double thrill for Duncan. But since he was a good Southern youngster from a good Southern family—he insisted on marrying her. And just about a year ago—he did. And brought her down to Habersham."

"You've got me plenty interested."

"The rest of what I got is just gossip. Even Ella admits that. She says it's anybody's guess, because it all happened at the Country Club and among the society crowd—and so all her knowledge

# "The other night at the Movies..."

"That flash in a newsreel the other night reminded me to tell you once more that those great crowds at sporting events are great markets. Active type.

"What magazines do they read? Well, we've checked up on it, queried spectators at 24 major sporting events. Collier's was voted first in preference among 13 leading magazines."

Hollywood, Calif.--

"And who will make 1937 a banner year for the movies? Active people with admission price in purse. A check-up in an eastern city by yours truly shows that Collier's readers there go to the movies 51 times a year. Their non-Collier's neighbors? 43 times."

Detroit, Mich.--

"And who will buy them first? Not when they get around to it, or when the neighbors shame them into it, but first?

"Well, we can tell you who will buy them first. The Active Market!

"Of 400 Collier's-reading families questioned, 70% own cars . . . 48% ownership was found among their non-Collier's neighbors. The average age of the Collier's family car is two years. Non-Collier's family--three years."

Yours for action,

MR. X

P. S. If there's anything in particular you'd like me to find out for you regarding the Active Market, just ask!

X

## Collier's The Active Market

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The Largest Magazine Audience in the World—More than 9,000,000 Circulation

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was secondhand. I asked her to keep on guessing. So she did."

"And said what?"

"She figures that it was the Campbell money that interested Rita. She says that no matter how close Rita and Duncan are in years—she's still fifty years older than he is in experience. What it meant to her was social position, a safe husband, no more money troubles, automobiles, horses and whatnot. . . ." Jason rose abruptly and paced the room with short, firm strides. His moonlike face was more animated now and he looked like a judge in shirt sleeves. His next remark, however, surprised Larry. He said, "I've mentioned that since repeal I've been following the races, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's one reason I know a lot about Campbell: how awful rich he is, I mean. He's got a breeding farm right here in Habersham and another in Kentucky. You'll see his colors on every first-class track in America. Of course, it's just a sideline with him. A hobby. Warner Blane is his business agent—probably the best agent living. He's not the type you'd think, either. He's a gentleman and a college graduate. But he knows all there is to know about horses, and he handles everything of that kind for Mr. Campbell. Understand?"

"I think so. But about Rita and Duncan?"

"WE-E-ELL . . ." Jason reverted to his more deliberate mood, as though fearful of tripping over his own words. "It seems that Rita was a riot when she first came to Habersham. They say she had a grand time. If she wanted to ride, she didn't have to go to Central Park and rent a nag. She would just go down to the stables, pick out a horse to suit her complexion and get the best of riding instruction. She gave some big parties and was guest of honor at a lot more. But after a while it seems that she began to understand that a hundred thousand people aren't the same as seven million. The guess is that she got bored and started hunting excitement."

"That's easy to understand. But just what did she do?"

"You guess." Jason smiled faintly. "Everybody in Habersham is guessing, so we might as well try. The story is that she fell for Ted Courtney—the man who was murdered."

"Mmmm . . . Find out anything about him?"

"Some. Folks liked him. He was prominent socially. College man. Bachelor. Family just as prominent as the Campbells, though maybe not quite so rich. Ella figures that Rita started amusing herself with Courtney, and that Duncan began making threats. Whether it's true or not, I don't know. But I do say this, Larry: that it seems to check."

"How far had things gone between Rita and Courtney?"

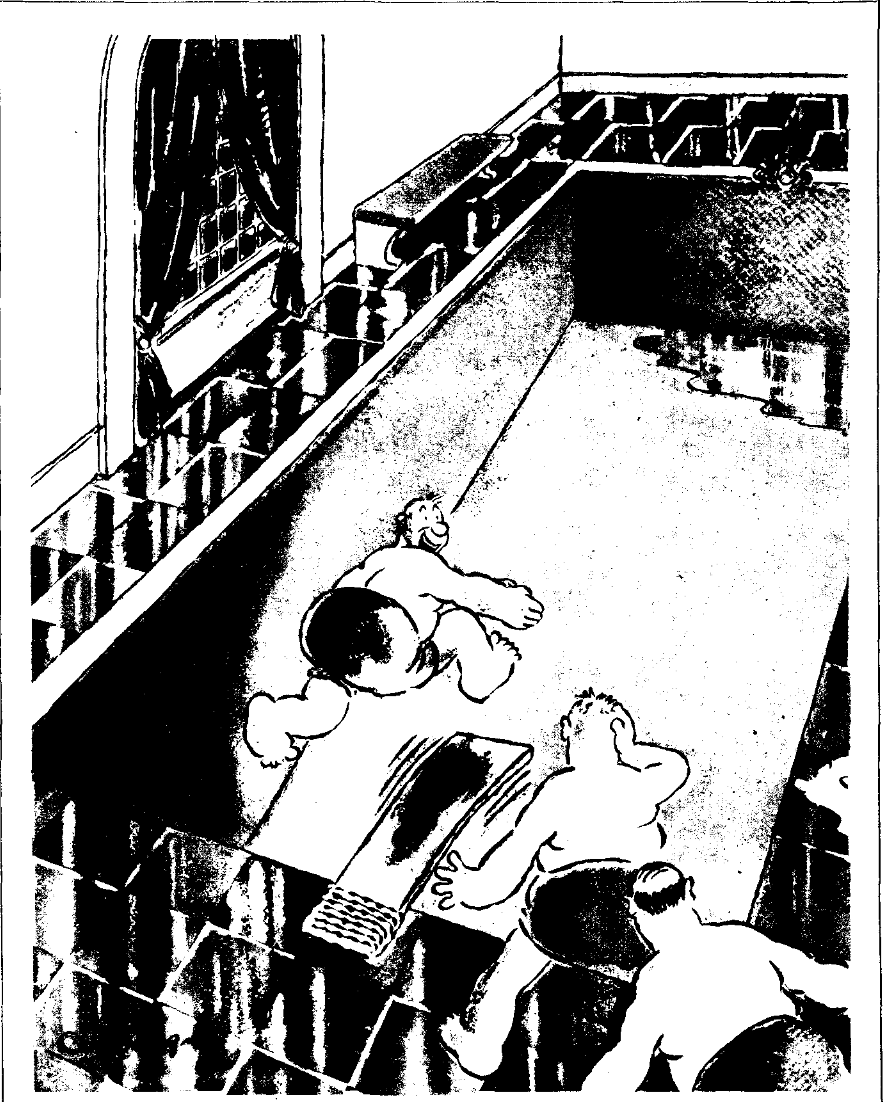
Jason shrugged his pudgy shoulders. He said, "There's nobody living except Rita Campbell who can answer that. But if things went far enough for Duncan to threaten Courtney—"

"*If.* That's the point."

"Now we're getting to you, Larry." Mr. Rountree removed his glasses and shoved them in Larry's direction. "This jigsaw puzzle seems to shape up this way: That Mr. Campbell found himself having lots of no influence with his son and Rita. Ella hinted—without even knowing that I knew you—that you were Duncan's best friend. A sort of older brother. You were going off on the Atlantis cruise. The whole town was gossiping about Rita and Ted Courtney. Duncan was supposed to be making threats. Some of the society ladies were beginning to cut Rita in spite of her being Mrs. Campbell—which was sort of putting it up to Duncan to keep a checkrein on his wife. And—" Jason's voice came sharply: "And Duncan is supposed to have told the district attorney that on the afternoon Ted Courtney was killed he was sitting in an automobile talking things over with you."

Larry nodded. "Mrs. Wilson gave gave me a hint of that."

"It seems to be straight. I figure that either you wanted to have a last talk with Duncan before you went away—or that he wanted to talk to you. Anyway, he's supposed to be claiming that you were together in his car and that you were parked somewhere on the road discussing things long before, and during, and after, the time when it has been established that Ted Courtney was shot. Perfect alibi. He says he got you to the airport just in time for you to hop the plane. That plane landed you in Newark exactly in time for you to taxi to New York and get aboard the Atlantis. That's why you didn't see anything about it in the newspapers, or why there mightn't have been any notice of it in the ship's bulletin."



"Oh, that's all right! I can't swim anyway!" JAY IRVING

"There may have been one," commented Larry. "I may have read it—and forgotten."

"Certainly. And it wouldn't have registered with me, either."

LARRY walked to the window and stood staring out into the night. Then he turned:

"Duncan has been accused of killing Courtney?"

"Not yet. Of course the police have been watching him and checking up."

"In what way?"

"Well, Ella says she understands that the local police got hold of Duncan's gun and had it checked by a ballistics expert with the bullet that killed Courtney. It didn't tally."

"That ought to let him out, oughtn't it?"

"Not exactly. He could have used some other gun, and then gotten rid of it. The main idea is that they were enough suspicious to investigate. They also checked with Courtney's gun, and with other guns in the Campbell home, but they got no help there, either. They're still looking for the weapon that was used in killing Courtney."

"But if they think Duncan did it—"

"They don't really think so yet. You see, you're aces in this town, and Duncan said you would alibi him as soon as you got back. That's why they've been waiting."

"Do you suppose his story is true?"

MR. ROUNTREE shook his head and seated himself heavily. "I don't know what I think, Larry. For a fact, I don't. It might be true. Or he might have killed Courtney and then figured that your friendship—and your obligation to old Mr. Campbell—would cause you to alibi him even if you knew it wasn't true."

Larry nodded. "I begin to see more and more and understand less. Look: Where was Rita when Courtney was killed?"

"She's in the clear. One hundred per cent. She was having cocktails at the Country Club with a couple of dozen assorted ladies."

"Who would they suspect if I alibied Duncan?"

"Ella says that's what everybody has been wondering. The police have been busy enough, but they don't seem to be getting anywhere. And since Courtney wasn't killed with Duncan's own gun, why, your alibi would make his position pretty strong."

Larry said, "It seems pretty clear—"

"So clear I'm afraid of it. You've got to move slow, Larry. Don't forget I've only been in Habersham a few hours. Don't forget that I gathered all my dope from a girl who works in a dentist's office and who likes to gossip. Don't forget how the truth gets twisted when folks start talking." Jason made an apologetic gesture. "I figured you were better off knowing what they're saying—whether it's straight or not."

"You have a hunch that Duncan might have done it and figured I'd back up his story?"

"It's possible."

"You're certainly the friend in need, Jason. I'd be lost without you."

Mr. Rountree grimaced. "And *with* me you're in a fog. So what?"

"It seems as though this takes the decision out of my hands entirely."

"Meaning what?"

"About telling Kay. It's impossible right now."

"Good! Fine!" Jason beamed. "She's an awful sweet lady—but don't forget that you don't even know her."

"Apparently, I don't know anything," sighed Larry. "It's what I would conservatively call one hell of a mess."

"It certainly is. And there's no sense sticking your chin out until you learn where you stand."

Larry smiled, but without humor. "I'm checking in with your advice, Jason—but for a different reason."

"The reason doesn't matter. But what is it?"

"Suppose," ventured Larry cautiously, "suppose I took my chances? Suppose I confessed that I have been an amnesia victim all during my eight years in Habersham—do you see what that would do?"

"You referring to the George Carey thing?"

"No. Let me get at it from another angle. Evidently there is a close tie of obligation and friendship between myself and the Campbells."

"Right."

"But if I were to admit that I knew nothing—if I told the truth about the amnesia—they might think it was a trick to keep from confessing that I knew Duncan was guilty. And on the other side of the picture: If I once told the truth, and they believed me—why, I couldn't ever alibi him."

"SOME day," stated Jason sagely, "you'll straighten out the George Carey mess. Then, if you had pretended to remember anything about what happened when you were Larry Wilson—why, the folks in Warwick wouldn't believe the amnesia story. Or they'd have you for perjury." Jason crossed the room and dropped his hand on Larry's shoulder. His voice was gentle and freighted with real affection. "You're getting punch-drunk, aren't you? Well, forget it for tonight. Get some good sleep. Things will look better in the morning."

Larry said good night to Jason and closed the door. He removed coat and vest and tie. He stared through the window at the lights of residences which studded the mountainside. He was experiencing a mental and physical exhaustion. His head throbbed. He was glad to be alone. He thought of Kay in the next room . . . to whom he had been married for almost two years.

There was a light tap on the door. It opened.

Kay entered Larry's bedroom. She was clad in nightgown and filmy negligee. She was strikingly beautiful, and the intimacy of the situation, her matter-of-fact acceptance of it, caused him to be afraid. She seated herself on the foot of the bed, holding one knee between two slender hands.

"I've got to talk to you," said Larry's wife. "And this is the first chance I've had." Her gray eyes held his.

She said, "It's the first time we've really been alone together."

*(To be continued next week)*

# Your Money in Red Mexico

*Continued from page 11*

gold watch chains, European-made clothes for both sexes, and imported champagne, much of which latter, as I can distinctly recall, was consumed in drinking toasts to the capitalistic gringos at governors' balls and banquets, held frequently in almost every state in the republic.

Taking its ease, as it had done for centuries, Mexico was enjoying to the fullest the shower of gold which hard-working, farseeing foreigners, mostly Americans, were raining down upon it. And then, with no notice whatever, that rain became a deluge when somebody struck oil on the East Coast. I saw that happen also. I saw Americans—because nearly all of them were Americans—come into a new field and with a great deal of hard work develop, for Mexico, a tremendous new resource. I saw the oil pour out and the money pour in, while, moreover, as the direct result of these two influences I saw two other things happen. I saw Mexico rise to a position where it was the second largest oil-producing nation in the world, while at the same time its national credit, based on the fact that it was welcoming and encouraging foreign investments, went up until in 1911 it was able to finance its foreign debts on exactly the same terms that France and Great Britain were financing theirs.

The comparison here between what was and what is, so far as Mexico's finances are concerned, is truly startling. In 1911, when Diaz left the country, his government turned over to its successor not only a perfect credit but also 303,000,000 pesos as against a total national foreign debt of only 444,000,000 pesos. Sixteen years later, in 1927, since which year nobody has done any figuring because no payments of either principal or interest have been made, we find that Mexico's foreign debt has grown to more than *one billion* pesos, or approximately three times its original size. In addition to this the country owes an agrarian debt of several hundred million pesos, an internal one of something like a hundred and eighty million, to say nothing at all of claims for 1,500,000,000 pesos which are being urged against it by various nations.

### Three Billion Dollars at Stake

How this miracle in financing was accomplished nobody seems to know. All that is certain about it is that during the chaos of the first phases of its revolution Mexico got money where it could, scattered it broadcast where it would, and, because it kept no books, knew not where it stood until 1927 when the International Committee of Bankers on Mexico brought things to a showdown by agreeing that the above figures substantially represented the then obligations of the country. Of course, due to interest accumulations and so forth, those obligations are much bigger now than they were in 1927.

Now, to keep the record straight, let us see, first, approximately how much American capital is tied up in Mexico; second, what reason its owners have to believe that Mexico is turning a covetous eye upon it, and third, what effect its expropriation, or seizure by any method, will have upon Mexico's own economic status.

To begin with, the total amount of money invested in Mexican industries seems to be close to five and a half billion dollars, eighty per cent of which is foreign-owned. Our share of this foreign-owned investment in Mexico, exclusive of about seventy-five or a hundred million dollars in railroad bonds, which are guaranteed by the government and whose owners have long ago kissed their money goodby, is in the neighborhood of $2,800,000,000, divided as follows:

Mining and smelting, $1,050,000,000; oil, $1,000,000,000; telephone lines, $100,000,000; power plants, $150,000,000; with cotton gins, compresses, ice plants, packing houses, sawmills, timber lands, agricultural lands and cow ranches making up the balance of $500,000,000.

Very well. In view of the fact that it is, as we will see in a moment, the avowed policy of the Mexican Administration to take over our three billion dollars' worth of property, and furthermore, as it is the policy of our government not to do anything about it, let us for the time being forget our prospective losses and take a look at the probable effect that the expropriation of our wealth will have upon Mexico's own economic stability.

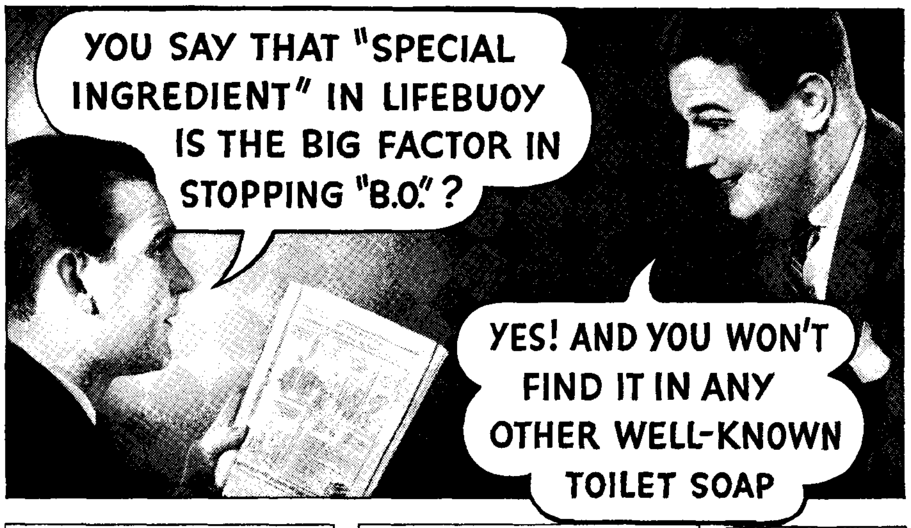
### On the Spot Financially

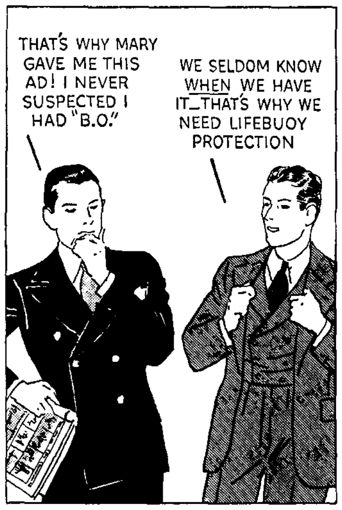
At first thought one would say that if Mexico takes over our mining and oil interests it would at once become richer by about two and a quarter billion dollars in our currency. But that is not true. On the contrary, should Mexico suddenly collectivize all of its mines and all of its oil wells, the almost inevitable result would be that within six months most of them would be closed down with tens of thousands of peons being thrown out of work.

Having now no foreign credit whatever, the financial stability of the revolutionary government of Mexico rests entirely upon its trade balance. Mexico exports about two and one half times as much as it imports and, as eighty per cent of those exports are oil and ore, it follows that if anything should happen to those two industries the country would very shortly find itself, financially speaking, squarely on the spot. Take the oil industry first; imagine that the Mexican government seizes it, and what is the result? Instantly the exportation of oil stops. That's inevitable, because, as the oil men themselves told me, it's hardly reasonable to suppose that the present owners of Mexican oil, who are also the owners of practically all the tankers in the Atlantic, will either buy their own oil from Mexico's proletarian workers, or haul it in their steamers, to any other customer. Of course they won't. Human nature is not like that, and therefore, as Mexico knows that it isn't, it has adopted the absorption method whereby for the past three years it has been trying to confiscate, not the actual oil itself, but rather, its entire profits.

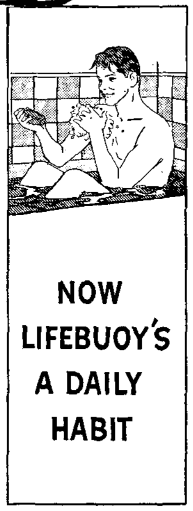
And what does that method *cost Mexico?* The loss to it is tremendous. According to figures that I studied when I was last in Mexico, six barrels of oil out of every ten produced in the republic now go to pay taxes and increased production costs due to the excessive demands of labor. Nevertheless, the oil companies can get by by abandoning all wells that cease to flow under a natural gas pressure. They can't pump, it's too expensive, which means that not only has Mexico's oil production already dropped to about one sixth of what it used to be but that also more than one half of the oil in the tremendous fields now producing will *never be recovered.* But Mexico doesn't realize that, as is amply evidenced by the utterly ludicrous demands which it is at the moment of this writing urging upon the already overtaxed oil industry.

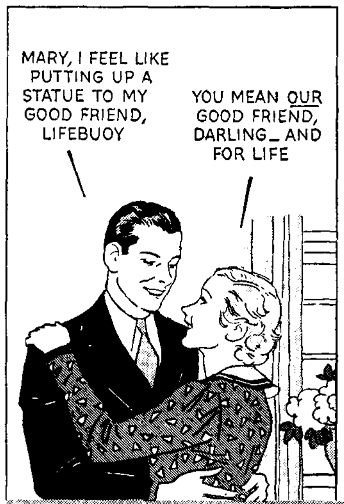
*(Continued on page 60)*


YOU SAY THAT "SPECIAL INGREDIENT" IN LIFEBUOY IS THE BIG FACTOR IN STOPPING "B.O."?
YES! AND YOU WON'T FIND IT IN ANY OTHER WELL-KNOWN TOILET SOAP


THAT'S WHY MARY GAVE ME THIS AD! I NEVER SUSPECTED I HAD "B.O."
WE SELDOM KNOW WHEN WE HAVE IT—THAT'S WHY WE NEED LIFEBUOY PROTECTION

YOU SEE, THE SPECIAL INGREDIENT IS CARRIED DEEP INTO THE PORES BY THE LATHER—IT REALLY PURIFIES!
IT SAYS HERE LIFEBUOY LATHER REMOVES GERMS FROM HANDS AS WELL AS DIRT. I'LL TRY IT!

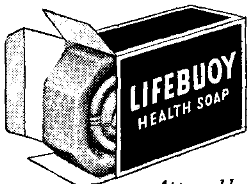

NOW LIFEBUOY'S A DAILY HABIT


MARY, I FEEL LIKE PUTTING UP A STATUE TO MY GOOD FRIEND, LIFEBUOY
YOU MEAN OUR GOOD FRIEND, DARLING—AND FOR LIFE

**Women—"Baby" your skin with Lifebuoy**

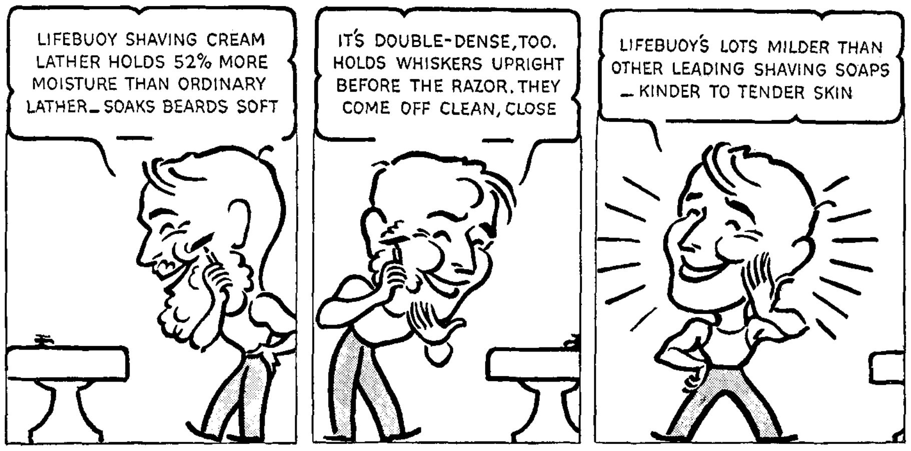
LIFEBUOY'S deeply-penetrating lather purifies the skin, brings out its *natural* beauty...That same purifying ingredient which helps stop "B.O." also makes the soap's action *milder.* "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."

Remember — warm rooms and winter clothing increase dangers of "B. O."... So bathe *regularly* with Lifebuoy. Use it for hands, too — to help protect health.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

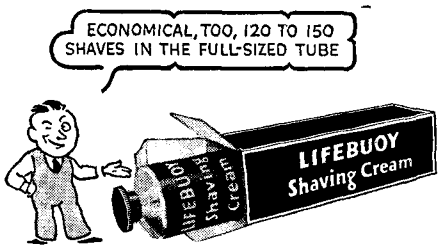
*Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau*

**NOW! A SHAVING LATHER THAT WORKS 3 WAYS**

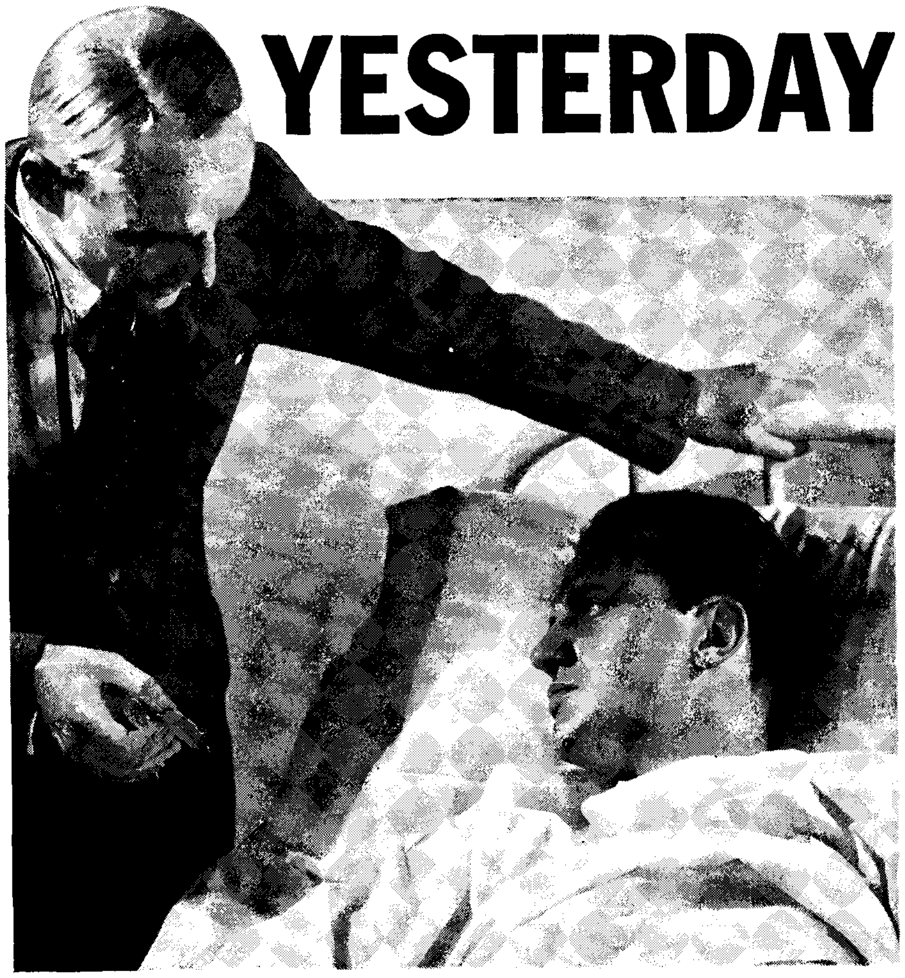

LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE THAN ORDINARY LATHER—SOAKS BEARDS SOFT
IT'S DOUBLE-DENSE, TOO. HOLDS WHISKERS UPRIGHT BEFORE THE RAZOR. THEY COME OFF CLEAN, CLOSE
LIFEBUOY'S LOTS MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS—KINDER TO TENDER SKIN

**Send for a FREE Trial Tube**

Try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream—*feel* the difference. Once you've enjoyed the new comfort its triple-acting lather brings—both during the shave and afterward—you'll never use any other. Get the big, red tube at your druggist's today. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A112, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day trial tube. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada.*)


ECONOMICAL, TOO, 120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE FULL-SIZED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

A "SLIGHT COLD" YESTERDAY



TODAY...

He was around and about yesterday. Not feeling so bad. Just a bit groggy and headachy.

It wasn't anything to worry about. He'd be all right in a day or two.

But today...!

Today he's a "grave case."

That's the history of many a "common cold."

It starts as something "light," but before you know it, it has turned into something else.

***A Cold Is An Internal Infection!***

If there is anything that demands prompt and intelligent attention, it is the "common cold."

A cold, you want to remember, is an internal infection. It's an infection within your system caused by a virus or imperceptible germ.

A cold, therefore, calls for internal treatment.

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets are effective treatment for a cold — for several definite reasons.

In the first place, they're a cold treatment and not a cure-all. They're made expressly for colds and for nothing else.

Secondly, they do four important things for relief.

***Four Important Effects***

1. They open the bowels, an admittedly important step in treating a cold.
2. They check the infection in the system.
3. They relieve the headache and fever.
4. They tone the system and help throw off the effects of the cold.

This is the fourfold effect you want.

***The Stand-by of Millions***

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets have been in use for over 40 years and are the world's largest-selling cold tablet.

They are the stand-by of millions, a fact that proves them safe as well as effective.

When you've got a cold, do the wise thing — the proven thing — take Bromo Quinine tablets.

These famous tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. You can get them at any drug store.

Ask for Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets and resent a substitute.

*(Continued from page 59)*

Read those demands and laugh. First, all foreigners must be fired within a year. Second, all executive and clerical forces must be very drastically reduced. Third, a thirty-six-hour week must be established for shift men. Fourth, pensions running from sixty per cent of the wage after ten years' service up to one hundred per cent after thirty years must be granted. Fifth, yearly vacations of from three weeks up to two months, at full pay and with the company paying the worker's fare to and from any playground he chooses to select, must be given all employees. Sixth, every worker must have a house, heat, light, twenty pounds of ice per day, and, in case he cares to fool with agriculture during his spare time, ten acres of farm land.

Clearly the only answer that our oil men can make to these demands is, "Take the works." They are practically ready to say that now because, as men who went into Mexico's oil fields years ago to do hard work, who still work hard, and whose chief interest is to see that the industry they built up is scientifically and economically administered told me, three years, even as things are now going, will see the end of the oil business in Mexico.

Substantially the same thing, so I am reliably informed, is happening in the mining field. Mexico's mines have always been the backbone of its prosperity and progress, and yet, never in the history of the country have the mines and smelters been directly operated by the Mexican people themselves. They can't do the job. Mining and smelting, far more than oil production, require the services of highly trained, competent engineers and metallurgists. Mexico doesn't produce them.

Consequently, here again it has adopted the ruinous policy of going after all the profits of the mines and smelters rather than after the physical properties. The result of this is that many of Mexico's richest mines are now being ruined because their American owners—and those owners told me so themselves—in order to meet the exorbitant labor charges and taxes levied against them, have for some time been deliberately high-grading their own properties. This means that the low-grade ores which are left behind, and which contain the bulk of the values in almost any mine, will never be recovered because unless they can be brought to the surface and worked along with high-grade stuff they cannot be smelted at a profit.

### Killing the Golden Goose

I know that these statements are correct. I know furthermore, because the highest mining authority in Mexico told me so, that the Mexican mining industry, operated as it is now with foreign capital and foreign brains, principally ours, behind it, has only about two more brief years to survive. At the end of that time it will be ready, along with the oil industry, to heave its towel into the ring and say to the *proletarios* and their political masters, "Take the works."

*That will happen. Then what?* I have stated that eighty per cent of Mexico's exports consist of oil and metals. That's just part of the picture. Here's another part. There are ten oil and mining companies in Mexico, principally American owned, whose combined exports amount to two and one half times as much as Mexico's entire federal income. Those ten companies pay to the Mexican government, in taxes and charges of various kinds, at least half of all the cash it takes in. Imagine then what will result when those ten companies, having wearied of the struggle, turn their properties over to Mexico's *proletarios*, who will immediately find themselves without a market for their oil and with no bosses around to show them how to operate their mines or run their smelters.

Last spring, fearful of what was in store for them, The Confederation of Chambers of Commerce of the Mexican Republic, The Confederation of Industrial Chambers, The Bankers Association, The National Chamber of Commerce of the City of Mexico, The National Association of Exporters, The Union of Industrial Lithographers, The Confederation of Employers of the Mexican Republic, The National Association of Small Shopkeepers and The Central Employers Organization of the Federal District, which groups represent practically everything in the country, sent a letter to President Cardenas which concluded with the following paragraphs:

### Capital's Merciful Death

"An essay into the field of communism as the result of forces deriving from certain sectors and overwhelming the rights and interests of urban and rural property owners is what, perchance, fate has in store for us. But can this end be achieved through legal processes without disorders, abuses and manifestations of violence? Frankly we do not think it possible. Respect for authority once gone, the masses of the people become 'forces of nature' which blindly overflow their banks and obey neither authorities nor government, laws nor institutions. Of what today exists as the result of efforts exerted by the Revolution and by private initiative, nothing would be left standing. And who knows where such an outburst of anarchy will go with no restraint to hold the masses in check?

"Precisely because we foresee this danger and do not wish to lend ourselves to bringing it about, we have stated to you, Mr. President, our points of view, and our thoughts, with the frankness and sincerity which conditions require. We wish to co-operate with the government and to improve the conditions of the working classes. We proclaim it to the world and stand ready to back it up with facts. We ask only for the protection of the law to which we have an indisputable right. We shall comply scrupulously with the laws in force, but in turn we demand that labor and the authorities also obey them. In short, we ask for that priceless human right: equality before the law."

To which communication President Cardenas first replied with a long letter in which he said that if the employers were tired of the social struggle they could get out of it by turning their enterprises over to the workers or the government. But if they stayed in they must not expect equal treatment before the law; must not interfere with the organization of workers' syndicates, and must pay, up to the limit of their economic capacity, all that was demanded of them by labor. And then, only a week before this was written, Mexico's chief executive gave his final answer to capital when he affixed his signature to a law giving his government the power to expropriate, and that means seize, at any *time it wants to anything in the republic*, from a secondhand toothbrush, and cash in the bank, up to a railroad and a cotton plantation.

That expropriation law, as soon as it is put into operation, will settle everything nicely. Collectivization will be quickly accomplished; slow torture to capital will be replaced by a more merciful sudden death, which means, of course, that our American dollars in Red Mexico—those dollars, that is, that made the country what it was in the days of its glory—are now down there, south of the Rio Grande, with no protection, very little work to do, and but slight hope for any immediate re-employment.

# Hangman's Knot

*Continued from page 26*

over the front of it that says 'Pastime Club.' "

When he had introduced himself to the proprietor of the Pastime Club, "I'm working on the Henry Stone murder case," James Lee explained. "Old Moy Sam asked me to see if I could do anything to help Sung Ling."

Captain Raymond frowned. "The best thing they can do with that guy is to hang him right away," he suggested. "I been through a lot of tough stuff myself, but I never see anything as rough as the way Sung Ling bumped off poor Henry."

Captain Raymond looked over his shoulder at a man who had walked up to the cigar counter from the second pool table farther back in the main room of the Pastime Club. "Shake hands with Clarence Faulkner," he said. "He's my helper around here."

AFTER he had shaken hands with the man, James Lee reached into his coat pocket and hauled out a package of cigarettes. "Will you have a cigarette, Mr. Faulkner?" he inquired.

"Much obliged."

"Will you have a cigarette, Captain Raymond?"

"No, thanks."

To Clarence Faulkner, "I was just telling Captain Raymond that I am working on the Stone murder case," James Lee explained. "It looks like Sung Ling is in a bad spot."

Faulkner scowled. "He ought to be. That Chink is a bad egg."

"Why do you suppose he killed Henry Stone?"

Clarence Faulkner hesitated a moment and then, "In the first place the chances are Sung Ling lost all his wages and needed money. He never worked very steady anyhow."

"You mean he lost his money at the fan-tan game?"

Faulkner nodded. "Either fan-tan or buying ten-cent tickets in the lottery."

Captain Raymond helped himself to a couple of salted peanuts from a bowl on the cigar counter. "I'd like to run all them Chinks out of the country."

"Captain Raymond, you made up your mind about leasing Moy Sam's place?"

"Who told you I wanted Moy Sam's place?"

"I've been talking with Walter Morgan."

"He talks too much. I ain't made up my mind yet. It might be a good joint if it was fixed up. Clarence here figures he can make another poolroom pay, but I think maybe the town is too small for it."

James Lee nodded. Then to Clarence Faulkner, "Mr. Morgan said you were in the war."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world I was in the war. I saw the show from August, '17, to three months after the Armistice."

"Signal Corps?"

Faulkner looked quickly at James Lee. Then deliberately, "No—I wanted to get into the Signal Corps but . . . things didn't break that way. I was a buck private from start to finish. Infantry."

"Clarence got a handful of medals over there," Captain Raymond interposed. "He was a fightin' fool."

Faulkner frowned. "Forget it," he said sharply. Then more evenly, "The Signal Corps was my dish but I got aced out of it. I'm a photographer. I could have done a lot more in the Signal Corps than I did on the back end of a bayonet."

"You went over with a local outfit, Mr. Faulkner?" James Lee reached again for his cigarettes.

"About thirty of us boys from Sundale went over in a bunch. Henry Stone was our Loot for a while and then he got to be the skipper."

"Won't you have another cigarette, Mr. Faulkner?" James Lee asked, extending his package of cigarettes.

Faulkner took one. "Much obliged," he said.

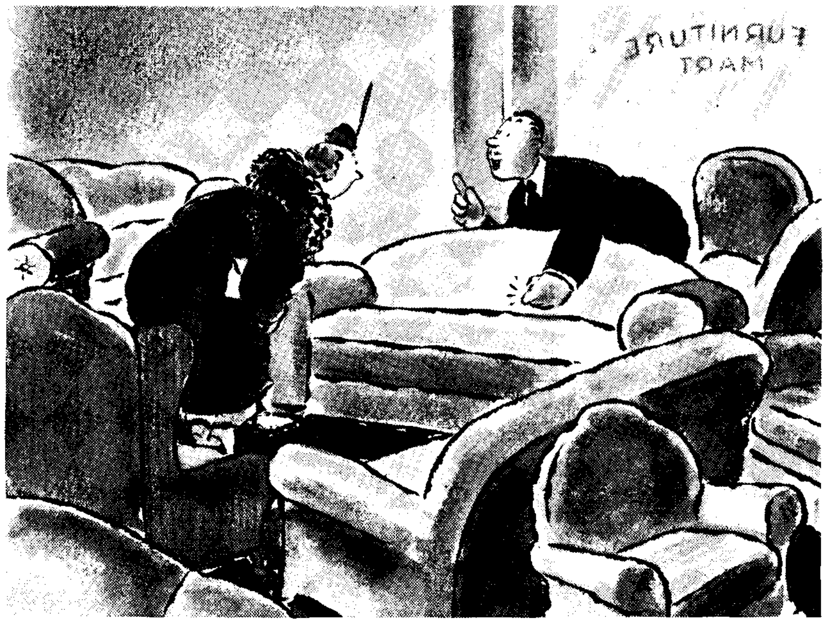
James Lee shook hands with Captain Raymond. "Good luck," he said. "I'll see you again some time." He turned to Clarence Faulkner. "Who is the commander of your American Legion post?" he asked. "I'd like to have a visit with him before I leave."

"Henry Stone was head of the outfit for a while. Edgar Warner is topside right now. He runs a garage—the one this side of the bank."

In the Sundale Garage, to Edgar Warner, "I'm working on the Henry Stone murder case," James Lee said. "I'd like to use ten minutes of your time if you don't mind."

"I'll help you all I can." Warner wiped his hands on a piece of waste and shook hands with James Lee. "Come into the

*(Continued on page 62)*



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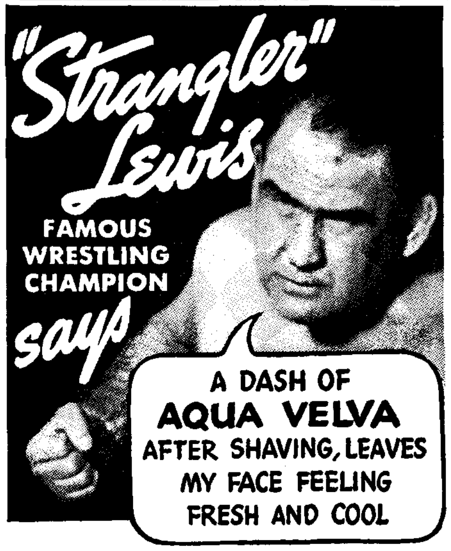
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*(Continued from page 61)*

office. Are you working for the county?"

"I'm working for Sung Ling," James Lee answered.

"He's in a mighty tight place. They've got the case cinched against him."

"Two or three people have told me that. What I want to ask you is—first of all, do you know Walter Morgan?"

"Sure I know him. He's a good friend of mine."

"Do you know that Captain Ed Raymond has discussed leasing old Moy Sam's place? Discussed it with Morgan?"

"Clarence Faulkner told me something about that. Clarence has sort of been drifting around for the last five or six years without much to do. Ed figured he might start a new pool hall and let Clarence run it."

"Do you think it would be a good investment?"

"Clarence is fairly popular with everybody in town. Did you meet him?"

"I MET him," James Lee said. "I've just been talking with him and Captain Raymond. He told me he was in the war with you and with Henry Stone."

"A lot of us home-town boys went over."

"Faulkner was in Henry Stone's outfit, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he went over as a private and stayed that way."

"Stone commanded the company that Faulkner was in?"

"Most of us Sundale boys were in Henry's company."

"Was Captain Stone a good officer? Was he popular?"

Edgar Warner smiled. "Sometimes you can be both. He got along all right with us. He was hard-boiled when he had to be. I never had a kick coming."

"You say Faulkner was a private all the way through?"

"Henry made him a corporal a couple of times but something always happened to keep him from moving on up. The first time Clarence got drunk and Henry broke him. I forget what happened the next time. I know Clarence was sore as a boil at the time. He tried to get a transfer to the Signal Corps but Henry didn't let him go."

"Why not?"

"I don't remember. It was just one of these two-men clashes that the grouches are always having with the skipper. Henry was sure hard-boiled in the pinches."

"Faulkner came out of the show with some decorations, didn't he?"

"He got everything except the cookstove. Henry broke him just before the Argonne mess. Clarence kept himself steamed up on cognac after that whenever he could get it. He was drunk as a fool the day he stepped into the gas and knocked over a machine-gun outfit. That's what got him the Distinguished Service Cross."

James Lee nodded. "The courage of desperation. Is that what you'd call it?"

Edgar Warner shook his head. "Not in a million years. You know how a man gets after he's been stepped on; he either dogs it or runs wild. I guess Clarence figured he'd teach Henry a lesson. He got out of it all right with the medal but he come dog-gone near copping a General Court instead of the medal. Sort of a singlehanded show-off that almost cost us thirty or forty men."

James Lee nodded. "They're dangerous people to have around when the shooting begins. . . . Who is Captain Ed Raymond?"

"Ed's a good egg. Sort of a tough bird that drifted over from Reno. He run a gambling joint in Reno for a while. Before that he was down in Memphis, from what he says. He started out with a med show."

"How long has he been around here?"

"Ed blew in about ten years ago."

"Where does he tie up with old Moy Sam?"

"He never got along very well with that Chinaman. Ed started a lottery here in Sundale about five years ago. He always figured that Moy Sam beat him to it with the Chinese tickets. You know there isn't room enough on one lottery ticket for Mexico, Cuba and China, all three."

James Lee nodded. "I know. There's one more question I'd like to ask you. Where does August Alsberg come into this picture? I mean, is he friendly to old Moy Sam?"

"August is friendly enough to everybody. He's sanitary inspector for the town. Plays both ends against the middle. He's a plumber, you know. Every time he knocks out some pipes he puts them back and charges a dollar an hour for it."

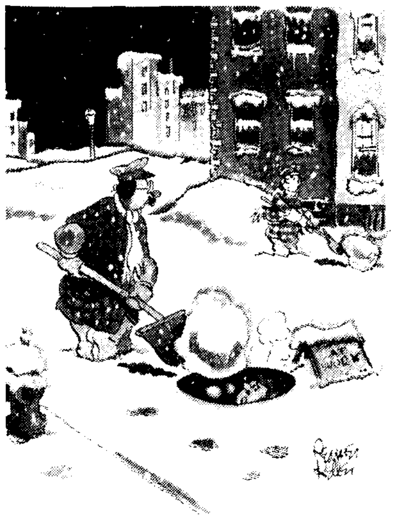
"There's plenty for him to do around Moy Sam's establishment—both ways."

"Alsberg always took it easy on that layout on account of the owner. Walter Morgan owns the place and Alsberg is a pretty good friend of Walter's. He does a lot of work for Walter."

James Lee reached for a cigarette. "I guess that's all I wanted to know," he said, extending the package of cigarettes. "Will you have a smoke?"

"Thanks." Warner took a cigarette and lighted a match. He held the match over to James Lee. "I'll bet you run into a lot of complicated cases in the course of a year, Mr. Lee."

"Some of them are complicated. Some of them are simpler than you think."



"Did you say something, Casey?"

REAMER KELLER

ON THE sidewalk in front of Warner's garage, James Lee looked at his watch. "Three-ten," he mused. "I'll drive to Mineville and have another talk with Deputy Harris."

At 3:40, after an easy piece of driving that left his mind free for the problem that confronted him, he found Deputy Harris in the sheriff's office. "Can you spare an hour on the Stone case?" he asked.

"All the time you want," the deputy answered.

"Have you got a chemist here at headquarters?"

"We're not that fancy. Jim Boyden does most of our work. Works for us and the coroner. He's the head man of Boyden and Traverso."

"Where's their shop?"

"About two blocks from here."

"Bring that piece of lamp cord that strangled Henry Stone. I want to run a test on the stuff that stained it."

The deputy smiled. "Like as not it's whisky. Just a minute, I'll get it."

Meeting the senior member of the firm

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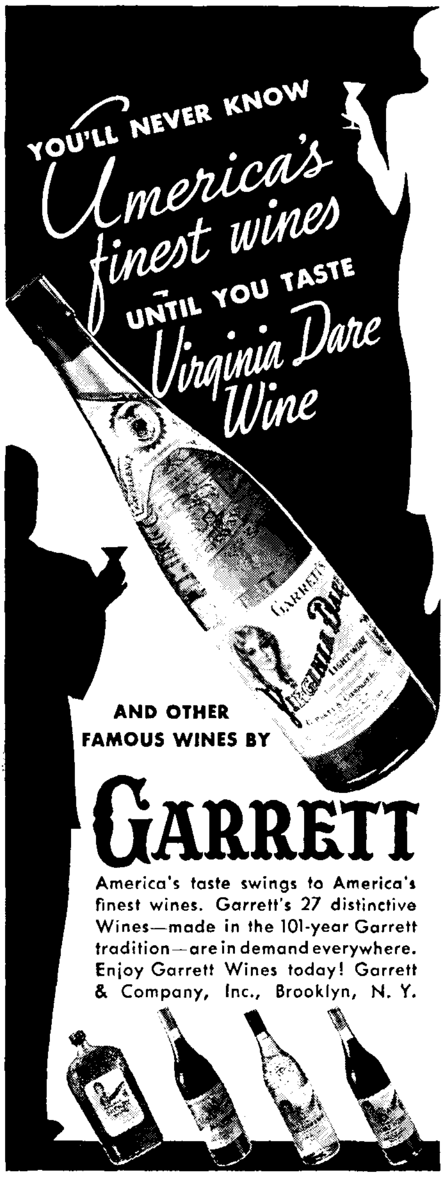
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at the Boyden and Traverso laboratory, "I want to run a test on a stain in a cotton fabric, Mr. Boyden," James Lee said.

"What are you looking for?"

"Any of five or six things. Specifically, pyrogallic acid, silver nitrate and hyposulphite of soda."

"Come along. I'll fix you up."

In the laboratory, from the braided cotton insulation of the stained section of the lamp cord, James Lee cut three small fragments. Working with a keen-edged lance he looked up at the deputy sheriff. "I guess between us we can explain the mutilation of this cord to the court when the time comes," he said, smiling.

The deputy frowned. "I don't know that I ought to let you do that," he said.

"I'm sorry. It's done now."

Interrupting, "What do you want to use on the pyrogallic acid?" Boyden asked. "Will you use the Richardson method?"

"Not sensitive enough," James Lee answered. "Let's try the Colombe test. It takes a few minutes longer but it's more definite. I would like Mr. Harris here to watch the final reactions on the pyrogallic acid and the hyposulphite of soda, if you don't mind."

Boyden smiled. "Easy lessons in chemistry. Can I help you?"

James Lee nodded. "I'd be glad to have you run the hyposulphite of soda test. Here—use this fragment of the insulation." Turning to Deputy Harris, "This will take fifteen or twenty minutes," James Lee said. "Incidentally, Mr. Harris, you have observed, of course, in examining that lamp cord that there is not a flyspeck on it."

"I hadn't looked for flyspecks," the deputy answered.

James Lee handed the man a ten-diameter glass. "Take this lens and have a look. I didn't examine it closely, but I don't believe that there are any flyspecks on that lamp cord. If there are, you have some unusual flies in this part of the country."

James Lee turned away from the deputy and for the twenty minutes following, working rapidly, he concentrated on the problem in chemistry. Presently, "Watch this, if you don't mind, Mr. Harris. See, the liquid in this test tube is blue at the moment. If pyrogallic acid is present a drop or two of this other liquid will change the blue color to a deep purple. . . . There. There it is. Deep purple. You have just seen—"

Interrupting James Lee, "Hyposulphite of soda is present," Mr. Boyden announced.

James Lee turned to the chemist. "Thank you, Mr. Boyden." A smoldering light in James Lee's eyes flamed for a moment.

"IS THIS the Henry Stone murder case?" the chemist asked.

"Part of it," James Lee said. Then, turning to Deputy Harris, "That winds up the chemistry for the moment. Incidentally, are there any flyspecks on that cord?"

Returning the lens to James Lee, "I didn't find any. That's mighty strange. That's a good lens, Mr. Lee."

"That's a perfect lens," James Lee agreed. "Come along. We have another bit of work to do."

Defining and amplifying the bit of work that remained to be done, "If you work fast it shouldn't take you more than an hour to round up the man who murdered Henry Stone. If there's any doubt in your mind as to the advisability of making the arrest you can make it on my authority."

The sheriff's deputy looked sidewise at his companion. "You sure of your stuff?" he asked. "Who is the guy?"

James Lee's eyes narrowed. "Clarence Faulkner killed Henry Stone," he said.

The deputy grunted. "You make the pinch, Mr. Lee. I'll ride along. Clarence ain't no more guilty than I am. I've known him thirty years."

James Lee frowned. "Come on. I'll make the pinch. If I'm not mistaken I'll have a confession out of Faulkner five minutes after we round him up."

At six minutes after five, facing Captain Ed Raymond in the Pastime Club with Deputy Sheriff Charles Harris at his side, "I neglected to tell you that I'm a federal operative," James Lee said.

Coming back quick as a flash, brazenly, "So what?" Captain Raymond inquired.

"I'm not interested in you, Captain Raymond. Is Mr. Faulkner around here?"

"He's in the back of the house. What do you want with him?"

Cold as ice, "That's my business."

"I'll get him for you."

"Don't trouble yourself. There's probably a back door to your joint. Sit steady—that's all you have to do."

James Lee walked into the back room of the Pastime Club. He faced Clarence Faulkner. "Come along," he said quietly. "You are under arrest."

"How do you get that way?" Faulkner reached toward a rack that held a dozen billiard cues. "I'll knock your head off if you don't get out of here!"

"Take it easy," James Lee suggested. "You can't beat the game. I arrest you for the murder of Henry Stone. . . . Steady! or I'll blow your heart out!"

There were ten seconds of silence and then, "I'll come along," Faulkner said quietly.

IN THE sheriff's office at Mineville fifty minutes later, midway in his confession, Faulkner stopped abruptly. He turned and faced James Lee. "I killed Henry Stone," he said. "I'll go through with this confession, but before I finish it up tell me how you worked it out."

James Lee shook his head. "Go ahead! You've only got another paragraph or two."

Three minutes later, when Clarence Faulkner had signed his name, "I'd like to know how you pinned the heat on this bird, Mr. Lee," Deputy Harris invited. The deputy looked around at the assemblage. The sheriff of the county and the chief of the Sundale police force and three other officers of the sheriff's force waited in silence.

"First of all," James Lee began, "there were no flyspecks on the lamp cord." He directed a quick smile at Deputy Harris. "How many places in Sundale can you find a lamp cord twenty-five years old that isn't flyspecked? The only answer I know is in a photographer's laboratory. Flies don't like the fumes. For item two—a left-handed man tied the death loop. In the third place, no Chinese strangler would ever use that knot."

James Lee lighted a cigarette. "When I met Faulkner I knew that he had a motive for hating Henry Stone. Faulkner accepted two cigarettes from me. He reached for both of them with his left hand. He is left-handed. It happens that he has a little photograph gallery. I don't remember exactly when I began to suspect Faulkner. I was reasonably sure he was the killer after the stains on the lamp cord turned out to be chemicals used in a photographer's darkroom. . . . Mr. Sheriff, I wonder if you'd do me the favor of releasing Sung Ling. I'd like to take him back to Sundale with me."

The sheriff of Vale County walked over to James Lee. He held out his hand. "You can have Sung Ling, Mr. Lee, and you can have any other favor that I can do for you. Next time I get in a jam you'd better look out or I'll use another day of your time."

James Lee smiled. "You flatter me," he said. "This game is mostly luck."

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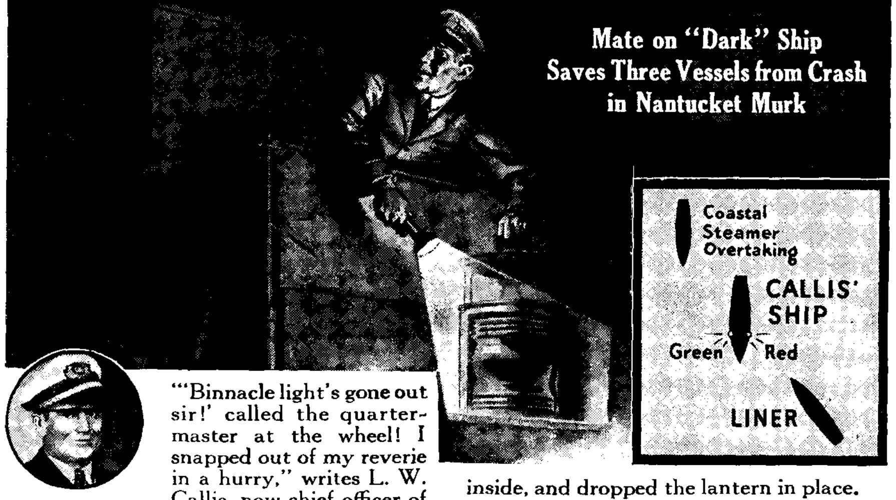

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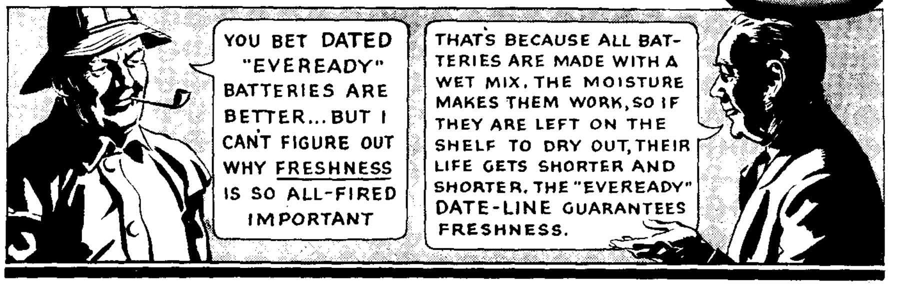
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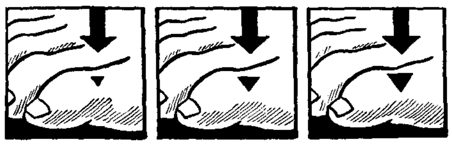

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# Greedy for Lobster

*Continued from page 50*

like Fred's. There's a headache in it for the nation when the nation gets ready to contemplate some of the figures that every member of the Bureau of Fisheries knows by heart.

We found a set of them in Frenchman's Bay. We talked to Joe Boyd when he came in from trawling. We went to Joe because we were told that he knew more about the lobster situation than anyone else in the neighborhood.

Joe leafed back in a book till he found the year 1926. That year he took, during May, 1,630 pounds of lobsters. In June, a lighter month always, he took another 1,000 pounds.

"I ran 90 traps that year," Joe said. "Now I don't run any."

### Prices Up, Supply Down

The question of prices made him even more morose. He had figures in that little book that came out only with a grinding of teeth. In May, 1926, his 1,630 pounds of lobsters had brought him thirty-two cents a pound. He got forty cents for the 1,000 pounds in June.

Last year he sold his 700-pound catch at varying prices, but the variance never carried him above thirty cents a pound. Most of them went for twenty.

Joe saw somebody coming along the wharf and called, "Hey, John, come over here."

John came over, a little bent and warped by years of wrestling with the sea. His eyes, a little faded, peered from under a thatch of white eyebrows. He smiled gently when Joe asked for corroboration of the figures he had just quoted.

John reached over and put a gnarled finger on Joe's book. "You caught 2,600 pounds of lobsters in 1926," he said. "You caught 700 pounds last year. You tell this feller how much farther you went settin' traps. You tell him how much more gas and oil you burned. You tell him how much wear and tear you took out of your boat."

Neither Joe nor John mentioned the added wear and tear on themselves. Fred Perley hadn't mentioned it either. But it must have amounted to something. Lobster fishermen twenty years ago did their spring and summer fishing right in along the edge of the rocks. They went along their line of traps with a dory. They pulled the pots up out of fifty or sixty feet of water. Ten years ago they were going a little farther. But, according to Joe Boyd's figures, there was an average of a half-pound lobster to a pot.

With those figures in our head we went over to Addison, where we found a lobster fisherman who took us along to show us how they are averaging now.

The boat pulled away from the wharf at seven o'clock. From seven o'clock till early afternoon the motor pounded, burning up gas and using oil. The boat made a wide circle of the outer bay. We rode breath-takingly along the edge of reefs where the green shoulders of the breakers smashed into white smothers of foam along the snag-toothed rocks. The boat bucked and heaved while the fishermen pulled up, hand over hand, ninety lobster pots from a bottom that lay anywhere from two hundred to three hundred feet beneath us.

Going back to the wharf we figured out the trip. The ninety traps had netted fourteen lobsters, a total of some fifteen pounds. The price at the end of the dock was twenty cents. It had been as low as fifteen a few weeks earlier when the lobsters were running a little more freely. If you like lobster thermidor at the Ritz, or just plain boiled lobster at the Green Lantern, it will pay you to follow the figures through yourself.

One of the lobsters which the fisherman had brought up and exhibited was a seed-bearing female. Under the wide tail, clusters of what looked like caviar were clinging. Throwing it back, the lobster fisherman had much to say about seed lobsters.

The state, it seems, was then paying a few cents above the market for seed lobsters. They stripped the seeds and liberated the female. The remarks we elicited from our host started us back to Fred Perley and Joe Boyd.

"Yeah, they liberate the female lobsters and save the eggs. Mister, do you know about lobster fry? Well, I'll tell you. It stays on the surface for twenty-one days after it is hatched. Finally the young lobsters sink to the bottom, where they hide under roots, in rock weeds, any place they can get cover."

Profanity overcame Fred again. When it had subsided he became coherent once more. "I remember a few years ago," he went on, "when a couple of them government fellers brought some tanks of lobster fry down here to liberate. They dumped it off the end of that wharf."

The memory, as a whole, was hard on Fred. He could tell it only in snatches. "Mister, when that stuff hit the water it was a sight for the gods. The water boiled with harbor pollack. The gulls came down in clouds. I'm willin' to bet anythin' I ever had that there wasn't a speck of that fry lived longer than three minutes."

Earl Beals came down the wharf just then. He put his hands in his pockets and teetered on his heels. "It's agin the law to take a seed lobster, mister," he said.

### Lobsterman's Temptation

He let that sink in, then added, "But, now suppose you was a lobster fisherman. You're out there a mile from shore. You've got maybe a couple of hungry kids at home. You've got perhaps fifteen pounds of lobsters in the tub and most of your traps are pulled. Then you yank up one with a two-pound female in it. Maybe the state isn't buyin' any seed lobsters just then. They don't buy 'em all the time. What are you goin' to do?"

He didn't wait for an answer. "You're goin' to strip that seed off all nice and neat. And then you're goin' to chuck that two-pound female in with your market catch.

"I bought a boat from a feller two years ago," Earl continued. "I pulled it up on the beach and overhauled it. I ripped up the deck because it was kind of rotten. That deck, mister, was a foot and a half above the keel. But there wasn't an inch of space left. The boat was full from keel to deck with lobster eggs."

Old Jed Sawyer had much more to say. He didn't have the concrete figures possessed by Fred Perley and Joe Boyd. But he had a memory that carried him back over fifty years of lobster history on the coast.

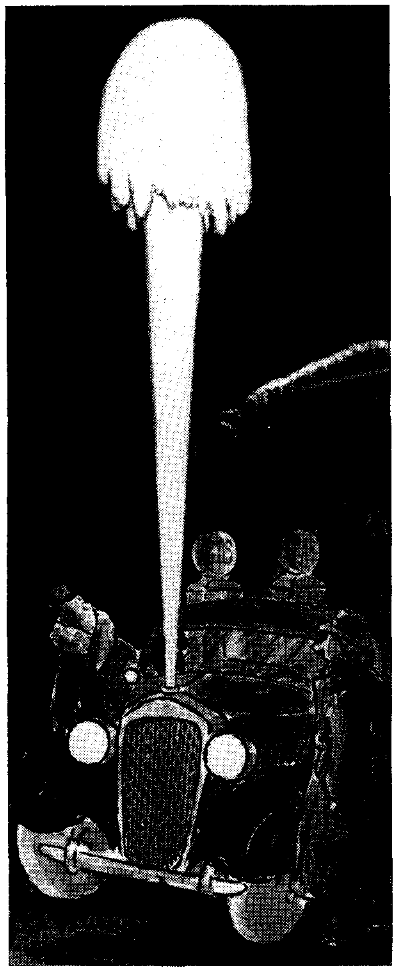
"It must be more'n fifty years ago," he said. "I was a sprig of a boy then. We raked lobsters out of the water at low tide one year and piled them on the land fer fertilizer. Thirty years ago we went down on the rocks and picked them out of the pools at low tide. Twenty years ago I've known two men and a boat to make $100 in a day."

Then, too, there was always another factor in the market—the Canadian lobster. The Canadian lobster has for years acted as a sort of market balancer. And this in spite of the fact that there is a world of difference between Maine lobster laws and those in force on the Canadian side.

Up till a year or two ago the Maine fisherman was not allowed to market a lobster under ten inches in length. The fish wardens watched for shorts with a hawk eye and heaven help the fisherman who was caught with one in his possession. But the Maine lobster fisherman could follow his profession throughout the year. Through the spawning season, winter and summer, spring and fall, he fished for lobsters.

The Canadian law worked differently. It set a regular season during which the fisherman was allowed to market any lobster that got into his traps.

Right now, with the Canadian lobsters dwindling in numbers almost as fast as those along the Maine coast, the Canadian catch still acts as a filler. All along the Maine coast are the big pounds owned by the lobster dealers. In one lobster pound alone this summer we saw 300,000 pounds of Canadian lobsters waiting their turn to be put on the broilers of the nation.



"First it boiled over, then it froze. . . ."

JAY IRVING

Mr. Rodney E. Feyler, Commissioner of Sea and Shore Fisheries for the State of Maine, has no argument with Joe Boyd and Fred Perley. Rather, he is inclined to agree with most of their statements. The figures from the books of the aforementioned fishermen are local and individual. The figures in Mr. Feyler's office, covering the whole coast, show that the figures in Joe Boyd's book apply to practically every fisherman.

Mr. Feyler was quite open and frank in his statements. The lobster-fishing industry in Maine is on its way to oblivion unless—. Within the compass of that *unless* lie some demands for action that so far have failed to stir the politicians and the businessmen of the state to action.

In the year 1906 the lobster production of Maine amounted to a total of 19,770,000 pounds. In 1934, the last year for which total figures are available, those figures present the doleful total of 4,000,000 pounds. The figures for 1935, which are just being completed, will, according to Mr. Feyler, tell substantially the same story.

From Mr. Feyler's office comes more information concerning the plight of the lobster and the various hazards that have helped to bring it to its present low state. Oil pollution has, within the last few years, come to assist the fish and the gulls in their killing off of the lobster fry during its life on the surface.

The present plan of buying egg-bearing lobsters, stripping them and releasing both the female lobsters and the fry is, according to Mr. Feyler, a help, but much more must be done if the lobster industry is to be saved.

The fish dealers themselves have a lot for which to answer. The present law is, according to the fisherman, a fish dealers' law. The fish dealers, the fishermen claim, slipped a fast one over on them when they got the law through the state legislature.

The old law in Maine allowed, as was previously pointed out, the taking of lobsters ten inches in length over all. Fishermen were throwing back large quantities of lobsters that just failed to make the legal measurements. The fish dealers wanted more lobsters than they were getting. So they busied themselves through their various political connections and went to work for a new law.

### Inching Toward Extinction

When the law appeared it was decked out with a beautiful panoply of conservation. The old ten-inch law was to be abolished. The new one set up a new standard. Any lobster that measured $3\frac{1}{16}$ inches from the rear of the eye socket to the rear end of the body shell became legal. Which meant, stripped of its new verbiage, that lobsters of nine inches over all could now be taken.

The fish dealers thus tapped a new source of supply. But the lobster fishermen began to see what was happening to them. The nine-inch lobster they sold today was the ten-inch lobster they should be selling six months in the future. The lobsters were thus pushed a little closer to extinction to give the dealers a temporary help in the market.

So much for the minimum measurement. But this law was a double-barreled affair. The new law stated specifically that any lobster measuring more than five inches from the eye socket to the rear of the body shell must go back into the water.

According to the lawmakers this was to protect the egg-bearing lobsters. According to these thoughtful gentlemen the big lobsters were more prolific.

But Mr. Feyler declares positively that the idea has no basis in fact. The handling of egg-bearing lobsters has convinced him that the market-sized female is the most abundant bearer of eggs. He believes further that the really large lobsters are past their prime and bear no eggs whatever.

One is tempted to listen to Mr. Feyler's arguments. For, as well as being Commissioner of Sea and Shore Fisheries, he is a fish dealer. He was a fish dealer before he was commissioner. He states his objections as a fish dealer, declaring that the fish dealers cut their own throats to get a temporary supply of marketable lobsters.

What's to be done about it all? The answer is there. Mr. Feyler knows it. Every fisherman who has studied the problem knows what should be done. All of them know that the lobster is being fished faster than nature can replenish the supply. Which is exactly what hap-

(*Continued on page 66*)

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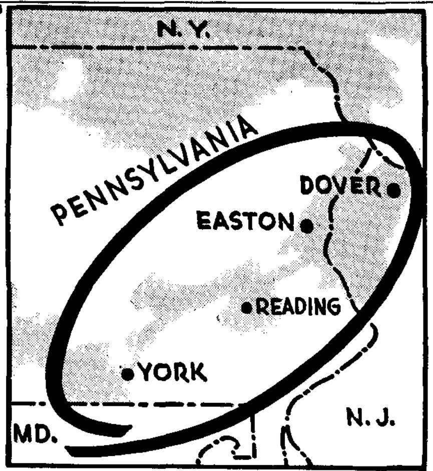

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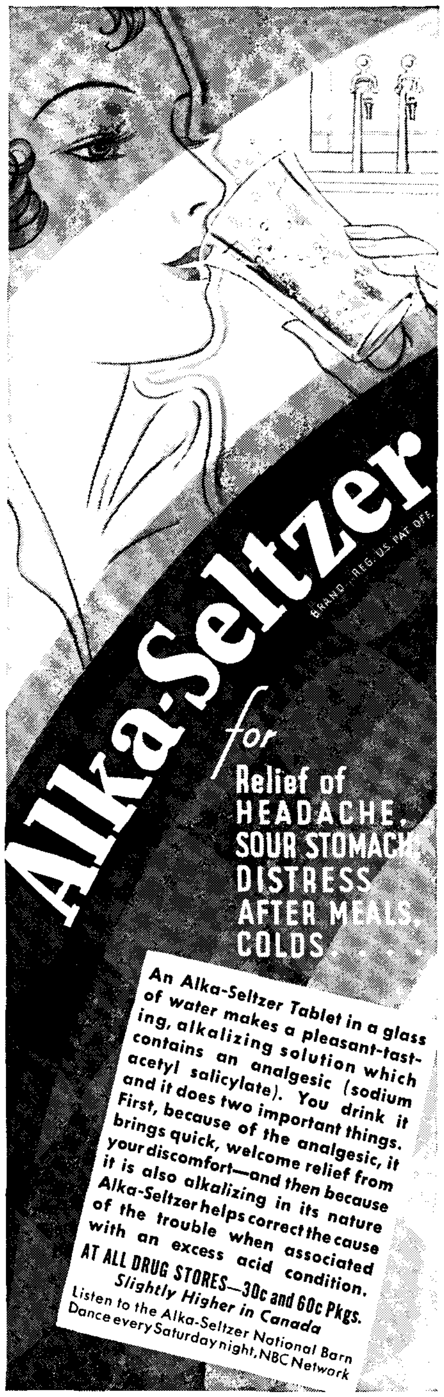

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(*Continued from page 65*)

pened to our brook trout, to the salmon and the game fish of the inland waters. But today, because of a wise governmental policy in which both state and federal authorities have been active over a long period, there are more of these fish than there have been for years.

The lobster, Mr. Feyler says, must be brought back the same way. In Connecticut, he told us, they have proved the practicability of a method of lobster hatching. So we went to Connecticut where we found Frank N. Banning and a lot more information about the lobster.

Five years ago the state of Connecticut, following the example of Rhode Island, began to experiment with the rearing of lobsters. Mr. Banning, encouraged by the State Fish and Game Commission, worked out a real system that is definitely bringing the lobster back to Connecticut waters.

From Mr. Banning we were given a complete picture of the problem of the vanishing lobster. It would almost seem that nature had deliberately given the lobster a lot of handicaps. Along in September and October the female lobster lays her eggs and deposits them on the underside of the tail where she carries them until the following June or July. At this time they hatch and the fry goes to the surface.

### From Top to Bottom

Here Mr. Banning disagreed with Fred Perley. The fry, Mr. Banning said, stays on the surface while it goes through four stages of growth. Within twenty-four hours of hatching it sheds its shell for the first time and grows a new one. Four or five days later it sheds again, looking more like a lobster each time. On the fourth shedding it appears as a perfect lobster, ready to take its dive to the bottom, and shelter. Arrived on the bottom the young lobster continues its life, outgrowing its shell at gradually lengthening periods until it reaches maturity and sheds once a year.

The period of life on the surface, according to Mr. Banning, may last as long as six weeks, depending on the temperature of the water and available food. The young lobsters have to eat to outgrow and shed their shells. During this period they provide a free lunch for the schools of small fish that feed near the surface. Also, to add to the natural hazards, they go in for cannibalism.

When the hatchery at Noank, Connecticut, comes to the aid of nature it reduces the period of surface life to twenty days. Each female lobster is given a private room in the lobster maternity hospital, a small, square compartment through which sea water constantly flows. As the eggs hatch the fry comes to the surface and rides through a sluiceway to a collection box. There it is collected and carried into the nursery, where it is high-pressured through infancy.

The speed of growth and development depends on available food. So, every two hours, day and night, the young lobsters are fed on liver ground so finely that it becomes almost like liquid.

The whole twenty-day period in the nursery is just one long, fast, dizzy ride for the young lobster. An agitator jet, invented by Mr. Banning, keeps the water in the small rearing tanks whirling continuously. Because of this the more aggressive of the young lobsters never get a chance to stay put long enough to make a meal of the weaker ones. Naturally the food whirls with them.

After the young lobsters have passed the fourth stage of growth they are counted and released where there are rocks and rock weeds to give them cover as they go to the bottom.

As a result of the five-year program in Connecticut, Mr. Banning says, the lobster fishermen are reporting the appearance of more small lobsters than they have seen in years.

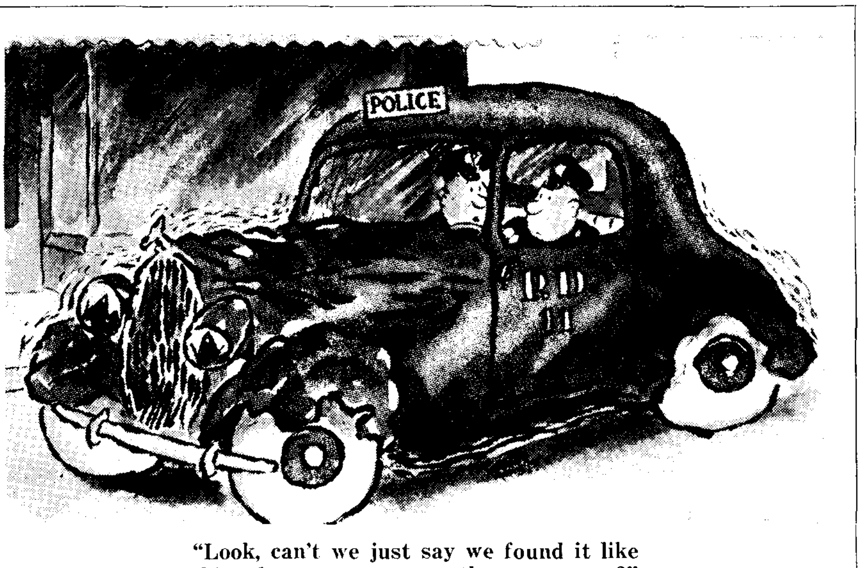
The mention of the small lobsters brought up the question of the new minimum-size law. Mr. Banning had ideas on the subject that he voiced with decision and feeling. The female lobster, he pointed out, does not reach the stage of reproduction until it attains the size of ten inches over all. Thus the present law allows the taking of female lobsters before they are mature.

Lobster hatcheries, such as the one at Noank, Mr. Banning declared, will replenish the coastal waters with lobsters *if* a ten-inch minimum is made law. Under the present laws, Mr. Banning says, lobster-rearing programs will do no more than delay the date of extinction.

All this means a lot to Maine. Ten years ago lobster-fishing licenses were issued to 5,000 fishermen. This year the number issued will be well under 4,000. Next year a lot of Fred Perleys will drop out of the picture.

Yes, all this means a lot to Maine. It means much more to an army of citizens who like their shore dinners.

If something isn't done, the days are over when Fred Perley could nonchalantly heave a tub of lobsters onto the dock without exciting any attention or curiosity. The day will then have arrived when the summer people will crowd down to the wharf to see Fred come in with the "specimens" that he pessimistically believes he will be catching four or five years from now. And what fun is there, from the viewpoint of the fellow who has just had to be satisfied with a crab-meat sandwich, in watching specimens come in under the watchful eye of an agent from the New York Aquarium?



"Look, can't we just say we found it like this when we came outa the restaurant?"

JAY IRVING

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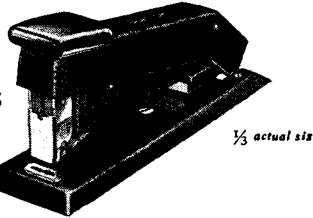

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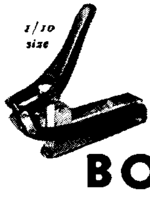

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# Script Girl

*Continued from page* 15

note to myself that he must be carrying white gloves. We may shoot it the other way round, doing the flashback first and then the opening of the picture.

If a picture could be shot in continuity most of these notes and most of my work would be unnecessary, but we do not shoot in continuity—we may do the end of a picture first, then the beginning and lastly the opening. Sometimes we start a picture while an actor is still working on another production; then we must work around him until he is available. Or the business manager may figure how we can save several thousand dollars on an actor's salary by doing all of the scenes in which he appears without regard to continuity. If it is an outdoor picture, weather conditions will influence our schedule—but I digress, that is not the work of a script girl.

### Just a Few Details

When the actual production starts on a picture the script girl has the following details to take care of:

1—The actors' costumes.
2—Matching action.
3—Prompting during rehearsal.
4—Checking dialogue during a take, taking care of dialogue changes that come from the supervisor's office, and censorship cuts.
5—Notes for the cutter. (He prefers to be called the "Film Editor.")
6—Slate numbers.
7—Seven hundred miscellaneous jobs that nobody else wants or has the talent for.

Item number one is an easy part of our job. We do not tell the actors what costumes they will wear (that has been arranged in the preliminary work between the wardrobe department and the director), but once an actor appears in a scene then it is our business to see that he wears the same costume and accessories until the end of the sequence or until such time as the business in the script may change it. To take care of my actors' costumes I have blank pages in the back of my script folder. As soon as my actor has appeared in the first scene of a sequence I write down the costume like this:

Gloria: (That's the lady's name in the script.)
Sequence A—Scenes A1 to A38 inclusive.
Black lace evening dress over black slip.
Beige stockings.
Plain black satin pumps (no buckles or bows).
Diamond pendant earrings.
Pearl and diamond necklace—flower design.
Three-strand pearl bracelet right arm, no bracelet left arm.
No hair ornament.
Large, square-cut emerald ring—3d finger right hand.
White chiffon handkerchief.

Scenes A39 to end of sequence.
Same as above with black velvet cape.
Six-button black suède gloves.
Square, rhinestone purse.

A man's costume is written down with equal detail, special attention being given to a description of his necktie, whether his coat is single-breasted or double-breasted and what kind of a handkerchief, if any, he has in his upper coat pocket.

These lists must be very accurate because we never know what piece of wardrobe we will have to check, either through someone's forgetfulness, carelessness or confusion of sequences. It is also an interesting though regrettable fact that occasionally a star will deliberately try to double-cross us. I remember a pretty little baby-faced star whose public adored her for her simplicity, purity and sweetness. Her eyes were big and blue and her close-ups made the audience feel that it was looking into the soul of true womanhood.

We were doing a big musical production and our little madonna was playing the lead. We had just been shooting one day on the big song-and-dance number of the picture. The first day she had worn a black net dress over a pale pink satin slip. The second day she arrived on the set in the same dress but wearing a black slip. I checked her clothes from my list but when I told her she was wearing the wrong slip she looked me straight in the eye and said I was mistaken. I was sure I was right, but one calls a star a liar as tactfully as possible, so I found a publicity picture taken the day before in which the dress with the light slip could be plainly seen.

She wasn't at all abashed to be caught in an untruth and dismissed the subject by saying that she had seen the first day's rushes (the previous day's work run off in the projecting room) and had decided that the light slip made her look too fat. It didn't bother her that the change would have meant retaking a day's work at the cost of many thousands of dollars to the company. Of course we had to wait while she put on the pale pink slip—she didn't mind that either.

Then there was the very military old character actor, the sort who always goes down with the ship or volunteers to die for God and country. He arrived on the set one morning wearing a turn-down collar instead of the wing collar he had worn throughout the sequence. When I chided him he explained that he had mislaid the wing collar and had put on the other to save time. Of course we waited while the wing collar was found.

All actors with any motion-picture experience know better but seem to take a perverse pleasure in trying to put something over on the script girl. I think they feel that if she doesn't notice a change they have made the public won't notice it either.

### Actions to Match

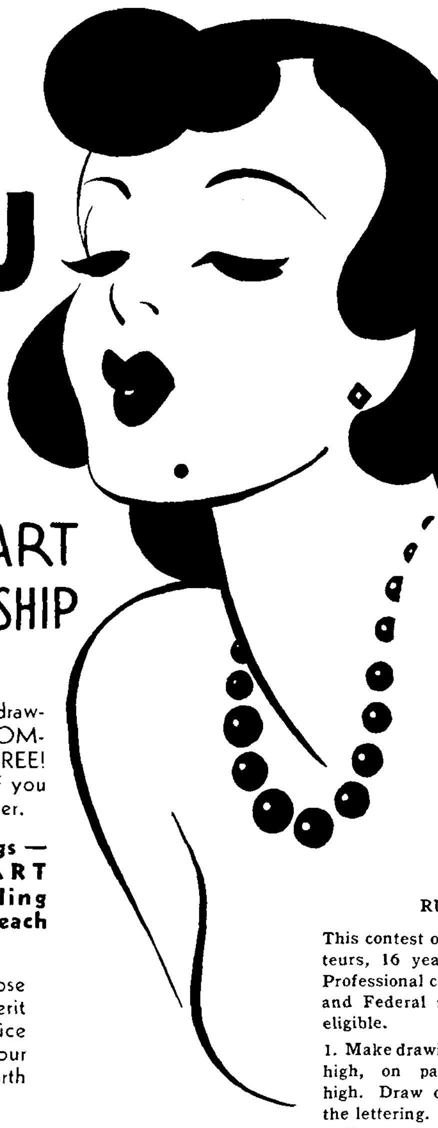
I do not mean to give the impression that all actors deliberately try to double-cross us—the examples I have given are exceptions. Lots of actors make mistakes accidentally. It is easy for the women to mix their jewelry and the men have a tough time with their neckties. I have noticed that the better an actor is the more I can depend on him to have his wardrobe right. If he isn't sure that his wardrobe is right he will check with us as soon as he comes on the set in the morning or will call from his dressing room to ask which tie he wears. I have worked with many actors who have gone through an entire picture without once making a mistake in their clothes.

In an argument between a script girl and an actor a director will back the script girl to the limit—but God help her if she's wrong.

The second phase of my work, "matching action," is the most difficult to do and the most difficult to explain. It is difficult to do because there are so many details to be watched and a script girl needs at least four eyes and as many extra hands and ears as she can get. It is difficult to explain because an explanation entails a complete description of the technique of making motion pictures.

(*Continued on page* 68)

draw me!



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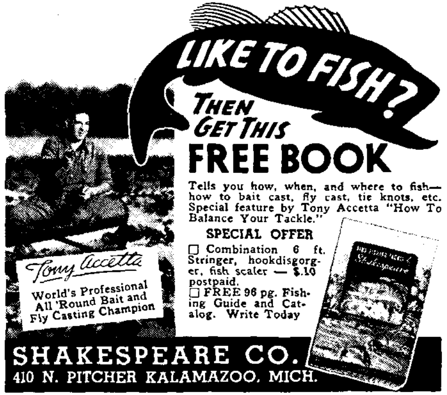
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*(Continued from page 67)*

Each scene is usually shot from at least three different camera angles. The master scene, which is a long shot or full figure, includes all the actors in the scene. The same action will then be repeated in a closer angle, possibly a knee figure, and then in individual close-ups. In each of these angles the actor must do approximately the same thing with the same timing as in the original master scene. Seeing that this repetition of business is correct is what we mean by matching action. If we see that an actor is not matching his action to the last scene it is up to us to tell him so. Just to help us along, the director, actors and technical crew expect us to know anything they may ask us. Here is a list of typical questions which we may be asked about a scene—a good script girl is expected to answer without a moment's delay because time is money.

### Answer Me Quick

"Was my coat buttoned or unbuttoned during that last scene?"

"When did Mr. Bowster sit down?"

"Hey, Izzie (that's me), did he close the door after him or was it left half open?"

"Was that last take a print?"

"How about that window shade; has it been like that all the time?"

"When did I put out my cigarette?"

"Did I have my cane in my right or left hand when I crossed?"

("You didn't have it in either; you left it on the floor when you sat down.")

"Which glove did I take off first? Were both gloves off when I started speaking?"

"Was Miss Phlug's fur off her shoulder like that when she entered or did it slip off during the scene?"

"Does my hair look all right?"

"Was Mr. Bowster looking at Miss Phlug or Miss Ringold when he said 'Hello'?"

"Did I have two or three roses in my hand at the finish?"

"Did Mr. Prime put the book down on the table like this or like this and which book was it?"

"What's my second line?"

"How long was his cigar at the beginning of the scene?"

("I don't know.")

"You don't know! Don't you ever watch anything?"

"Was that white raveling on my coat sleeve in the last take?"

"Hey, will you move your chair? I gotta put a lamp here."

Questions like this keep up all day long—and they are just one phase of our work. We also check the dialogue during a scene to see that the right lines are spoken. If at the end of a scene an actor has varied his line we must call it to his attention. The director may not mind the change; on the other hand he may retake the scene because of it.

Sometimes an actor knows his lines when he comes to work in the morning but usually he learns them while rehearsing. This is not because he is lazy or disinterested in his work or spends his nights in riotous living but because dialogue is subject to change without notice. It is much easier to learn fresh dialogue than to unlearn the old and then relearn the changed lines.

When the director starts rehearsing a scene the script girl stands by with her script. (When a picture has been in production longer than a week she is the only member of the staff or cast to have a complete script.) When an actor forgets his lines she prompts him. This job of prompting is relatively unimportant but is one of our most irksome duties. If the actor hesitates and the script girl doesn't throw him his line quickly enough the director yells or if she tosses the line in immediately the actor goes haughty and says he is thinking about the interpretation of the line and please not to interrupt unless he asks for the line. We try to use our own judgment but whatever we do we're wrong.

We also fall heir to the responsibility of seeing that censor cuts are taken care of. They are sent to us from the front office and may entail a complete change of dialogue and action for several pages or perhaps just one word will be changed. We have to keep track of these changes and when the time comes to shoot the scene affected by them we rush up and thrust them into the director's face. He glares at us as though we had personally authorized the changes but we give him glare for glare and toss the responsibility into his lap.

We script girls are really animated pigeonhole desks stuffed full of little details to remember. Once in a while we remember something really important, something that everyone else forgot; then we go to the head of the class for a little while or until we forget something that everybody else remembered.

Besides our mental gymnastics and memory tests, we have our stenographic work to do. The studio furnishes us with portable typewriters and small folding tables. The prop boy takes care of "our office" for us and sets it up each morning. Each scene has to be typed up in a report form and turned over to the cutter within twenty-four hours after it is shot—we do our typing on the set while the cameraman is changing the camera setup and relighting the set.

The cutter refers to our notes while he is editing a picture, as they contain all the data about a scene; the production number, the date, the script scene, the camera slates, a brief report about each unprinted take (a scene may be shot ten or fifteen times before a director gets an okay take), the final print, the camera lens, the size of the camera angle—after these preliminaries we write down the dialogue and action of the scene exactly as it was shot.

The slate numbers, the last item on my list at the beginning of this opus, are simple. Each time the camera turns over, both the picture and sound film must be marked with corresponding numbers. Sometimes we get mixed up on our numbers, then the sound man, assistant cameraman and the script girl go into a deep huddle. About three times a day we have a heated battle over numbers, then forget them until somebody notices that the sound and camera are using non-matching numbers.

### Look Cheerful, Please

Now I have finished the work that we actually get paid for but there are a number of other things that we do just because people expect us to.

A good script girl is never tired and is expected to be sweet-tempered and cheerful at all times. When a company is behind schedule and puts in a grueling week, averaging sixteen hours a day and winding up with a straight twenty-four-hour shift, everybody is apt to be running on nervous energy. The bright and happy face of the script girl (she has worked right along with the rest of the gang) can do wonders to keep up the morale of an exhausted and quarrelsome outfit.

In our spare moments we do stenographic work for everyone on the set. It isn't much; just once in a while someone has an important letter to write and can't leave the set, so if we can possibly squeeze in the time we do it for him. Also we pinch-hit on typing last-minute dialogue changes.

I have even done osteopathic work during my career. Directors, especially new ones, take their work so seriously that they get their nerves all tied up in knots. One director I worked with was in a very difficult spot and he worried himself into a complete nervous frazzle;

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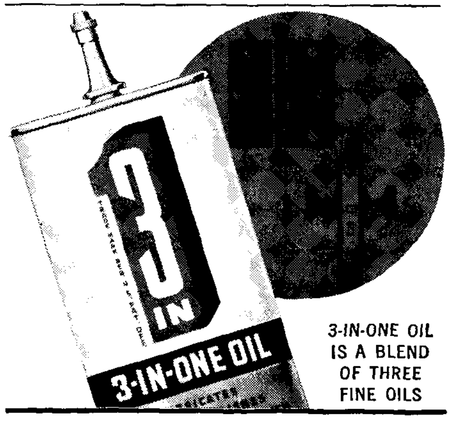

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twice a day I massaged the knots out of his head and back.

Another job we have is that of mother confessor. Everyone on the set, from electricians to actors, comes to us with his domestic troubles. I have listened to hundreds of sad stories of men misunderstood by their wives. I have followed many marital experiments from the day after they met the girl, through courtship, marriage, the first quarrel, reconciliation, the first child (I usually know as soon as the father does when they expect the stork), the baby's progress, *ad infinitum.* I have looked at so many snapshots of babies that I've completely exhausted my supply of adjectives and I do mental gymnastics trying to remember if this particular one is a boy or a girl. Another thing that wears me down is trying to remember which marriages are happy and which are on the rocks. I don't mind following one marriage through but I do resent having to go all over it again with a second or third wife.

### Location Trips

Little Woman: "Now that I've gotten this far it occurs to me that you might like to ask some questions."

Interested Stranger: "Yes, there are several I would like to ask. The first is about location trips. I understand that sometimes a company will go to Africa, Hawaii, Mexico; in fact, they go to all kinds of interesting places."

I have never been on such an extensive trip but generally the farther from home a location is the harder everybody works. My location trips have never taken me outside the state but I have pretty well covered California.

Three different times I have gone to Sonora, California. It is a favorite location because we can get any kind of scenery we want.

I have spent six weeks there on three different locations but I have never seen the town by daylight. We leave the hotel at six in the morning, which means getting up at five. We drive forty miles over country roads to the shooting site, there we battle sun, dust and wind all day until the sun goes down, drive back to the town and arrive after dark. There is a mad rush for the bathrooms because the hot water is all used up after the first twenty-five baths. After the bath the day's notes must be typed—on location it's very difficult to get them typed during the day. After the notes are done it is time to eat dinner and after dinner it's time to see the rushes. When the rushes are finished we may visit for a little while but the hard day in the open has taken its toll and one by one we drift off to our beds and that five-o'clock call next morning. This is just an average location; sometimes they are worse and once in a while better.

I know one script girl who went to Hawaii on location. She was there for a month and never once had time to take a swim at Waikiki although her hotel was only a block away.

Interested Stranger: "Well, well, I had no idea motion-picture people really worked. Since you work so hard, why do you continue being script girls?"

I sometimes wonder myself, but I guess we're movie struck just like everybody else. There is a free-and-easy camaraderie on the set that you don't find anywhere else and after working there for a while it would be very hard to go back to a prosaic job in some office.

Most directors treat us like their right-hand men and we feel that we are really helping to make movies. Even if we do work like Trojans and carry a load of responsibilities on our narrow shoulders (I have known only one fat script clerk) we have leisure moments in between spurts of activity; then we exchange idle chitchat and friendly banter.

Interested Stranger: "If I may be personal, there is just one more thing I would like to ask."

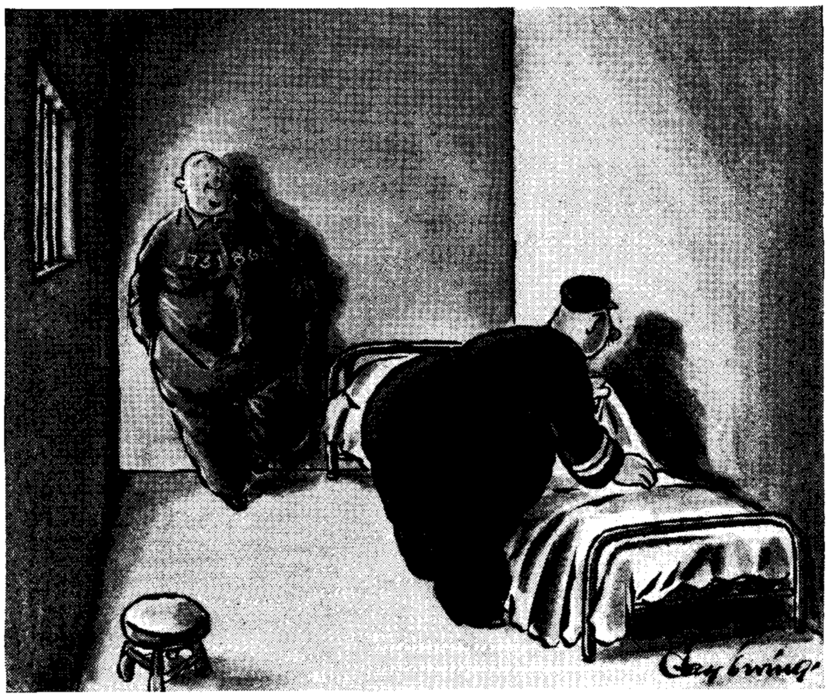
Little Woman: "Pray do."

Interested Stranger: "Tell me about a script girl's love life."

Sir, you flatter us. It would seem on first glance that we are in an ideal spot—our work brings us in contact with the most interesting, the most eligible and the handsomest men in the country—there seems to be no reason why we aren't artistically seduced or advantageously married within a short time. Alas, we do not make the most of our opportunities. In the first place, competition is very great and we do not have time to go to the beauty parlors regularly. If we are on location our faces show the ravages of the elements, our hair strings, our noses shine—we are either blue with cold or boiled by the sun.

It doesn't really matter how we look because after the first day of a picture we cease to be regarded as women and are just one of the gang.

They say that virtue is its own reward and perhaps they are right—while a script girl has little romance in her work she is frequently referred to by her fellow workers as "A hell of a good sport."



"Yuh toin down th' beds early in this joint, don't yuh?" JAY IRVING

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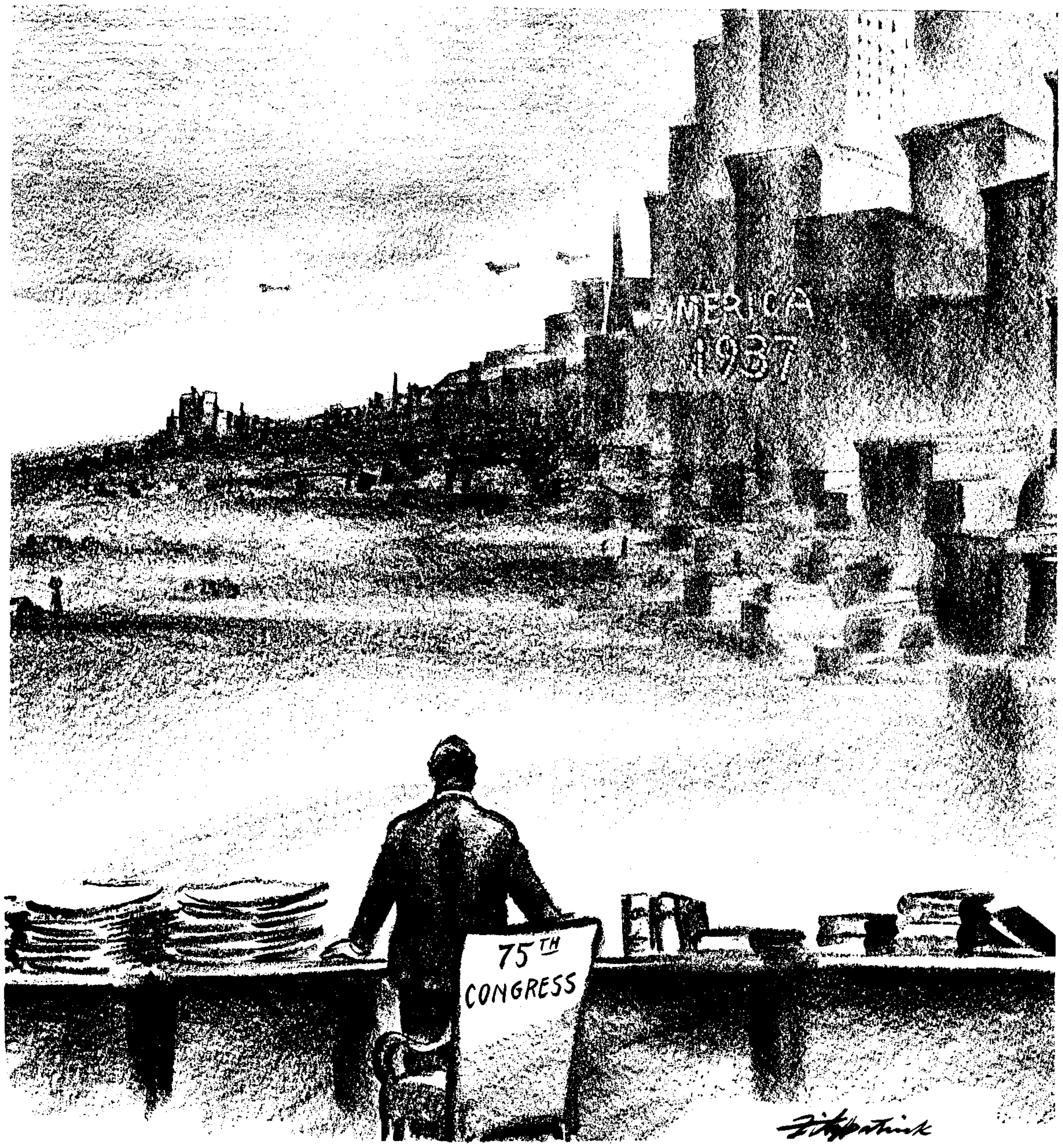
# Lucky Seventy-Fifth



POLITICAL radicalism is fading from the American scene. Congress, with negligible exceptions, comprises only Democrats and Republicans. Socialists, Communists and Farmer-Laborites do not count at Washington. Technocrats are all but forgotten. The "blocs" so important in the Congresses between Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt have been swallowed whole. Once more Democrats and Republicans must represent all the varieties of American opinion.

This is a curious development. For it President Roosevelt is chiefly responsible. He managed to lure into the Administration camp most of the followers of the various dissident causes.

Returning prosperity made it possible for President Roosevelt to win to his cause so many of those who had been members of minority groups. Better business removed anxiety from millions of homes. Work replaced worry. The doctrines born of depression were forgotten as hard times receded.

Father Coughlin's radio party melted in the warmth of reviving employment. Dr. Townsend could not hold his old people together as a political force once anxiety was lightened. Huey Long was removed by assassination and his cohorts returned immediately to their traditional political groups. Agricultural radicalism disappeared with rising farm prices.

The historic fact is that few of the minority groups had much of value to contribute to our national development. Father Coughlin revived moribund Populist notions of finance. Dr. Townsend proposed a crack-brained system of credit to pay fantastically inflated pensions. Huey Long in his national campaign was content to preach hatred. Radical farmers wanted money inflation. Taken all together, there was not a sound idea among them.

The previous Congress, elected before recovery was completely visible, devoted much of its effort to restricting large business organizations. The underlying purpose was to stimulate the growth and development of small business units. This is popular politics but not in the line of our national growth.

The seeds of American progress have come out of the application of scientific invention to industry and not out of restrictive legislation, however popular a particular law may have been at the time of its adoption. No political campaign has been able to check the growth of American industry. During one hundred and fifty years Congress has tried to keep business small. The unyielding desire of the American people for more and better goods and a higher standard of living has been too strong to be thwarted by any Congress.

Nobody foresaw, and none could have foreseen, the effects of radio on our social and political life. A few decades ago a small group of mathematicians and physicists were studying electrons. Politicians were not interested in such abstruse considerations. Most of us still find electrons beyond our understanding but the people of five continents listened eagerly to the words of an abdicating king and emperor whose voice was made audible by the inventions of laboratory technicians.

We don't know today the meaning of the inventions now being made. We can no more foresee the political, economic and social consequences of the work of physicists and chemists than could an older generation guess the effects of the invention of the gasoline engine and the rubber tire or the telephone or the electric light. All we do know is that tremendous changes are in process.

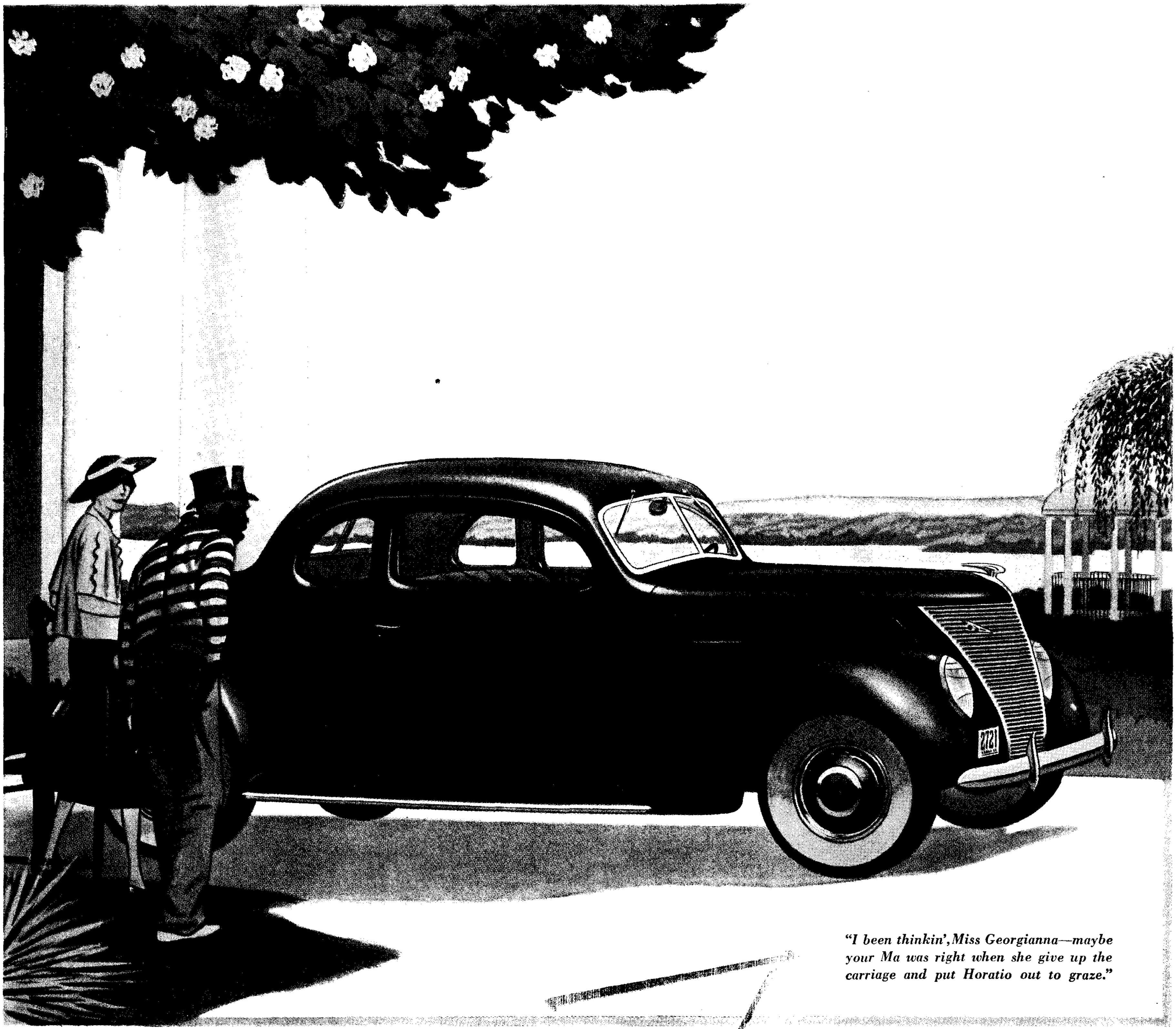
Our world is expanding faster than we can realize. The same Federal Trade Commission created to keep business small and competitive by the standards of the past century is now proposing that Congress enact a law to enable states to combine for the purpose of a better distribution of milk. Regardless of the merits of the particular bill recommended, the proposal itself marks the direction of our growth.

The net effect of all this invention is to extend the areas within which active men and women operate. Once airplanes were invented, men flew. Once we had telephones and radios, men's voices began to be heard over boundless distances. We insist on using and enjoying whatever we possess or can secure and our desires for better things are limitless.

Sometime we shall have to accommodate our political ideas and principles to the facts of life. Minorities, or majorities for that matter, which misunderstand and misinterpret the dominant tendencies of the time are not needed and will not be missed.

The present Congress has the opportunity of a generation. It is not disturbed by factions within. It is not driven by emergencies to hasty and poorly considered action. It has the time and the power to act deliberately and wisely in the national interest.

No Congress has ever even begun to use the facilities at its disposal for the understanding of the various issues with which it has dealt. Information and disinterested advice are available. This Congress can summon the best intelligence the country possesses for counsel on the important issues for which new laws will be written. Such a reasonable procedure would usher in a new era of good feeling and of national development. May Congress be adequate to the occasion!



*"I been thinkin', Miss Georgianna—maybe your Ma was right when she give up the carriage and put Horatio out to graze."*

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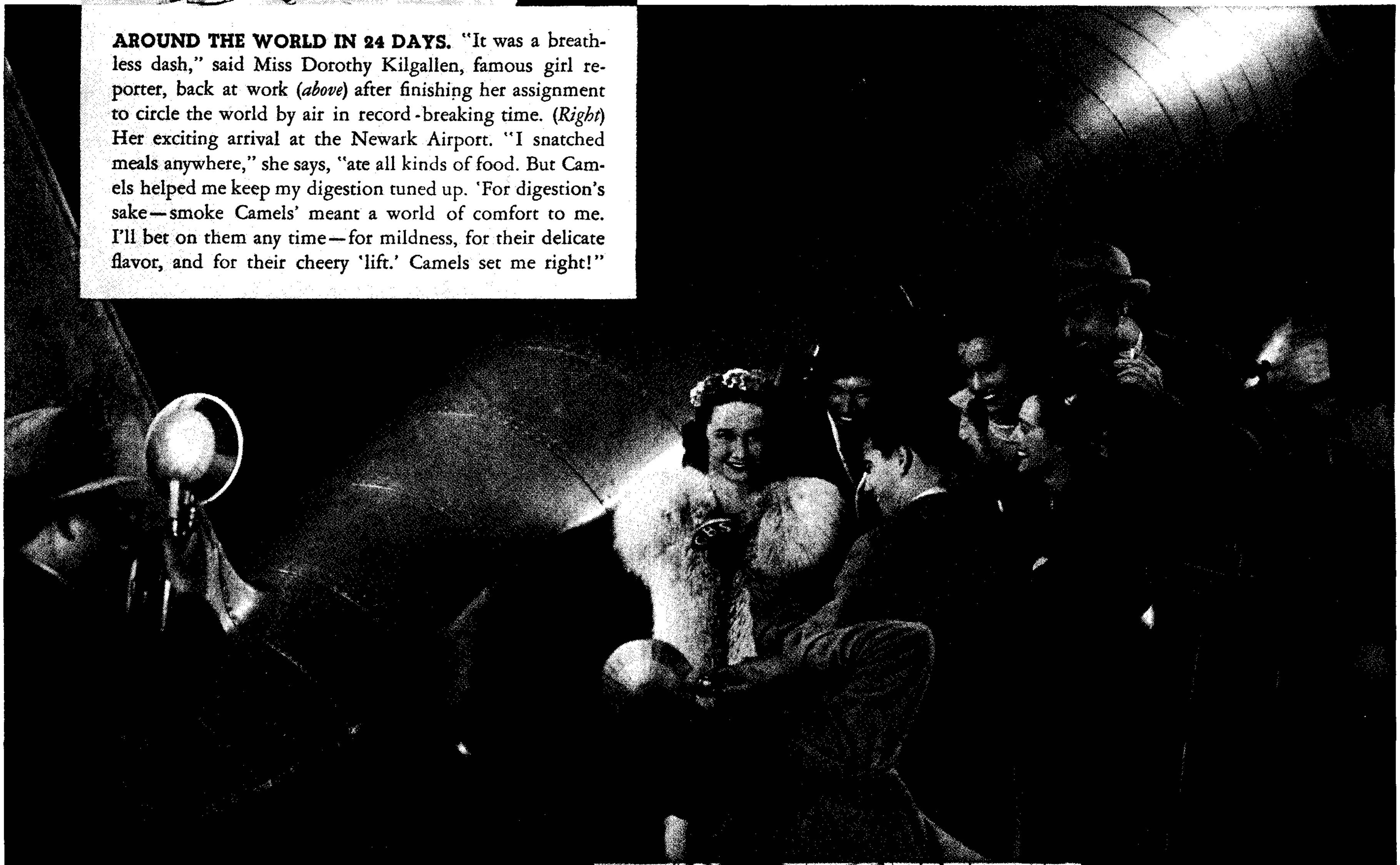

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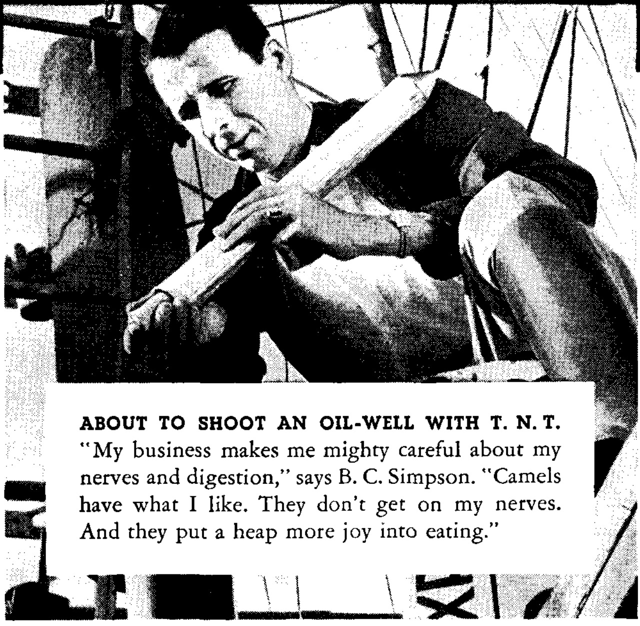

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